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Edited by Arthur T. Vance

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FEBRUARY, 1922

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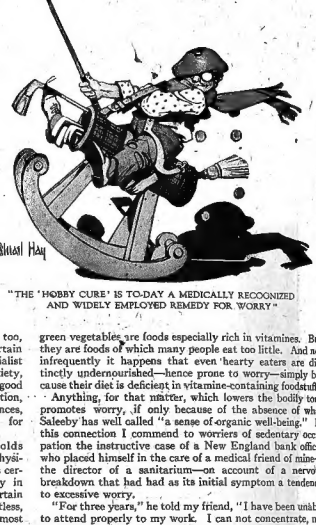
DO YOU WORRY? TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF CURES

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

CARTOONS BY STUART HAY



"THE 'HOBBY CURE' IS TO-DAY A MEDICALLY RECOGNIZED AND WIDELY EMPLOYED REMEDY FOR WORRY"

THERE is no one sure cure for worry. There are a number of cures that have a marvelous sureness in results provided they are applied to and by the particular individuals to whom they are adapted. Methods of treatment, that is to say, must be selected with reference to the general characteristics and special needs of each worrier. This is the great requirement. Disregarding it, methods of the most highly perfected medical technique will fail. Whereas if this principle of fitting the method to the patient is rigorously observed, even methods which many worriers might contemptuously describe as "illogical and absolutely worthless" will signally help.

Which is why the most successful healers of worried minds do not think it beneath their dignity to resort to such bizarre methods as the so-called "bean-box cure." To worriers accustomed to think concretely, and manifestly in need of a specific device to help them develop an antiworry habit, he gives a package containing one hundred beans.

"Put this package in a drawer," he directs, "and put a small box on your desk or table or bureau. In the mornings, the first thing, take a bean out of the package and drop it into the box. As you do so, say to yourself, 'Worry is in the bean, and the bean is in the box.' Then start the day with the idea that you have left worry as definitely behind you as you leave your hat when you take it off. Think of the bean whenever anything occurs to worry you. If you do this faithfully, you will conquer your worry long before the hundred beans have been transferred from the package to the box."

Patients of another type—persons who worry from no definite cause, but chiefly because they have developed a bad habit of seeing only the dark side of things and of pessimistically shutting their minds to the pleasant—will probably derive greater benefit from the "balancing cure," devised by the famous Swiss medical psychologist Dubois. This was first applied by him in the case of an army officer who had come to be treated for a despondency amounting almost to melancholia. In addition, the officer suffered from the insomnia, indigestion, and other symptoms common to chronic and extreme worriers.

"But," Doctor Dubois told him, after listening to his story, "I do not wonder you suffer, for you are an invincible pessimist. Pessimism, tho you do not appreciate it, slows down the action of all the bodily organs, and bodily ill health is an inevitable consequence. You must deliberately cultivate optimism if you are to overcome both your worry and your nervous ills. Nor is the cultivation of optimism so difficult, if one goes the right way about it.

"Every evening, just before you go to bed, mentally sum up your day. Put into the left scale of an imaginary balancing-machine all the disagreeable things that have happened to you during the day. Then, this being done, conscientiously put into the right scale every occurrence that has been favorable to you. You will find, if you are really honest with yourself, that the beam will tip more often to the right than to the left."

There Is No Worry in a Laughing Look

THE officer thanked him, departed, and some days later reported that he was diligently following the advice given. Describing the outcome, Doctor Dubois tells us,

"I have often seen this patient since in society. He has held his own without difficulty. I have known of his going through periods of misfortune which would have been enough to dismay a man who had never been neurasthenic."

This method I specially recommend to all whose proclivity to worry is rooted more in a mere pessimistic habit than in anything else. As supplementary to it they may well adopt for themselves the "smiling cure" indorsed by physicians of wide experience, including the veteran New York specialist Dr. James J. Walsh, who says of it,

"It seems almost absurd that a physician should tell patients that it will do them good to practise smiling, to take every possible opportunity to laugh, and even to take frequent glances into a looking-glass to see that they are not pulling long faces. Yet the putting into practise of the maxim, not to let the sad lines dominate the countenance, but to insist on keeping the others there as far as possible,

HERE is the first of a series of four articles by one of the most famous authorities on the subject. You will remember his illuminating articles on "Dreams" which appeared in Pictorial Review last Spring.

means much for the correction of internal feelings of depression.

"For it makes a great difference for the mental state whether a man has the corners of his mouth drawn down or up, or whether they are pulled straight across the face to give the severe, austere expression that some people seem to cultivate. If the corners of the mouth are allowed to droop, the glumness and depression are likely to grow deeper. If the lips are curled upward and smile, even tho it may be a forced smile, the inner feeling will soon yield to it."

All worriers, in fact, will find it helpful to practise smiling as an aid in the conquest of worry. So, too, all will find a helpful hint in the experience of a certain young woman who consulted a Philadelphia specialist because of increasing feelings of gloom and anxiety, combined with an increasing inability to get a good night's rest. For this there could give no explanation, as she was in financially comfortable circumstances, happily married, and free from any special cause for worry. But, as the specialist pointed out to her,

"Anybody who holds himself or herself as physically tense as you do is certain to have difficulty in sleeping and almost certain to be in an uneasy, restless, worried state of mind most of the time. You have not relaxed for a moment since coming into my office.

"Observe how stiffly you hold yourself in your chair. The muscles of your whole body, even of your face, are tense. You should and can overcome this. Every day, at frequent intervals, practise relaxing. Seat yourself comfortably, close your eyes, loosen all your muscles. In particular, relax at night after you have gone to bed. Let the bed really support you; don't lie rigidly on it. And, in order to be sure of relaxing, think of yourself as relaxed.

"It is a psychological law that ideas tend to express themselves in appropriate action. So if you consciously say to yourself, 'I am relaxed'—and, still better, if you say, 'My fingers are relaxed,' 'My hands are relaxed,' 'My arms are relaxed,' 'My neck is relaxed,' and so forth—your body will follow your thought and will relax. Then, because bodily attitudes in their turn have an effect on the mental state, you will feel less tense in mind, sleep will come more readily to you, and worrying thoughts will less readily intrude. Try this plan of relaxing frequently during the day and the last thing at night. You will benefit from it greatly."

Moreover, if a persistently incorrect bodily posture may be a provocative cause of worry, so may disordered internal bodily conditions.

Spectacular cures of worry have in not a few cases been effected by the simple means of correcting dietary errors that have led to malnutrition. People who undereat, or who eat foods deficient in nutritive value, are peculiarly liable to worry. Food specialists during recent years have discovered that, in addition to protein, carbohydrates, and the other food elements commonly recognized as essential to nutrition, the diet must be such as to contain certain mysterious ingredients known as vitamines, if nourishment is to be maintained. Milk, butter, fresh fruits, green vegetables are foods especially rich in vitamines. But they are foods of which many people eat too little. And not infrequently it happens that even hearty eaters are distinctly undernourished—hence prone to worry—simply because their diet is deficient in vitamine-containing foodstuffs.

Anything, for that matter, which lowers the bodily tone promotes worry, if only because of the absence of what Saleeby has well called "a sense of organic well-being." In this connection I commend to worriers of sedentary occupation the instructive case of a New England bank officer who placed himself in the care of a medical friend of mine—the director of a sanitarium—on account of a nervous breakdown that had had as its initial symptom a tendency to excessive worry.

"For three years," he told my friend, "I have been unable to attend properly to my work. I can not concentrate, my memory has become weak, everything is wrong with me. Now I have come to you as a last hope. I am told that you know more about the psychology of cases like mine than anybody else in this country. So I place myself unreservedly, if despairingly, in your hands."

Go to the Wood-pile, Thou Worrier

MY FRIEND, as a matter of fact, is one of the world's foremost medical psychologists. But in this case he made no use of any elaborate psychological technique. The medicine he prescribed for the distracted banker was an ax and a wood-pile. Every day he set him chopping wood in the open air, directing him at first to chop for only a few minutes daily. As his flabby muscles regained their strength—as his organic need for exercise and fresh air was increasingly satisfied—control of his feelings came back in increased measure. At the end of three months he felt the joy he had thought forever lost, was both able and eager to return to work, and, having learned the importance of leading a really hygienic life, has since remained free from worry.

There are thousands of worriers who similarly need only the "ax and wood-pile" cure—or the "work in the garden cure," or the "walk to your work cure"—to escape from the martyrdom of worry. There are many others, again, who need only to let fresh air and sunlight into their homes.

Here, however, psychological as well as physiological factors come into play. It is a fact, too generally unappreciated, that mental trends and moods may be directly determined by the environment. This because all inanimate things, no less than animate beings, ceaselessly radiate suggestions to the minds of those who gaze upon them. Dark homes suggest gloomy modes of thinking. So do homes furnished, or decorated, in dismal, depressing fashion. It may even be of real importance, in papering the walls of a home, to be careful to choose colors and color combinations that impart distinctly cheerful suggestions. For colors have psychic values varying not merely with the temperament of the person subjected to them, but with the color itself.

Medical men are to-day so well aware of this that methods of "color cure" have actually been worked out for depressed and otherwise mentally disturbed patients. During the World War "color cure" hospitals were established both in this country and in

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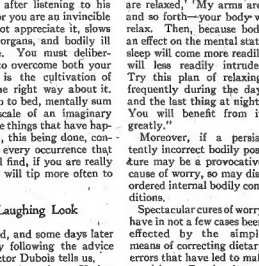

"IT WILL DO THEM GOOD TO PRACTISE SMILING, TO TAKE EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO LAUGH"

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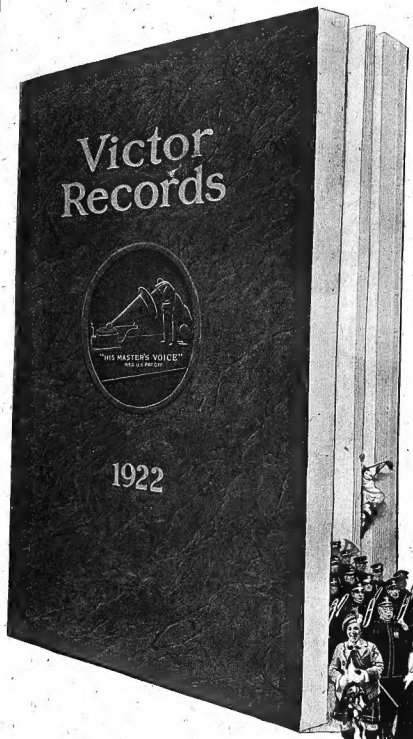

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The Woman's Own Job—The Child

AN EDITORIAL BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

"If we could grapple with the whole child situation for one generation, our public health, our economic efficiency, the moral character, sanity, and stability of our people would advance three generations in one."

HERBERT HOOVER.

THERE has been a great deal of argument about "woman's sphere." For a long time most of us believed that it was restricted within four physical walls of the home, where rocking was the favorite indoor sport. Even while men went hunting for solutions to such problems as a declining birth-rate we were supposed to stay at home and rock it out.

We know better now. We know that *woman's sphere is the home*. We have learned that the sanctity and safety and comfort and joyousness of the home depend to a great degree on outside influences—upon such things as laws concerning sanitation, food, schools, property rights, marriage, divorce, the rights of the child, and all of those distinctly human problems upon which the quality and stability of the home depend.

But the question upon which there is still a wide divergence is this: In what distinct field should we women operate?

They have told us that the tangled forests of big politics are deep and dark and dangerous. So far that field is posted—"Keep Out." We are supposed to be too emotional, too unsteady for the illusions, the subtleties, the silences of the field of diplomacy, and "No Trespassing is Allowed" there. Jurisprudence is conceded to be far without our mental range. And even the Church has admonished us to "Keep Off the Grass"—the same grass that lies between us and governing power.

Our Field Is Still the Realm of Childhood

BUT never mind. None of those restrictions should disturb us in the slightest degree. It is a waste of time for us to talk about them or to rebel against them. There are fields white unto the harvest wherein our right and our goal are undisputed and they are within hailing distance of the home.

As women of a wholly new era we can set for ourselves no higher task, we can serve no holier purpose than by turning back to that realm wherein women worked first, and in which they shall always work best—the realm of the child.

Of the 30,000,000 children in the United States under fifteen years of age, how many are receiving an adequate education? How many are living in unwholesome surroundings? How many are badly nourished? How many are victims of overwork or the wrong kind of work? It would pay any woman's club in America to study these questions and to find the answers.

Does the rural child have as good a chance as the city child for development and preparation for a useful and happy life? Statistics say, No.

Nearly 18,000,000 children live in rural America. More than a million of them are employed in farm work. The percentage of illiteracy in the country is twice that of the city.

The average school term in the country is 140 days, while in the city it is 180 days. The average attendance of city children is eighty per one hundred enrolled; in the country the average is only sixty-eight.

A recent report from Georgia showed that there were 1,216 white children and 4,579 colored children from ten to eighteen years of age who had never attended any school.

In North Dakota only thirty out of every hundred children enrolled in the schools finish the eighth grade; only four finish the twelfth grade. In that State at least 20,000 farm children stay out of school each year for a period of sixty days.

In Colorado the local school authorities of counties in the sugar-beet-raising district estimated that 4,841 children between the ages of six and fifteen years miss from 2 to 22 weeks of school—an average of two months.

In Oklahoma it was found that the total days absent during the year was more than one-third of the total days present. The actual number of days missed by boys and girls on account of farm work was 73,121; on account of illness, 44,148; on account of indifference, 26,382; on account of housework, 17,862; on account of bad weather and distance from school, 16,997. It will be noticed that the absences from farm and house work almost equal the sum of all the other causes.

In Michigan it was found that nearly thirty of every one hundred children in the schools were retarded and that over seventy-five per cent. of them were retarded because of change of school or irregular attendance. It has been found in some States that *over eighty-six per cent. of the fifteen-year-old children in rural schools were retarded.*

Read these statements at your next club meeting and ask yourselves if they concern you:

Eight million children—or over one-third of the total—are in one- and two-room schools in America. There are over 200,000 such buildings, of which many are in a deplorable condition.

We expend for the city school child $40 per capita; for the rural child but $24.

In Missouri a recent report showed that the annual expenditure for the city child was $52 and for the rural child only $20. For every city child $123 was invested in school property while for the rural child only $25 was invested for each child.

In North Carolina the average expenditure for the city child is $16 while only $7 is spent for the rural child.

The rural child has two months less of school term than the city child. In other words, city children have eight years of elementary schooling, while country children with poorer teachers and less equipment receive but six years.

Twenty-nine per cent. of all city children complete the high-school course, while only five per cent. of rural children reach this goal. This means that city children have almost six times the high-school opportunity of country children. *Ninety per cent. of the country children never go beyond the rural school.*

The Health of the Child Is Our Special Job

IN THE matter of health country children are also worse off than city children. In ear-defects country children are four times worse than city children, while eye-defects run nearly twice as high for country as for city children. Even breathing defects and malnutrition are worse in the country than in the city, sixteen per cent. of the country children being improperly fed and undernourished, while only seven per cent. of city children suffer from this cause. Dr. Thomas D. Wood, of Teachers' College, Columbia University, is my authority for these figures. Dr. Wood also makes the statement that the death-rate in rural areas is five times as high as in New York City.

Very many of the ills from which the rural child is suffering hark back to child labor. The new Federal tax on child labor touches but fifteen per cent. of the two million children who are working in this country. Fifteen States reported increase in the number of children leaving school for work in 1920.

January 28, 29, and 30 have been set aside as child-labor days. Celebrate the occasion by discussing the facts I have set forth before your club or elsewhere. If you doubt them or if you want additional information, write to the Children's Bureau at Washington or to the National Child Labor Committee, 105 East 22nd Street, New York City.

DECORATION BY CLARA EUGENE PECK

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"DINKIE IS ALWAYS WORKING OVER MACHINERY—FOR HE LOVES ANYTHING WITH WHEELS. HE ANNOUNCES, NOW, THAT HE INTENDS TO BE AN ENGINEER"

THE PRAIRIE CHILD

THE OPENING INSTALMENT OF A SEQUEL TO "THE PRAIRIE MOTHER"

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. F. WARD

A FOREWORD

READERS of Arthur Stringer's "Prairie Wife" and "The Prairie Mother"—the latter a serial which appeared in PICTORIAL REVIEW—will recall how the blithe-spirited and life-loving Chaddie McKail took a running broad jump into matrimony and almost at a day's notice migrated from the airier diversions of New York's smart set to the desolation of a wheat-ranch in the Canadian West. But Chaddie, who had much strength of character behind her light-heartedness, made the most of her lonely little wicklup on the edge of Nowhere and learned to love the open prairie as much as she already loved her Scotch-Canadian and somewhat oversedate husband known as Dinkydunk.

Briefly, they prosper at their wheat-growing and build a new home for themselves. Then unto them a son and heir is born. Life swings along at full tide and happiness is theirs until they approach what has been termed the mid-channel period of married existence. Then the vague rift appears. Chaddie has become truly a prairie mother when her twins, Poppsy and Pee-Wee, follow a few years afterward.

About this time Dinkydunk took an overhazardous chance with the trust funds of his English cousin, Lady Alicia Newland. His investments turned out badly, and *Casa Grande*, Chaddie's prairie home, had to be handed over to Lady Alicia, to the end that Dinkydunk might rehabilitate himself in his fair cousin's eyes. So the charming if somewhat conscienceless Lady Alicia personally takes possession of *Casa Grande*, Dinkydunk becomes her ranch-manager, and the valiant Chaddie and her children go ignominiously off to a neighboring section of undeveloped land. There Chaddie, determined to survive, begins her struggle all over again. But Dinkydunk, chafing under the usual mantragedy of diminished importance with the coming of children, gradually estranges himself from his own home circle and falls more and more under the influence of the soft-voiced cousin from England. Chaddie is not altogether ignorant of what is happening, but finds herself, as many another wife has done, helpless before the threatening *débâcle*.

She is not the kind, however, to throw up the sponge. With the help of Whinstane Sandy, a half-crippled old Scotsman, she plans and works for her children and struggles on with her grain-crops. She finds it a hard battle. A new hired man, however, drops down on her, like manna out of the sky. He is an eccentric and kind-hearted but apparently a sort of nondescript wanderer whom Chaddie accepts as a refugee from justice, but who turns out to be a wealthy if rather easy-going zoologist from the East, exploring the Alberta creek-beds for chance remains of the horned dinosaur. His name is Peter Ketley. And the whimsical Peter likes Chaddie sufficiently to forget the world and live down to her estimate of him and stay on through the Summer as one of her hired help. But when he finally wakes up to the fact that his affection for Dinkydunk's wife is becoming stronger than it ought to be, he stoically packs up and departs for the East.

It is only after Peter is gone that Chaddie realizes how much he has come to mean not only to her but also to her three obstreperous offspring. She is still preoccupied, however, by her husband's growing intimacy with Lady Alicia, who eventually confronts Chaddie and proclaims that Dinkydunk would be happier if released from a tie which amounted to little more than a mockery. But Chaddie sits tight. Lady Alicia, after being told a few plain truths by the ex-Klondiker known as Whinstane Sandy, unceremoniously departs for the Pacific coast, where she eventually meets with a tragic end in an airship accident. And Chaddie, who protests to the last that she is a single-track woman, compels herself to take her erring husband back into her life. With her illusions gone, a philanderer for a helpmate, two children to mother, and Peter, her devoted friend, going it alone in the East, Chaddie McKail again enters the arena in this new serial, "The Prairie Child."

THE STORY BEGINS

Friday the Eighth of March.

"BUT the thing I can't understand, Dinkydunk, is how you ever *could!*"

"Could what?" my husband asked in an aerated tone.

I had to gulp before I got it out.

"Could care for a woman like that," I managed to explain.

Duncan Argyll McKail looked at me with a much cooler eye than I had expected. If he saw my shudder, he paid no attention to it.

"On much the same principle," he quietly announced, "that the Chinese can eat birds' nests."

"Just what do you mean by that?" I demanded, resenting the fact that he could stand as silent as a December beehive before my morosely questioning eyes.

"I mean that, being married, you've run away with the idea that all birds' nests are made out of mud and straw, with an occasional garnish of horsehairs. But if you'd really examine these nests that have proved edible you'd find they were made up of surprizingly appealing and succulent tendrils. They're quite appetizing, you may be sure, or they'd never be eaten!"

I stood turning this over, exactly as I've seen my Dinkie turn over an unexpectedly rancid nut.

"Aren't you, under the circumstances, being rather stupidly clever?" I finally asked.

"When I suppose you'd rather see me cleverly stupid?" he found the heart to suggest.

"But that woman, to me, always looked like a frog," I protested, doing my best to duplicate his pose of impersonality.

"Hungry men have found frogs not unpalatable," he retorted with his first betraying touch of resentment. I turned to the window, to the end that my Eliza-Crossing-the-Ice look wouldn't be entirely at his mercy. A belated March blizzard was slapping at the panes and cuffing the house-corners. At the end of a long Winter, I knew, tempers were apt to be short. But this was much more than a matter of barometers. The man I'd wanted to live with like a second *Suzanne de Sirmont* had not only cut me to the quick, but

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was rubbing salt in the wound. He had said what he did with deliberate intent to hurt me, for it was only too obvious that he was tired of being on the defensive. And it *did* hurt. It couldn't help hurting. For the man, after all, was my husband. He was the husband to whom I'd given up the best part of my life, the two-legged basket into which I'd packed all my eggs of faith. And now he seemed ready to scramble that precious collection for an omelet of cheap adventure.

THERE was a time, I suppose, when the thought of such a thing would have taken my breath away, would have chilled me to the bone. But I'd been through my refining fires in that respect, and you can't burn the prairie over twice in the same season. I tried to tell myself it was the setting, and not the essential fact, that seemed so odious. I did my best to believe it wasn't so much that Duncan Argyll McKail had stooped to make advances to this bandy-legged she-teacher whom I'd so charitably housed at *Casa Grande* since the beginning of the year (for I'd long since learned not to swallow the antique claim that of all terrestrial carnivora only man and the lion are truly monogamous), but more the fact it had been made such a below-the-surface affair with no solitary redeeming touch of dignity.

Dinkydunk, I suppose, would have laughed it away, if he could have induced me to accept it as a laughing matter. But no husband whose heart is right stands holding a woman's hand and tries to read her shoe-numbers through her ardently upturned eyes. It shows the wind is not blowing right in the home circle. It shows a rent in the dike, a flaw in the blade, a breach in the fortress-walls of faith. For marriage, to the wife who is a mother as well, impresses me as rather like the spliced arrow of the Eskimo: it is cemented together with blood. It is a solemn matter. And for the sake of *mutterschuts*, if for nothing else, it must be kept that way. Even the lonely soul who had been making eyes at my husband right under my nose—if eyes can be made under one's nose—seemed to realize it was no laughing affair. *She* didn't joke over it at all. She even declined to discuss it, and was glad enough to get away. But there was desperation in the eyes of Miss Alsina Teeswater, for a moment or two, as I stood confronting her. On the other hand, I must acknowledge that there was something almost dignified in her strickenly defiant face as the thunders of silence clashed and crashed between us. I felt almost sorry for her when she turned and walked white-lipped out of the room.

Yet what I resented most, as I stood there confronting my husband, was his paraded casualness, his refusal to take a tragic situation tragically. His attitude seemed to imply that we were about to have a difference over a small thing—over a small thing with brown eyes. He could even inspect me with a mildly amused glance, and I might have forgiven his mildness, I suppose, if it had been without amusement, and that amusement in some way at my expense. He even managed to laugh as I continued to stand there staring at him. But it was neither an honest nor a natural laugh. It merely gave me the feeling that he was trying to entrench himself behind a new mound of mirth, that any shelter was welcome until the barrage was lifted.

"And what do you intend doing about it?" I asked, more quietly than I had imagined possible.

"What would you suggest?" he parried as he began to feel in his pockets for his pipe. And I still had a sense, as I saw the barricaded look come into his face, of entrenchments being frantically thrown up. I continued to stare at him as he found his pipe and proceeded to fill it; I even wrung a ghostly satisfaction out of the discovery that his fingers weren't as steady as he might have wished them to be.

"I suppose you're trying to make me feel like the Wicked Uncle edging away from the abandoned babes in the Woods?" he finally demanded, as I'm sure exasperated by my silence. He was delving for matches by this time, and seemed disappointed that none were to be found in his pockets. I don't know why he should seem to recede from me, for he didn't move an inch from where he stood with that defensively mocking smile on his face. But abysmal gulfs of space seemed to blow like sea-mists between him and me, desolating and lonely stretches of emptiness which could never again be spanned by the tiny bridges of hope.

I felt alone, terribly alone, in a world over which the last fire had swept and the last rains had fallen. My throat tightened and my eyes smarted from the wave of self-pity which washed through my body. It angered me, ridiculously, to think that I was going to break down at such a time. But the more I thought over it the more muddled I grew. There was something maddening in the memory that I was unable to act as my instincts prompted me to act; that I couldn't, like the unhappy wife of screen and story, walk promptly out of the door and slain it epochally shut after me. But modern life never quite lives up to its fiction. And we are never quite free, we women who have given our hostages to fortune, to do as we wish. We have lives other than our own to think about.

"But it all seems so—so *dishonest!*" I cried out, stopping myself in the middle of a gesture which might have seemed like wringing my hands.

That apparently gave Dinkydunk something to get his teeth into. The neutral look went out of his eye, to be replaced by a fortifying stare of enmity.

"I don't know as it's any more dishonest than the long-distance brand of the same thing."

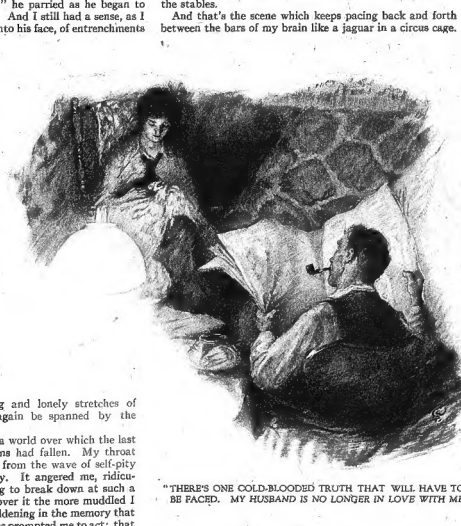
I knew at once what he meant. He meant Peter. He meant poor old Peter Ketley, whose weekly letter, year in and year out, came as regularly as clockwork to *Casa Grande*. Those letters came to my son Dinkie, the it couldn't be denied they carried many a cheering word and many a companionable message to Dinkie's mother. But it brought me up short to think that my own husband would try to play cuttlefish with a clean-hearted and a clean-handed man like Peter. The wave that went through my body on this occasion was one of rage. I tried to say something, but I couldn't. The lion of my anger had me down by this time with his paw on my breast. The power of speech was squeezed out of my carcass. I could only stare at my husband with a denuding and devastating stare of incredulity, of abhorrence skirting dangerously along the margins of hate. And he stared back with morose and watchful defiance on his face.

WHINSTANE SANDY RUMINATING OVER HIS FAITHFUL OLD PIPE

Heaven only knows how it would have ended if that tableau hadn't gone smash, with a sudden off-stage clatter and thump and cry which reminded me that there were more people in the world than Chaddie McKail and her philandering old husband. For during that interregnum of parental preoccupation Dinkie and Poppsy had essayed to toboggan down the lower half of the front stairs in an empty drawer commandeered from my bedroom dresser. Their descent, apparently, had been about as precipitate as that of their equally adventurous sire down the treads of my respect, for they had landed in a heap on the hardwood floor of the hall, and I found Dinkie with an abraded shin-bone and Poppsy with a cut lip.

My Poppsy was more frightened at the sight of blood than actually hurt by her fall, and Dinkie betrayed a not unnatural tendency to enlarge on his injuries in extenuation of his offense. But that suddenly imposed demand for first aid took my mind out of the darker waters in which it had been wallowing, and by the time I had comforted my kiddies and completed my ministrations Dinkydunk had quietly escaped from the house and my accusatory stares by clapping on his hat and going out to the stables.

And that's the scene which keeps pacing back and forth between the bars of my brain like a jaguar in a circus cage.



"THERE'S ONE COLD-BLOODED TRUTH THAT WILL HAVE TO BE FACED. MY *HUSBAND IS NO LONGER IN LOVE WITH ME*"

That's the scene I've been living over for the last few days, thinking of all the more brilliant things I might have said and the more expedient things I might have done. And that's the scene which has been working like yeast at the bottom of my sodden batter of contentment, making me feel that I'd swell up and burst if all that crazy ferment couldn't find some relief in expression. So after three long years and more of silence I'm turning back to this, the journal of one irresponsible old Chaddie McKail, who wanted so much to be happy and who has in some way missed the pot of gold that they told her was to be found at the rainbow's end.

It seems incredible, as I look back, that more than three long years should slip away without the penning of one line in this, the safety-valve of my soul. But the impulse to write rather slipped away from me. It wasn't that there was so little to record, for life is always life; but when it burns clearest it seems to have the trick of consuming its own smoke and leaving so very little ash. The crowded, even tenor of existence goes on, with its tidal ups and downs, too listlessly busy to demand expression. Then the shock of tempest comes, and it's only after we're driven out of them that we realize we've been drifting so long in the doldrums of life. Then it comes home to us that there are the Dark Ages in the history of a woman exactly as there were the Dark Ages in the history of Europe. Life goes on in those Dark Ages, but it doesn't feel the call to articulate itself, to leave a record of its experiences. And that strikes me, as I sit here and think of it, as about the deepest tragedy that can overtake anything on this earth.

Nothing, after all, is sadder than silence, the silence of dead civilizations and dead cities and dead souls. And nothing is more costly. For beauty itself, in actual life, passes away, but beauty lovingly recorded by mortal hands endures and goes down to our children. And I stop writing at that word of "children," for miraculously, as I repeat it, I see it cut a window in the unlighted house of my heart. And that window is the bright little Gothic oriel which will always be golden and luminous with love and will always send the last shadow scurrying away from the mustiest corner of my tower of life. I have my Dinkie and my Poppsy, and nothing can take them away from me. It's on them that I pin my hope.

Sunday the Seventeenth.

I'VE been thinking a great deal over what's happened this last week or so. And I've been trying to reorganize my life, the same as you put a house to rights after a funeral. But it wasn't a well-ordered funeral in this case, and I was denied even the tempered satisfaction of the bereaved after the finality of a smoothly conducted burial. For nothing has been settled. It's merely that Time has been trying to encyst what it can not absorb. I felt, for a day or two, that I had nothing much to live for. I felt like a feather-weight who'd faced a knockout. I saw Pride go to the mat, and take the count, and if I was dazed for a while, I suppose it was mostly convalescence from shock. Then I tightened my belt, and reminded myself that it wasn't the first wallop Fate had given me, and remembered that in this life you have to adjust yourself to your environment or be eliminated from the game.

And life, I suppose, has tamed me, as a man who once loved me said it would do. The older I get the more tolerant I try to be, and the more I know of this world the more I realize that Right is seldom all on one side and Wrong on the other. It's a matter of give and take, this problem of traveling in double harness. I can even smile a little as I remember that college day in my teens when Matilda-Anne and Katrina and Fanny-Rain-in-the-Face and myself solemnly discussed man and his make-up, over a three-pound box of chocolates, and resolutely agreed that we would surrender our hearts to no suitor over twenty-six and marry no male who'd ever loved another woman—not, at least, unless the situation had become compensatingly romanticized by the death of any such lady preceding us in our loved one's favor. Little we knew of men and ourselves and the humiliations with which life breaks the spirit of arrogant youth!

For even now, knowing what I know, I've been going my best to cooper together a cage for my unstable old Dinkydunk. I've been trying to keep the thought of poor dead Lady Alicia out of my head. I've been wondering if there's any truth in what Dinkydunk said, a few weeks ago, about a mere father being like the male of the warrior-spider whom the female of the species stands ready to dine upon, once she's assured of her progeny.

I suppose I *have* given most of my time and attention to my children. And it's as perilous, I suppose, to give your heart to a man and then take it even partly away again, as it is to give a trellis to a rose-bush and then expect it to stand alone. My husband, too, has been restless and dissatisfied with prairie life during the last year or so, has been rocking in his own doldrums of inertia, where the sight of even the humblest ship (and the Wandering Sail in this case always seemed to me as soft and shapeless as a boned squab-pigeon) could promptly elicit an answering signal.

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But I strike a snag there, for Alsina has not been as boneless as I anticipated. There was an unlooked-for intensity in her eyes and a mild sort of tragedy in her voice when she came and told me that she was going to another school in the Knee-Hill country and asked if I could have her taken in to Buckhorn the next morning. Some one, of course, had to go. There was one too many in this prairie home that must always remain so like an island dotting the lonely wastes of a lonely sea. And triangles, oddly enough, seem to flourish best in city squares.

But much as I wanted to talk to Alsina, I was compelled to respect her reserve. I even told her that Dinkie would miss her a great deal. She replied, with a choke in her voice, that he was a wonderful child. That, of course, was music to the ears of his mother, and my respect for the tremulous Miss Teeswater went up at least ten degrees. But when she added, without meeting my eye, that she was really fond of the boy, I couldn't escape the impression that she was edging out on very thin ice. It was, I think, only the silent misery in her half-averted face which kept me from inquiring if she hadn't rather made it a family affair. But that, second thought promptly told me, would seem too much like striking the fallen. And we both seemed to feel, thereafter, that silence was best.

PRACTICALLY nothing passed between us in fact, until we reached the station. I could see that she was dreading the ordeal of saying good-by. That unnamed sixth sense peculiar to cab-drivers and waiters and married women told me that every moment on the bald little platform was being a torture to her. As the big engine came lumbering up to a standstill she gave me one quick and searching look. It was a look I shall never forget, for in it was a question and something more than a question. An unworded appeal was there, and also an unworded protest. It got past my outposts of reason in some way. It came to me in my bitterness like the smell of lilacs into a sick-room. I couldn't be cruel to that poor, crushed outcast who had suffered quite as much from the whole ignoble affair as I had suffered. I suddenly held out my hand to her, and she took it with that hungry, questioning look still on her face.

"It's all right," I started to say. But her head suddenly went down between her hunched-up shoulders. Her body began to shake and tears gushed from her eyes. I had to help her to the car-steps.

"It was all my fault," she said in a strangled voice, between her helpless little sobs.

It was brave of her, of course, and she meant it for the best. But I wish she hadn't said it. Instead of making everything easier for me, as she intended, she only made it harder. She left me disturbingly conscious of ghostly heroisms which transposed what I had tried to regard as essentially ignoble into some higher and purer key. And she made it harder for me to look at my husband, when I got home, with a calm and collected eye. I felt suspiciously like Lady Macbeth after the second murder. I felt that we were fellow sharers of a guilty secret it would never do to drag too often into the light of every-day life.

But it will no more stay under cover, I find, than a dab-chick will stay under water. It bobs up in the most unexpected places, as it did last night, when Dinkie publicly proclaimed that he was going to marry his mummy when he got big.

"It would be well, my son, not to repeat the mistakes of your father!" observed Dinkydunk. And having said it, he relighted his quarantining pipe and refused to meet my eye. But it didn't take a surgical operation to get what he meant into my head. It hurt in more ways than one, for it struck me as suspiciously like a stone embodied in a snow-ball—and even our offspring recognized this as no fair manner of fighting.

"Then it impresses you as a mistake?" I demanded, seeing red, for the coyote in me, I'm afraid, will never entirely become house-dog.

"Isn't that the way you regard it?" he asked, inspecting me with a non-committal eye.

I had to bite my lip to keep from flinging out at him the things that were huddled back in my heart. But it was no time for making big medicine. So I got the lid on, and held it there.

"My dear Dinkydunk," I said with an effort at a gesture of weariness, "I've long since learned that life can't be made clean, like a cat's body, by the use of the tongue alone!"

Dinkydunk did not look at me. Instead he turned to the boy who was watching that scene with a small frown of perplexity on his none too approving face.

"You go up to the nursery," commanded my husband with more curtness than usual. But before Dinkie went he slowly crossed the room and kissed me. He did so with a quiet resoluteness which was not without its tacit touch of challenge.

"You may feel that way about the use of the tongue," said my husband as soon as we were alone, "but I'm going to unload a few things I've been keeping under cover."

He waited for me to say something, but I preferred remaining silent.

"Of course," he floundered on, "I don't want to stop you martyrizing yourself in making a mountain out of a mole-hill. But I'm getting a trifle tired of this holier-than-thou attitude. And——"

"And?" I prompted, when he came to a stop and sat pushing up his brindled front hair until it made me think of the Corean lion on the library mantel, the lion in pottery which we invariably spoke of as the Dog of Fo. My wintry smile at that resemblance seemed to exasperate him.

"What were you going to say?" I quietly inquired.

"Oh, hell!" he exclaimed, with quite unexpected vigor.

"I hope the children are out of hearing," I reminded him, solemn-eyed.

"Yes, the children!" he cried, catching at the word exactly as a drowning man catches at a life-belt. "The children! That's just the root of the whole intolerable situation. This hasn't been a home for the last three or four years; it's been nothing but a nursery. And about all I've been is a retriever for a crèche, a clodhopper to tiptoe about the sacred circle and see to it there's enough flannel to cover their backs and enough food to put into their stomachs. I'm an accident, of course, an intruder to be faced with fortitude and borne with patience."

"This sounds quite disturbing," I interrupted. "It almost leaves me suspicious that you are about to emulate the rabbit and devour your young."

Dinkydunk fixed me with an accusatory finger. "And the fact that you can get humor out of it shows me just how far it has gone," he cried with a bitterness which quickly enough made me sober again. "And I could stand being deliberately shut out of your life, and shut out of their lives as far as you can manage it, but I can't see that it's doing either them or you any particular good."

"But I am responsible for the way in which those children grow up," I said, quite innocent of the *double entendre* which brought a dark flush to my husband's none too happy face. "And I suppose I'm not to contaminate them?" he demanded.

"Haven't you done enough along that line?" I asked.

HE SWUNG about, at that, with something dangerously like hate on his face.

"Whose children are they?" he challenged.

"You are their father," I quietly acknowledged. It rather startled me to find Dinkydunk regarding himself as a fur coat and my offspring as moth-eggs which I had laid deep in the pelt of his life, where we were slowly but surely eating the glory out of that garment and leaving it as bald as a prairie-dog's belly.

"Well, you give very little evidence of it!"

"You can't expect me to turn a cart-wheel, surely, every time I remember it?" was my none too gracious inquiry. Then I sat down. "But what is it you want me to do?" I asked, as I sat studying his face, and I felt sorriest for him because he felt sorry for himself.

"That's exactly the point," he averred. "There doesn't seem anything to do. But this can't go on forever."

"No," I acknowledged. "It seems too much like history repeating itself."

His head went down, at that, and it was quite a long time before he looked up at me again.

"I don't suppose you can see it from my side of the fence?" he asked with a disturbing new note of humility in his voice.

"Not when you force me to stay *on* the fence," I told him. He seemed to realize, as he sat there slowly moving his head up and down, that no further advance was to be made along that line. So he took a deep breath and sat up.

"Something will have to be done about getting a new teacher for that school," he said, with an appositeness which was only too painfully apparent.

"I've already spoken to two of the trustees," I told him. "They're getting a teacher from the Peg. It's to be a man this time."

Instead of meeting my eye, he merely remarked, "That'll be better for the boy!"

"In what way?" I inquired.

"Because I don't think too much petticoat is good for any boy," responded my lord and master.

"Big or little!" I couldn't help amending, in spite of all my good intentions.

Dinkydunk ignored the thrust, tho it plainly took an effort.

"There are times when even kindness can be a sort of cruelty," he patiently and somewhat platitudinously pursued.

"Then I wish somebody would ill-treat me along that line," I interjected. And this time he smiled, tho it was only for a moment.

"Supposing we stick to the children?" he suggested.

"Of course," I agreed. "And since you've brought the matter up I can't help telling you that I always felt that my love for my children is the one redeeming thing in my life."

"Thanks," said my husband, with a wince.

"Please don't misunderstand me. I'm merely trying to say that a mother's love for her children has to be one of the strongest and holiest things in this hard old world of ours. And it seems only natural to me that a woman should consider her children first, and plan for them, and make sacrifices for them, and fight for them if she has to."

"It's so natural, in fact," remarked Dinkydunk, "that it has been observed in even the Bengal tigress."

"It is my turn to thank you," I acknowledged, after giving his statement a moment or two of thought.

"But we're getting away from the point again," proclaimed my husband. "I've been trying to tell you that children are like rabbits. It's only fit and proper they should be cared for, but they can't thrive, and they can't even live, if they're handled too much."

"I haven't observed any alarming absence of health in my children," I found the courage to say. But a tightness gathered about my heart, for I could sniff what was coming.

"They may be all right, as far as that goes," persisted their lordly parent. "But what I say is, too much cuddling, and mollycoddling isn't good for that boy of yours, or anybody else's boy." And he proceeded to explain that my Dinkie was an ordinary, every-day, normal child and should be accepted and treated as such or we'd have a temperamental little bounder on our hands.

I knew that my boy wasn't abnormal. But I knew, on the other hand, that he was an exceptionally impressionable and sensitive child. And I couldn't be sorry for that, for if there's anything I abhor in this world it's torpor. And whatever he may have been, nothing could shake me in my firm conviction that a child's own mother is the best person to watch over his growth and shape his character.

"But what is all this leading up to?" I asked, steeling myself for the unwelcome.

"Simply to what I've already told you on several occasions," was my husband's answer. "That it's about time this boy of ours was bundled off to a boarding-school."

I sat back, trying to picture my home and my life without Dinkie. But it was unbearable. It was unthinkable.

"I shall never agree to that," I quietly retorted.

"Why?" asked my husband, with a note of triumph which I resented.

"For one thing, because he is still a child, because he is too young," I contended, knowing that I could never agree with Dinkydunk in his thoroughly English ideas of education even while I remembered how he had once said that the greatness of England depended on her public schools, such as Harrow and Eton and Rugby and Winchester, and that she had been the best colonizer in the world because her boys had been taken young and taught not to overvalue home ties, had been made manlier by getting off with their own kind instead of remaining hitched to an apron-string.

"AND you prefer keeping him stuck out here on the prairie?" demanded Dinkydunk.

"The prairie has been good enough for his parents this last seven or eight years," I contended.

"It hasn't been good enough for me," my husband cried out with quite unlooked-for passion. "And I've about had my fill of it!"

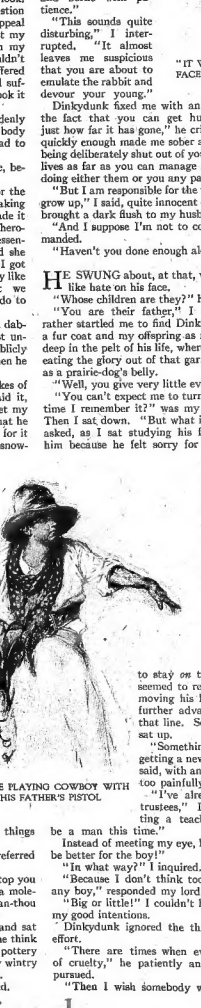
"Where would you prefer going?" I asked, trying to speak as quietly as I could.

"That's something I'm going to find out as soon as the chance comes," he retorted with a slow and embittered emphasis which didn't add any to my peace of mind.

"Then why cross our bridges," I suggested, "until we come to them?"

"But you're not looking for bridges," he challenged. "You don't want to see anything beyond living like Doukhobors out here on the edge of Nowhere and remembering that you've got your precious offspring here under your wing

"IT WAS, I THINK, ONLY THE SILENT MISERY IN HER HALF-AVERTED FACE WHICH KEPT ME FROM INQUIRING IF SHE HADN'T RATHER MADE IT A FAMILY AFFAIR."



DINKIE PLAYING COWBOY WITH HIS FATHER'S PISTOL

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and wondering how many bushels of Number-One-Hard it will take to buy your Dinkie a riding Pinto!"

"Aren't you rather tired to-night?" I asked with all the patience I could command.

"Yes, and I'm talking about the thing that makes me tired. For you know as well as I do that you've made that boy of yours a sort of anesthetic. You put him on like a nose-cap, and forget the world. He's about all you remember to think about.

"Why, when you look at the clock, nowadays, it isn't ten minutes to twelve. It's always Dinkie minutes to Dink. When you read a book you're only reading about what your Dinkie might have done or what your Dinkie is some day to write.

"When you picture the Prime Minister it's merely your Dinkie grown big, laying down the law to a House of Parliament made up of other Dinkies, rows and rows of 'em. When the sun shines you're wondering whether it's warm enough for your Dinkie to walk in, and when the snow begins to melt you're wondering whether it's soft enough for the beloved Dinkie to mold into snowballs. When you see a girl you at once get busy speculating over whether or not she'll ever be beautiful enough for your Dinkie, and when one of the crowned heads of Europe announces the alliance of its youngest princess you fall to pondering if Dinkie wouldn't have made her a better husband. And when the flowers come out in your window-box you wonder if they're fair enough to bloom beside your Dinkie.

"I don't suppose I ever made a haystack that you didn't wonder whether it wasn't going to be a grand place for Dinkie to make down. And when Dinkie dirns a goggle-eyed man on his scribbler you see Michelangelo totter down and Titian turn in his grave. And when Dinkie writes a composition of thirty crooked lines on the landing of Hengest you feel that fate did Hume a mean trick in letting him pass away before inspecting that final word in historical record. And heaven's just a row of Dinkies with little gold harps tucked under their wings. And you think you're breathing air, but all you're breathing is Dinkies, millions and millions of etherealized Dinkies.

"And when you read about the famine in China you inevitably and adroitly hitch the death of seven thousand Chinks in Yangchow onto the interests of your immortal offspring. And I suppose Rome really came into being for the one ultimate end that an immortal young Dinkie might possess his full degree of Dinkiness, and the glory that was Greece must have been merely the tom-toms tuning up for the finished dance of our Dinkie's grandeur. Day and night, it's Dinkie, just Dinkie!"

I waited until he was through. I waited, heavy of heart, until his foolish fires of revolt had burned themselves out. And it didn't seem to add to his satisfaction to find that I could inspect him with a quiet and slightly commiserative eye.

"You are accusing me," I finally told him, "of something I'm proud of. And I'm afraid I'll always be guilty of caring for my own son."

He turned on me with a sort of heavy triumph.

"Well, it's something that you'll jolly well pay the piper for some day," he announced.

"What do you mean by that?" I demanded.

"I MEAN that nothing much is ever gained by letting the maternal instinct run over. And that's exactly what you're doing. You're trying to tie Dinkie to your side, when you can no more tie him up than you can tie up a sunbeam. You only keep him close enough to you, of course, when he was small. But he's bound to grow away from you as he gets bigger, just as I grew away from my mother and you once grew away from yours. It's a natural law, and there's no use crocking your knees on it. The boy's got his own life to live, and you can't live it for him. It won't be long, now, before you begin to notice those slippings back into his own shell of self-interest. And unless you realize what it means, it's going to hurt. And unless you reckon on that in the way you order your life you're not only going to be a very lonely old lady, but you're going to bump into a big hole where you thought the going was smoothest!"

I sat thinking this over, with a ton of lead where my heart should have been.

"I've already bumped into a big hole where I thought the going was smoothest," I finally observed.

My husband looked at me and then looked away again.

"I was hoping we could fill that up and forget it," he ventured in a valorously timid tone which made it hard, for reasons I couldn't quite fathom, to keep my throat from tightening. But I sat there, shaking my head from side to side.

"I've got to love something," I found myself protesting. "And the children seem all that is left."

"How about me?" asked my husband, with his acidulated and slightly one-sided smile.

"You've changed, Dinkydunk," was all I could say.

"But some day," he contended, "you may wake up to the fact that I'm still a human being."

"I've wakened up to the fact that you're a different sort of human being than I had thought."

"Oh, we're all very much alike, once you get our number," asserted my husband.

"You mean men are," I amended.

"I mean that if men can't get a little warmth and color and sympathy in the home circle, they're going to edge about until they find a substitute for it, no matter how shoddy it may be," contended Dinkydunk.

"But isn't that a hard and bitter way of writing life down to one's own level?" I asked, trying to swallow the choke that wouldn't stay down in my throat.

"Well, I can't see that we get much ahead by trying to sentimentalize the situation," he said with a gesture that seemed one of frustration. We sat staring at each other, and again I had the feeling of abysmal gulfs of space intervening between us.

"Is that all you can say about it?" I asked, with a foolish little gulp I couldn't control.

"Isn't it enough?" demanded Dinkydunk. And I knew that nothing was to be gained, that night, by the foolish and futile clash of words.

Tuesday the Twenty-third.

I'VE BEEN doing a good deal of thinking over what Dinkydunk said. I have been trying to see things from his standpoint. By a sort of mental jiu-jitsu I've even been trying to justify what I can't quite understand in him. But it's no use. There's one bald, hard fact I can't escape, no matter how I dig my old ostrich-beak of instinct under the sands of self-deception.

There's one cold-blooded truth that will have to be faced. *My husband is no longer in love with me.* Whatever else may have happened, I have lost my heart-hold on Duncan Argyll McKail.

I am still his wife, in the eyes of the law, and the mother of his children. We still live together, and, from force of habit, if from nothing else, go through the familiar old rites of daily communion. He sits across the table from me when I eat, and talks casually enough of the trivially momentous problems of the minute, or he reads in his slippers before the fire while I do my sewing within a spool-toss of him. But a row of inviable assagais stand leveled between his heart and mine. A slow glacier of green-iced indifference shoulders in between us; and gone forever is the wild-flower aroma of youth, the singing spirit of April, the mysterious light that touched our world with wonder. He is merely a man, drawing on to middle age, and I am a woman, no longer young.

Gone now are the Spring floods that once swept us together. Gone now is the flame of adoration that burned clean our altar of daily intercourse and left us blind to the weaknesses we were too happy to remember. For there was a time when we loved each other. I know that as well as Duncan does. But it died away, that ghostly flame. It went out like a neglected fire. And blowing on dead ashes can never revive the old-time glow.

"So they were married and lived happy ever afterward!" That is the familiar ending to the fairy-tales I read over and over again to my Dinkie and Poppsy. But they are fairy-tales. For who lives happy ever afterward? First love chloroforms us, for a time, and we try to hug to our bosoms the illusion that heaven itself is only a sort of endless honeymoon presided over by Lohengrin maidens. But the anesthetic wears away and we find that life isn't a bed of roses, but a rough field that rewards us as we till it, with here and there the corn-flower of happiness laughing unexpectedly up at us out of our sober acres of sober wheat. And often enough we don't know happiness when we see it. We assuredly find it least where we look for it most. I can't even understand why we're equipped with such a hunger for it. But I find myself trending more and more to that cynic philosophy which defines happiness as the absence of pain. The absence of pain—that is a lot to ask for in this life!

I wonder if Dinkydunk is right in his implication that I am getting hard? There are times, I know, when I grate on him, when he would probably give anything to get away from me. Yet here we are, linked together like two convicts. And I don't believe I'm as hard as my husband accuses me of being. However macadamized they may have made life for me, there's at least one soft spot in my heart, one garden under the walls of granite. And that's the spot which my two children fill, which my children keep green, which my children keep holy. It's them I think of when I think of the future—when I should at least be thinking a little of my grammar and remembering that the verb "to be" takes the nominative, just as discontented husbands seem to take the initiative! That's why I can't quite find the courage to ask for freedom.

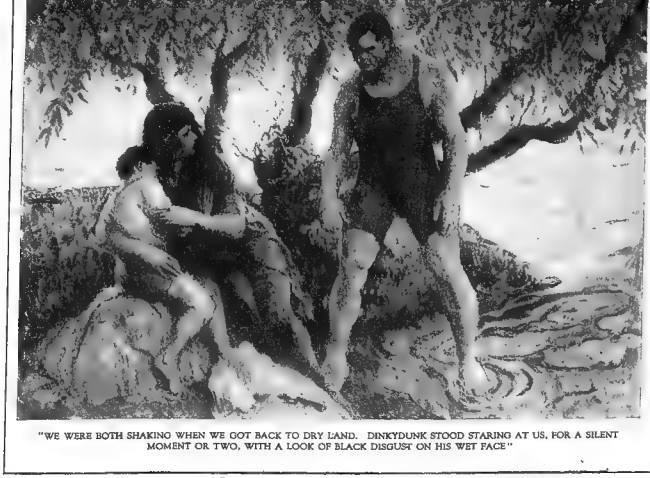
I have seen enough of life to know what the smash-up of a family means to its toddlers. And I want my children to have a chance. They can't have that chance without at least two things. One is the guardianship of home life, and the other is that curse of modern times known as money.

We haven't prospered as we had hoped to, but Heaven knows I've kept an eagle eye on that savings-account of mine, in that absurdly new and resplendent red-brick bank in Buckhorn. Patiently I've fed it with my butter-and-egg money, joyfully I've seen it grow with my meager nitrate dividends, and grimly I've made it bigger with every loose dollar I could lay my hands on. There's no heroism in my going without things I may have thought I needed, just as there can be little nobility in my sticking to a husband who no longer loves me. For it's not Chaddie McKail who counts now, but her chicks. And I'll have to look for my reward through them, for I'm like Romanes's rat now, too big to get into the bottle of cream, but wary enough to know I can dine from a tail still small enough for insertion. I'm merely a submerged prairie-hen with the best part of her life behind her.

BUT it bothers me, what Duncan says about my always thinking of little Dinkie first. And I'm afraid I do, tho it seems neither right nor fair. I suppose it's because he was my first-born—and having come first in my life he must come first in my thoughts. I was made to love somebody—and my husband doesn't seem to want me to love him. So he has driven me to centering my thoughts on the child. I've got to have something to warm up to. And any love I may lavish on this pinfeather chick of mine, who has to face life with the lack of so many things, will not only be a help to the boy, but will be a help to me, the part of me that I'm sometimes so terribly afraid of.

Yet I can't help wondering if Duncan has any excuse for claiming that it's personal selfishness which prompts me to keep my boy close to my side. And am I harming him, without knowing it, in keeping him from my wing? Schools are all right in a way, but surely a good mother can do as much in the molding of a boy's mind as a boarding-school with a file of Ph.D.'s on its staff. But am I a good mother? And should I trust myself, in a matter like this, to my own feelings? Men, in so many things, are better judges than women. Yet it has just occurred to me that all men do not think alike. I've been sitting wondering what old Peter would say. And I've decided to write Peter and ask what he advises. He'll tell the truth, I know, for Peter is as honest as the day is long.

I've just been up to make sure the children were properly covered in bed. And it disturbed me a little to find that without even thinking about it I went to Dinkie first. It seemed like accidental corroboration of all that Duncan has been saying. But I stood studying him as he lay there asleep. It frightened me a little to find him so big. If it's true, as Duncan threatens, that time will tend to turn him away from me, it's something that I'm going to fight tooth and



"WE WERE BOTH SHAKING WHEN WE GOT BACK TO DRY LAND. DINKYDUNK STOOD STARING AT US, FOR A SILENT MOMENT OR TWO, WITH A LOOK OF BLACK DISGUST ON HIS WET FACE"

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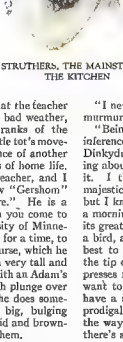
nail. And I've seen no sign of it as yet. With every month and every year that's added to his age he grows more companionable, more able to bridge the chasm between two human souls. We have more interests in common, more things to talk about. And day by day Dinkie is reaching up to my clumsily mature way of looking at life. He can come to me with his problems, knowing I'll always give him a hearing, just as he used to come to me with his baby cuts and bruises, knowing they would be duly kissed and cared for.

Yet some day, I have just remembered, he may have problems that can't be brought to me. But that day, please God, I shall defer as long as possible. Already we have our own little secrets and private compacts and understandings. I don't want my boy to be a mollycoddle. But I want him to have his chance in the world. I want him to be somebody. I can't reconcile myself to the thought of him growing up to wear moose-mittens and shoe-packs and stretching barb-wire in blue jeans and riding a tractor across a prairie back-township. I refuse to picture him getting bent and gray wringing a livelihood out of an overcropped ranch fourteen miles away from a post-office and a world away from the things that make life most worth living. If he were an ordinary boy, I might be led to think differently. But my Dinkie is not an ordinary boy. There's a spark of the unusual, of the exceptional, in that laddie. And I intend to fan that spark, whatever the cost may be, until it breaks out into genius.



STRUTHERS, THE MAINSTAY OF THE KITCHEN

Sunday the Twenty-eighth.

THE new school-teacher has arrived, and is to live with us here at *Casa Grande*. I have my reasons for this. In the first place, it will be a help to Dinkie in his studies. In the second place, it means that the teacher can pack my boy back and forth to school in bad weather, and next month when Poppsy joins the ranks of the learners can keep a more personal eye on that little tot's movements. And in the third place, the mere presence of another male at *Casa Grande* seems to dilute the acids of home life.

Gershom Binks is the name of this new teacher, and I have just learned that in the original Hebrew "Gershom" not inappropriately means "a stranger there." He is a sophomore (a most excellent word, that, when you come to inquire into its etymology!) from the University of Minnesota and is compelled to teach the young idea, for a time, to accumulate sufficient funds to complete his course, which he wants to do at Ann Arbor. And Gershom is a very tall and very thin and very short-sighted young man, with an Adam's apple that works up and down with a two-inch plunge over the edge of his collar when he talks—which he does somewhat extensively. He wears glasses with big, bulging lenses, glasses which tend to hide a pair of timid and brown-October-aleish eyes with real kindliness in them.

He looks ill-nourished, but I can detect nothing radically wrong with his appetite. It's merely that, like Cassius, he thinks too much. And I'm going to fatten that boy up a bit before the year is out, or know the reason why. He may be a trifle self-conscious and awkward, but he's also amazingly clean of both body and mind, and it will be no hardship, I know, to have him under our roof. And for all his devotion to science, he reads his Bible every night—which is more than Chaddie McKail does!

He rather took the wind out of my sails by demanding, the first morning at breakfast, if I knew that one-half ounce of the web of the spider—the ground of the order Araneida, he explained—if stretched out in a straight line, would reach from the city of Chicago to the city of Paris. I told him that this was a most wonderful and a most interesting piece of information and hoped that some day we could verify it by actual test. Yet when I inquired whether he meant merely the environs of the city of Paris, or the very heart of the city such as the *Place de l'Opéra*, he studied me with the meditative eye with which Huxley must once have studied beetles.

Dinkydunk, I notice, is as restive as a bull-moose in black-fly season. He's doing his work on the land, as about every ranch-owner has to, whether he's happily married or not, but he's doing it without any undue impression of its epical importance. I heard him observe yesterday that if he could only get his hands on enough ready money he'd like to swing into land business in a live center like Calgary.

SURELY these men-folk are a dissatisfied lot! Gershom to-night complained that his own name of "Gershom Binks" impressed him as about the ugliest name that was ever hitched onto a scholar and a gentleman. And later on, after I'd opened my piano and tried to console myself with a tapperoo of Grieg, he inspected the instrument and informed me that it was really evolved from the six-stringed harps of the fourth Egyptian dynasty, which in the fifth dynasty were made with a greatly enlarged base, thus giving the rudimentary beginning of a sound-board.

I am learning a lot from Gershom! And so are my kiddies, for that matter. I begin, in fact, to feel like royalty with a private tutor, for every night now Dinkie and Poppsy and Gershom sit about the living-room table and drink of the founts of wisdom. But we have a teacher here who loves to teach. And he is infinitely patient and kind with my little toddlers. Dinkie already asks him questions without number, while Poppsy gratefully but decorously vamps him with her infantine gazes. Then Gershom—Heaven bless his scholastic old highbrowed solemnity—has just assured me that Dinkie betrays many evidences of an exceptionally bright mind.

Friday the Second.

MY HUSBAND yesterday accused me of getting moss-backed. He had been harping on the city string again and asked me if I intended to live and die a withered beauty on a backtrail ranch.

That "withered beauty" hurt, tho I did my best to ignore it, for the time at least. And Dinkydunk went on to say that it struck him as one of life's little ironies that *I* should want to stick to the sort of life we were leading, remembering what I'd come from.

"Dinkydunk," I told him, "it's terribly hard to explain exactly how I feel about it all. I suppose I could never make you see it as I see it. But it's a feeling like loyalty, loyalty to the land that's given us what we have. I love the prairie. Just why it is, I don't know. It's too fundamental to be fashioned into words, and I never realized how deep it was until I went back to the city that time. One can just say it, and let it go at that: *I love the prairie.* It isn't merely its bigness, just as it isn't altogether its freedom and its openness. Perhaps it's because it keeps its spirit of the adventurous. I'm afraid I'm like that chickadee that flew into the bank-house and Whinnie caught and put in a box-cage for Dinkie. I nearly die at the thought of being cooped up. I want clean air and open space about me."

"I never dreamed you'd been Indianized to that extent," murmured my husband.

"Being Indianized," I proceeded, "seems to carry the inference of also being barbarized. But it isn't quite that, Dinkydunk, for there's something almost spiritually satisfying about this prairie life if you've only got the eyes to see it. I think that's because the prairie always seems so majestically beautiful to me. I can see your lip curl again, but I know I'm right. When I throw open my windows of a morning and see that placid old never-ending plain under its great wash of light, something lifts up in my breast like a bird, and no matter how a mere man has been doing his best to make me miserable that something stands up on the tip of my heart and does its darnedest to sing. It impresses me as life on such a sane and gigantic scale that I want to be an actual part of it, that I positively ache to have a share in its immensities. It seems so fruitful and prodigal and generous and patient. It's so open-handed in the way it produces and gives and returns our love. And there's a completeness about it that makes me feel it can't possibly be wrong."

THE Eskimo, I suppose, feels very much the same in his little igloo of ice with a pot of whale-blubber at his elbow," observed my husband.

"You're a brute, my dear Diddums, and more casually cruel than a Baffin-Land cannibal," I retorted. "But I'm beginning to find out that joy isn't a matter of geography, and companionship isn't a matter of overcrowded subways. And the strap-hangers and the train-catchers and the first-nighters can have what they've got. I don't seem to envy them the way I used to. I don't need a Louvre when I've got the Northern Lights to look at. And I can get along without an Aeolian Hall when I've got a little music in my own heart—for it's only what you've got there, after all, that really counts in this world!"

"All of which means," concluded my husband, "that you are most unmistakably growing old!"

"You have already," I retorted, "referred to me as a withered beauty."

Dinkydunk studied me long and intently. I even felt myself turning pink under that prolonged stare of appraisal.

"You are still easy to look at," he overlangily and over-generously admitted. "But I do regret that you aren't a little easier to live with!"

I could force a little laugh at that, but I couldn't quite keep a tremor out of my voice when I spoke again.

"I'm sorry you see only my bad side, Dinkydunk. But it's kindness that seems to bring everything that is best out of us women. We're terribly like sliced pineapple in that respect: give us just a sprinkling of sugar, and out come all the juices!"

It was Dinkydunk's color that deepened a little as he turned and knocked out his pipe.

"That's a Chaddie McKail argument," he merely observed as he stood up. "And a Chaddie McKail argument impresses me as suspiciously like Swiss cheese: it doesn't seem to be genuine unless you can find plenty of holes in it."

I did my best to smile at his humor.

"But this isn't an argument," I quietly corrected. "I'd look at it more in the nature of an ultimatum."

THAT brought him up short, as I had intended it to do. He stood worrying over it as Bobs and Scotty worry over a bone.

"I'm afraid," he finally intoned, "I've been repeatedly doing you the great injustice of underestimating your intelligence!"

"That," I told him, "is a point where I find silence imposed upon me."

He didn't speak until he got to the door.

"Well, I'm glad we've cleared the air a bit, anyway," he said with a grim look about his Holbein Astronomer old mouth as he went out.

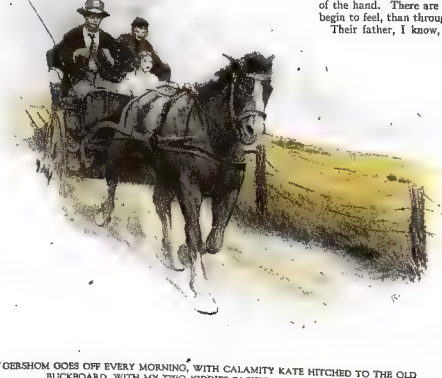
But we haven't cleared the air. And it disturbs me more than I can say to find that I have reservations from my husband. It bewilders me to see that I can't be perfectly candid with him. But there are certain deeper feelings that I can no longer uncover in his presence. Something holds me back from explaining to him that this fixed dread of mine for all cities is largely based on my loss of little Pee-Wee. For if I hadn't gone to New York that time, to Josie Langdon's wedding, I might never have lost my boy. They did the best they could, I suppose, before their telegram brought me back, but they didn't seem to understand the danger. And little did I dream, before the Donnelly butler handed me that first startling message just as we were climbing into the motor to go down to the *Rochambeau* to meet Chinkie and Tavvy, that within a week I was to sit and watch the cruelest thing that can happen in this world. I was to see a small child die. I was to watch my own Pee-Wee pass quietly away.

I have often wondered since why I never shed a tear during all those terrible three days. I couldn't, in some way, tho the nurse herself was crying, and poor old Whinnie and Struthers were sobbing together next to the window, and dour old Dinkydunk, on the other side of the bed, was racking his shoulders with smothered sobs as he held the little white hand in his and the warmth went forever out of the little fingers where his foolish big hand was trying to hold back the life that couldn't be kept there. The old are ready to die, or can make themselves ready. They have run their race and had their turn at living. But it seems cruel hard to see a little tot, with eagerness still in his heart, taken away, taken away with the wonder of things still in his eyes. It stuns you, it makes you rebel. It leaves a scar that Time itself can never completely heal.

But Dinkydunk can't completely understand, I'm afraid, this morbid hankering of mine to keep my family about me, to have the two chicks that are left to *me* close under my wing. And never once, since Pee-Wee went, have I actually punished either of my children. It may be wrong, but I can't help it. I don't want memories of violence to be left corroding and rankling in my mind. And I'd hate to see any child of mine cringe, like an ill-treated dog, at every lift of the hand. There are better ways of controlling them, I begin to feel, than through fear.

Their father, I know, will never agree with me on this matter. He will always insist on mastery, open and undisputed mastery, in his own house. He is the head of this Clan McKail, the sovereign of this little circle. For we can say what we will about democracy, but when a child is born unto a man that man unconsciously puts on the purple. He becomes the ruler and sits on the throne of authority. He even seems to cloak his weaknesses and his mistakes in that threadbare, old fabrication about the divine right of kings.

But I can see that he is often wrong, and even my Dinkie can see that he is not always right in his decrees. More and more often, of late, I've observed the boy studying his father, studying him with an impersonal



"GERSHOM GOES OFF EVERY MORNING, WITH CALAMITY KATE HITCHED TO THE OLD BUCKBOARD, WITH MY TWO KIDDIES PACKED IN NEXT TO HIM"

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and critical eye And this habit of silent appraisal is plainly something which Duncan resents, and resents keenly. He's beginning to have a feeling, I'm afraid, that he can't quite get at the boy. And there's a youthful shyness growing up in Dinkie which seems to leave him ashamed of any display of emotion before his father. I can see that it even begins to exasperate Duncan a little to be shut out behind those incontestable walls of reserve. It's merely, I'm sure, that the child is so terribly afraid of ridicule. He already nurses a hankering to be regarded as one of the grown-ups and imagines there's something rather babyish in any undue show of feeling.

Yet he is hungry for affection. And he aches, I know, for the approbation of his male parent, for the approval of a full-grown man whom he can regard as one of his own kind! He even imitates his father in the way he stands in front of the fire, with his heels well apart. And he gives me chills up the spine by pulling short on one bridle-rein and making Bantie, his mustang-pony, pirouette just as the wicked-tempered Briquette sometimes pirouettes when his father is in the saddle. Yet Dinkydunk's nerves are a bit ragged, and there are times when he's not always just with the boy, the it's not for me to confute what the instinctive genius of childhood has already made reasonably clear to Dinkie's discerning young eye. But I can not, of course, encourage insubordination. All I can do is to ignore the unwelcome and try to crowd it aside with happier things. I want my boy to love me, as I love him. And I think he does. I *know* he does. That knowledge is an azure and bottomless lake into which I can toss my blackest pebbles of fear, my flintiest doubts of the future.

Sunday the Fourth.

I WISH I could get by the scruff of the neck that sophomoric old philosopher who once said nothing survives being thought of. For I've been learning, these last two or three days, just how wide of the mark he shot And it's all arisen out of Dinkydunk's bland intimation that I am "a withered beauty" Those words have held like a fish-hook in the gills of my memory. If they'd come from somebody else they mightn't have meant so much. But from one's own husband— Wow!—they go in like a harpoon. And they have given me a great deal to think about.

But it seems hard to realize that I'm a sedate and elderly lady already on the shady side of thirty. A woman over thirty years old and I can remember the days of my intolerant youth when I regarded the woman of thirty as an antiquated creature who should be piously preparing herself for the next world. And it doesn't take thirty long to slip into forty. And then forty merges into fifty—and there you are, a nice old lady with nervous indigestion and knitting-needles and a tendency to breathe audibly after ascending the front stairs.

No wonder, last night, it drove me to taking a volume of George Moore down from the shelf and reading his chapter on "The Woman of Thirty." But I found small consolation in that overuxorious essay, feeling as I did that I knew life quite as well as any amorous studio-rat who ever made copy out of his mottled past. So I was driven, in the end, to studying myself long and intently in the broken-hinged mirrors of my dressing-table. And I didn't find much there to fortify my quailing spirit. I was getting on a bit. I was curling up a little around the edges. There was no denying that fact. For I could see a little fanlight of lines at the outer corner of each eye. And down what Dinkydunk once called the honeyed corners of my mouth went another pair of lines which clearly came from too much laughing.

But most unmistakably of all there was a line coming under my chin, a small but telltale line, announcing the fact that I wasn't losing any in weight, and standing, I suppose, on one of the foothills which precede the Rocky-Mountain dewlaps of old age. It wouldn't be long, I could see, before I'd have to start watching my diet, and looking for a white hair or two, and probably give up horseback-riding. And then settle down into an ingle-nook old dowager with a hassock under my feet and a creak in my knees and a fixed conviction that young folk never acted up in *my* youth as they act up nowadays.

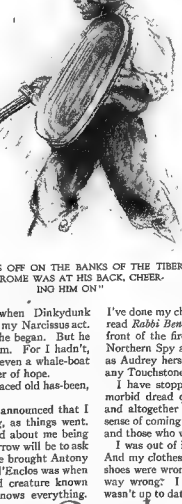
I tried to laugh it away, but my heart went down like a dredge-dipper. Whereupon I set my face, which didn't make me look any younger. But I didn't much care, for the mirror had already done its worst.

I was still intent on that study of my robust-looking but slightly weather-beaten "map" when Dinkydunk walked in and caught me in the middle of my Narcissus act.

"'All is vanity,-saith the Preacher,'" he began. But he stopped short when I swung about at him. For I hadn't, after all, been able to carpenter together even a whale-boat of consolation out of my wrecked schooner of hope.

"Oh, Kalaibod," I wailed, "I'm a pie-faced old has-been, and nobody will ever love me again!"

He only laughed, on his way out, and announced that I seemed to be getting my share of loving, as things went. But he didn't take back what he had said about me being withered. And the first thing I'll do to-morrow will be to ask Gershom how old Cleopatra was when she brought Antony to his knees and how antiquated Ninon d'Enclos was when she lost her power over that semicivilized creature known as man. Gershom will know, for he knows everything.



"HE WAS OFF ON THE BANKS OF THE TIBER. ALL ROME WAS AT HIS BACK, CHEERING HIM ON"

Wednesday the Seventh.

I DON'T know what mysterious Divide it is I have crossed over, but it seems to be peace I want now instead of experience. I'm no longer envious of the East and all it holds. I'm no longer fretting for wider circles of life. The lights may be shining bright on many a boardwalk at this moment, but it means little to this ranch-lady.

What I want now is a better working plan for that which has already been placed before me. Often and often, in the old days, when I realized how far away from the world this lonely little island of *Casa Grande* and its inhabitants stood, I used to nurse a ghostly envy for the busier thoroughways of life from which we were banished. I used to feel that grandeur was in some way escaping me.

I could picture what was taking place in some of those golden-gray old cities I had known: *The Gardens of the Luxembourg* when the horse-chestnuts were coming out in bloom and the *Château de Madrid* in the *Bois* at the luncheon hour or the *Pré Catelan* on a Sunday with heavenly sole in lemon and melted butter and a still more heavenly waltz as you sat eating *fraises des bois* smothered in thick *crème d'Isigny*. Or the *Piazza di Spagna* on Easter Sunday with the murmur of Rome in your ears and the cars and carriages flashing through the green shadows of the *Pincio*. Or *Hyde Park* in May, with the sun sifting through the brave old trees and flashing on the helmets of the Life Guards as the King goes by in a scarlet uniform with the blue Order of the Garter on his breast, or *Park Lane* on a glorious light-and-shadow afternoon in June and a dip into the familiar old Americanized clangor at the *Cecil*; or Chinkie's place in Devonshire about a month earlier, sitting out on the terrace wrapped in steamer-rugs and waiting for the moon to come up and the first nightingale to sing. Or Fifth Avenue shining almost bone-white in the clear December sunlight and the salted nuts and orange-blossom cocktails at *Sherry's*, or *The Plaza* tea-room at about five o'clock in the afternoon with the smell of Turkish tobacco and golden pekoe and hothouse violets and Houbigant's *Quelque-fleurs* all tangled up together. Or the *City of Wild Parsley* in March with a wave of wild flowers breaking over the ruins of *Selinunte* and the tumbling pillars of the Temple of Olympian Zeus lying time-mellowed in the clear Sicilian sunlight!

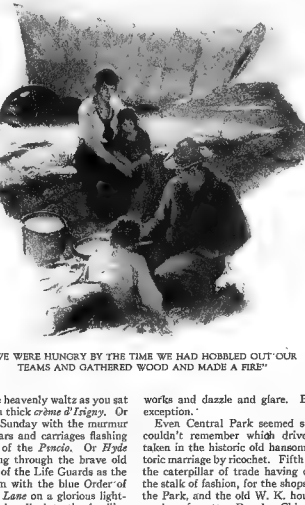
They were all lovely enough, and still are, I suppose, but it's a loveliness in some way involved with youth. So the memory of those far-off gaieties, which, after all, were so largely physical, no longer touch me with unrest. They're wine that's drunk and water that's run under the bridge. Younger lips can drink of that cup, which was sweet enough in its time.

Let the newer girls dance their legs off under the French crystals of *The Ritz*, and powder their noses over the Fountain of the Sunken Boat, and eat the numbered duck so reverentially doled out at *La Tour d'Argent*, and puff their cigarets behind the beds of begonias and marguerites at the *Château Madrid*. They too will get tired of it, and step aside for others. For the petal falls from the blossom and the blossom plumps out into fruit.

And all those golden girls, when their day is over, must slip away from those gardens of laughter. When they don't, they only make themselves ridiculous. For there's nothing sadder than an antique lady of other days decking herself out in the furbelows of a lost youth. And I've got Dinkydunk's overalls to patch and my bread to set, so I can't think much more about it to-night. But after I've done my chores, they before I go up to bed, I'm going to read *Rabbi Ben Ezra* right through to the end. I'll do it in front of the fire, with my feet up and with three Ontario Northern Spy apples on a plate beside me, to be munched as Audrey herself might have munched them, oblivious of any Touchstone and his reproving eyes.

I have stopped to ponder, however, how much of this morbid dread of mine for big cities is due to that short and altogether unsatisfactory visit to New York, to that sense of coming back a stranger and finding old friends gone and those who were left with such entirely new interests.

I was out of it, completely and dishearteningly out of it. And my clothes were all wrong. My hats were wrong; my shoes were wrong; and every rag I had on me was in some way wrong: I was a tourist from the provinces. And I wasn't up to date with either what was on me or was *in* me. I didn't even know the new Subway routes or the telephone rules or the proper places to go for tea. The Metropolitan looked cramped and shoddy, and *Tristan* seemed shoddily sung to me. There was no thrill to it. And even *The Jewels of the Madonna* impressed me as a bit garish and off-color, with the Apache Dance of the last act almost an affront to God and man.



"WE WERE HUNGRY BY THE TIME WE HAD HOBBLED OUT OUR TEAMS AND GATHERED WOOD AND MADE A FIRE"

I even asked myself, when I found that I had lost the trick of laughing at bridal-suite farces, if it was the possession of children that had changed me. For when you're with children you must in some way match their snowy innocence with a kindred coloring of innocence, very much as the hare and the weasel and the ptarmigan turn white to match the whiteness of our northern Winter. Yet I was able to wring pure joy out of Rachmaninoff's playing at Carnegie Hall, with a great man making music for music's sake. I loved the beauty and balance and splendid sanity of that playing, without keyboard fireworks and dazzle and glare. But Rachmaninoff was the exception.

Even Central Park seemed smaller than of old, and I couldn't remember which drives Dinkydunk and I had taken in the historic old hansom-cab after our equally historic marriage by ricochet. Fifth Avenue itself was different, the caterpillar of trade having crawled a little farther up the stalk of fashion, for the shops, I found, went right up to the Park, and the old W. K. house, where we once danced our long-forgotten Dresden China Quadrille, in imitation of the equally forgotten Eighty-three event, confronted me as a beehive of business offices

I couldn't quite get used to the new names and the new faces and the new shops and the side-street theaters and the thought of really nice girls going to a prize-fight in Madison Square Garden, and the eternal and never-ending talk about drinks, about where and how to get them, and how to mix them, and how much Angostura to put into 'em, and the musty ale that used to be had at Loeksam's in Washington, and the *Beaux Arts* cocktails that used to come with a dash of absinthe, and the shipment of pinch-neck Scotch which somebody smuggled in on his cruiser-yacht from the east end of Cuba, and so forth and so forth, until I began to feel that the only important thing in the world was the possession and dispensation of alcohol. And out of it I got the headache without getting the fun. I had the same dull sense of being cheated which came to me in my "flapper" days when I fell asleep with a mouthful of contraband gum and woke up in the morning with my jaw-muscles tired—I'd been facing all the exertion without getting any of the satisfaction.

Saturday the Tenth.

PETER has written back in answer to my question as to the expediency of sending my boy off to a boarding-school. He put all he had to say in two lines. They were:

> *"If I had a mother like Dinkie's, I'd stick to her until the stars were dust."*

That was very nice of Peter, of course, but I don't imagine he had any idea of the peck of trouble he was going to stir up at *Casa Grande*. For Dinkydunk picked up the sheet of paper on which that light-hearted message had been written and perused the two lines, perused them with a savagery which rather disturbed me. He read them for the second time, and then he put them down. His eye, as he confronted me, was a glacial one.

"It's too bad we can't run this show without the interference of outsiders," he announced as he stalked out of the room.

I've been thinking the thing over, and trying to get my husband's view-point. But I can't quite succeed. There has always been a touch of the satiric in Dinkydunk's attitude toward Peter's weekly letter to my boy. He has even intimated that they were written in a new kind of Morse, the inference being that they were intended to carry messages in cipher to eyes other than Dinkie's. But Peter is much too honest a man for any such resort to subterfuge. And Dinkydunk has always viewed with a hostile eye the magazines and books and toys which big-hearted Peter has showered on us. Peter always was ridiculously open-handed. And he always loved my Dinkie. And it's only natural that our thoughts should turn back to where our love has been left. Peter, I know, gets quite as much fun out of those elaborately playful letters to Dinkie as Dinkie does himself. And it's left the boy more anxious to learn, to the end that he may pen a more respectable reply to them.

Some of Peter's gifts, it is true, have been embarrassingly ornate, but Peter, who has been given so much, must have remembered how little has come to my kiddies. It was my intention, for a while, to talk this over with Dinkydunk, to

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"WHEN HE SAT IN THE MOONLIGHT, NUANUU AGAINST HIS SHOULDER AND THE JADE-GREEN PLANTATION SWEEPING AWAY INTO PURPLE DISTANCES, HE TOLD HIMSELF HE HAD STUMBLED INTO PARADISE"

PERENNIALS

It's a Long Way from Ohio to Oahu, but Short Is the Age-old Path of Love

BY HATTIE B. GOLDRICK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ADOLPH TREIDLER

LIZZIE CARTER nearly cried her eyes out the day the Prince went away. But when train-time came around she wiped her eyes—they always were pale enough, and now the blue was nearly all washed out—put on her hat, and went to the train with him. Miles would not come along. He shut himself up in the parsonage parlor. The Prince, with that queer foreign way of his, kept an arm around Lizzie the whole time they stood on the platform as if it were hard for him to leave her. At the same time he kept looking down the track as if the train would never come. He was a nice chap, and as everybody liked him the whole town but Miles had come to see him off; but he was different from the Millersburg boys and always was—coal-black hair, dark, mighty dark skin, and those quick, soft, polite foreign ways. Miles had come home with him in his arms twenty years before from what Millersburg folk call Haw-wy-yah, but which the Prince called quick and soft something like Haa-wan-ee. When somebody hoped he wouldn't be gone long he just smiled and looked queer. Lizzie began to cry and said, "You'll be back soon, won't you?" Just then the train pulled in and he kissed her hard, and was gone.

Miles, sitting home alone behind the parsonage parlor door, heard the clang of the bell and the toot of the whistle, and thought of the time when the train had clanged and tooted for him. That was when he was young like the Prince and clerked in Woodward's general store. He hated it, and one day he made a remark to that effect to a drummer from Dodd-Johnson's mercantile house, Chicago.

"Why don't you be a traveling salesman?" suggested the drummer. "Ride around on trains, put up at the best hotels, have an expense account, and all that. I might get you on for our house."

The idea was dazzling to Miles, but he did not speak to his father about it. He waited until the next morning to talk with his mother, the parson sleeping late as befitting a brain-laborer, while mother and son, with cow and crops to tend, had breakfast at five. Mrs. Carter was a small woman with the quick eyes and swift hands acquired in bringing up a large family on small rations. She moved deftly between stove and table, plopping buckwheat-batter on the griddle and flapping cakes on the plate like magic. When she had made a small mountain of them she sat down to drink a cup of coffee while Miles made the mountain disappear.

The table was one of the family kind which stretches all the way down the room when all the children are at home and shrinks in proportion as they leave. One by one its leaves had been stored in the wood-shed and the vacant chairs pushed against the wall until all that was left of it was a small square. This had been brought out from the dreary, empty dining-room and put under a window in the kitchen, where it stood set for three instead of eight. Mrs. Carter turned white when the last of her six boys told her he would like to leave home, too.

"WHEN HIS BRAIN HAD BEGUN TO REEL BETWEEN AGONIZING CRIES AND MORE AGONIZING SILENCES THERE AROSE A GREAT CHATTERING, AND THE CHATTERING WAS PIERCED BY A LITTLE WAIL"

"I can't always stay around here." He tried to be patient, tho it was incredible to him that a woman of his mother's sense would stop to weigh up milking and plowing and clerking at Woodward's against train-riding, hotel-living, and expense accounts.

The subject was not mentioned at noon, the Reverend Joshua having got mired in a slough of despond while revamping an old sermon that morning. Some of the slough was still sticking to him when he came to the table.

"When I think what the world is coming to," he sighed as he helped himself plentifully to turnips, "I tremble. A generation of money-changers. Take my own flesh and blood, not one of them a laborer in the vineyard of the Lord."

He bent his mournful gaze upon Miles.

"When I look on your grandfather's sainted face, servant of the Lord in the Sandwich Islands for twenty years——"

MILES pushed back his chair and fled from the history of the family's patron saint. The tale of the illustrious missionary had been impressed upon the Reverend Carter's sons as they came along, and one by one they had looked upon the picture which hung over the organ in the parlor, listened to its story, and decided to sow wheat, build roads, tend store, milk cows, or shoe horses rather than save souls. Not that it was a bad-looking picture. It was rather fascinating instead and had been a favorite diversion of the Carter children many a dull Sunday afternoon. Approached from the hall door it looked down stern and cold upon sinful humanity. But seen from the sitting-room there was a whimsical quirk to the left corner of the mouth, a quizzical smile in the left eye which convinced the young Carters that grandpa was chuckling at a sly joke. But whether the joke was on him or on them they could never determine.

Mrs. Carter, after a long experience in the vineyard, had said neither yea nor nay to her sons' choices. She now looked after her youngest, name-sake of the sainted Miles, striding down the road deaf to encomiums on the missionary, his ears

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cocked instead for the enticing call of the noon train whistle. That evening, after she had dished up his supper, which she had been keeping warm in the oven, she went over to the ironing-board, where a pile of unfinished pieces lay.

"I guess you'd better take that job if you can get it, Miles," she told him. "There's not much chance for you around here. I'll get one of Will's boys to stay with us and help around the place. But you needn't worry your father about it until you get ready to go."

A month later she went to the train to see him off to Chicago. The Reverend Joshua was shut up in his study, refusing to sanction with his presence the ungodly calling of drumming. But the rest of the town was there as usual to see the express go through.

"There's Sister Carter," said the treasurer of the Dorcas Society to the secretary. "Did you hear Miles has got a job travelin'?"

"Seems to me he had better stay home, him bein' the last."

"Sister Carter looks kind o' peaked, don't she? My, she's real white," the treasurer observed. "She ain't cryin' any, tho."

"I guess Lizzie'll tend to that."

Lizzie Parsons had come to the depot, too. Lizzie was a large, apple-cheeked girl who laughed too easily and too long, but she had a kind heart and was always doctoring sick kittens and things and cuddling other women's babies. Sometimes Miles took her to church suppers or neighborhood sociables, tho he never lost any sleep over her. She had pale-blue eyes, and if he had looked he could have seen that they were misty when he said good-by. As it was, he was in a hurry, for the train stops only a minute at Millersburg, and he had barely time to kiss his mother, grab Lizzie's hand and say, "So long, Lizzie; look after mother, will you?"

For the first year he was home every few weeks and talked easily of Des Moines, Cedar Rapids, and Omaha to admiring stay-at-home Millersburg. When he went to the Coast he wrote home from Los Angeles that he was making two hundred dollars a month now and enclosed half of his first check to his mother. She had never seen so much money before, laborers in that part of the vineyard living a good deal by faith and donation parties. She was not much of a hand to write, her fingers being stiff with hard work and rheumatism and her spelling such that she was ashamed to show it off to a smart boy like Miles, but she sat up half the night to compose this letter,

"Dear Miles, are you sure youre gettin that hones. Its too much money to be rite."

BEFORE he went over to Honolulu to become assistant manager of the company's island branch he came home to assure her that he was leading an honest life and to give her three hundred dollars in gold. She cried a little over the gold, hid it in an old crock, and trotted at his side every minute he was at home. She showed him off proudly to the whole town (and it must be admitted that drumming had greatly improved him), and baked him all the buckwheats he could eat, but she did not go to the train to see him off, being laid up in bed with what she claimed was a sick headache. His father went this time, being somewhat reconciled to his son's calling by now, admitting that he might do some good among traveling men as well as heathen and greatly excited that he should be going to the very scene of his grandfather's labors. He even claimed that he saw a marked resemblance between him and the missionary, and predicted that the natives would receive him with open arms. He was deeply disappointed over Miles's first letter, which merely said that he liked his new job, but that he missed his mother's cooking. His mother lay awake nights worrying for fear that he would not get enough to eat in that heathen country. She had one of the grandchildren write that she would send him some sausage and a pail of buckwheat-batter if he could find any one to bake cakes for him. When young Carter received this letter he had already taken his first taste of poi.

Between the time it takes to get a letter from Oahu to Ohio and an answer back from Ohio to Oahu considerable can happen. It had happened to Carter.

On a Sunday he had boarded a sightseeing car to make the trip around the island. On the return trip, five miles out of Honolulu, they had a blowout. While the driver cursed his luck in Kanaka and got out his tools in English the passengers stretched their legs and looked about them. At the left a grass-grown lane led off the main highway. Carter strolled along this way. It dipped into a little valley incredibly green and still as a picture. He came abreast a tall hedge of hibiscus.

Among the open interstices of the lower branches a second hedge of some low-growing, prickly stuff had been planted, making altogether an impenetrable barrier. The hedge was taller than he and evidently surrounded some estate whose owner thus notified the world to keep its distance. As he glanced at it indifferently he heard a light movement from behind, accompanied by a soft sigh. Curious, he went closer and listened for what else he might hear. Whoever sighed seemed to have either been comforted or grown discreet. He was about to leave when there came another rustling, and presently through a tiny aperture was extended a scarlet blossom. He took the flower and would have caught two small fingers if they had not been so quickly withdrawn. While he waited to see what else might happen he was called by the honking of the bus-horn.

"YOU SEE I HAVE FOUND YOU. YOU FOOL, YOU DON'T KNOW HIIAKA, BUT HIIAKA KNOWS YOU AND YOUR BREED!"

WHEN he climbed into his seat beside the driver he remarked that it was a pretty road back there.

"Princess Hiiaka's road," he was informed.

"Princess? I didn't know you had any more royalty over here."

"Princess Hiiaka she all time call."

He could get nothing more out of him. The next day he mentioned his trip to Thompson, the manager.

"Princess Hiiaka's road, I guess you mean. She's a crazy old Kanaka who still thinks she's a princess. She claims she used to own the whole island and that the missionaries stole all her land away from her. She hates the whites like the devil, so she's got a high hedge all around her place so she can't see any of them. They say she's got a granddaughter or something who's never seen a white man.'

During the week Carter thought a good deal about the scarlet blossom in his breast-pocket and looked at it several times. In Ohio love-making was carried on by such obvious procedures as strolling down to the drug-store to get "sodys," buggy-riding along country roads, and playing post-office at church sociables. A scarlet blossom tendered him through a screening hedge kindled his imagination as nothing else ever had. He accepted the incident as a personal compliment, and his prairie-bred pride was flattered that it was the hand of a princess which had stretched out to him.

On the following Sunday he hired a vehicle all for himself, and at the beginning of Princess Hiiaka's road told the driver to wait for him. He proceeded down the road, walking close to the hedge and listening as well as he could above the loud thumps of his heart. He waited for some time and was about to call himself a fool and leave when from behind the hedge came tiny scratching noises, and before he was prepared for it a little opening appeared directly before his eyes and in the opening a lovely face.

"How do you do, Princess?" he spoke quickly before she should be gone.

She stared at him dumbly. Heavens! had the old ogress cut out her tongue? Then the red lips parted and a torrent of soft words issued. If her tongue could not speak English her eyes could. There was a sudden, swift exclamation; the lovely face withdrew, and Carter perceived that the aperture was being filled up with cut twigs cunningly placed so that the hedge was made to look whole.

He came back the next week, and this time was not kept waiting. Industrious fingers had already begun at the barrier and little twigs were falling noisily. Thinking it would be pleasant to see more of the captive than her eyes, he took out his knife and began to cut, too. Operations ceased on the other side, and he thought he had angered her, but when he heard a little laugh he was emboldened and continued until he had an opening large enough for him to squeeze through. All he saw when he stepped through was a thick jungle of palms and ferns and vines. It took him a moment to discern a girl in white half hidden behind a banana-palm. She seemed frightened at the length her adventure had gone, yet while her feet were poised for flight her curious eyes peered back to see who it was who had taken her blossom.

Carter made no move toward her, but merely stood and smiled. If he could have seen himself he would have been astonished to see how much he resembled the picture of his grandfather as seen from his mother's sitting-room door.

"SHE MET HIM AT THE OPENING IN THE HEDGE AND THREW A LEI OF SCARLET HIBISCUS-BLOSSOMS AND PALE TUBEROSES OVER HIS HEAD"

The missionary's success with the heathen was now repeated in his descendant. The girl recovered from her alarm, returned his smile, and when he walked toward her did not flee. She was a delicately made little thing with an oval face, olive skin, and glossy, luxuriant hair to match her great brown eyes. She looked at him frankly curious, discovering for herself the white monster from whom she had been kept hidden. Carter wondered how he should break the awkward silence. Having read that royalty usually gets its hand kissed, he did so. Her cheeks flushed and her fingers fluttered in his.

"I like you," he said.

She laughed merrily and said something in her own tongue. Teachers of foreign languages should here take note. He shook his head, kissed her hand again, and pointed to his lips while he repeated slowly, "I like you."

Anxious to please this delightful monster, she watched his lips intently, struggling with her own to form the words after him. Finally she managed "lak," and in her delight gave him both her hands to kiss.

Carter laughed. "You like?"

"Lak," she answered softly.

He decided to continue the lesson.

"My name Miles."

SHE was bewildered until he repeated it several times. Then she began to laugh and beat her breast with her little hands.

"Name Nuanuu!"

"Nuanuu," he repeated. "Pretty name." Pointing to himself, he insisted, "Miles, Miles, Miles."

It was entrancing to see her pucker her pretty lips over his name.

"Maals," she finally achieved.

"I like Miles," he prompted.

"Lak Maals," she stumbled after him.

That was the beginning of many lessons. At the second she met him at the opening in the hedge and threw a lei of scarlet hibiscus-blossoms and pale tuberoses over his head. She led him to a hollow in the jungle, where she had smuggled a little feast for him—pale thick poi in a polished calabash and papayas lying golden in a nest of glistening leaves. Nuanuu dipped a finger into the poi and lifted it to Carter's lips. He did not like the stuff and would have spat it out.

"Lak?" she asked, her face like a flower.

He swallowed it and said, "I like."

It was after this meeting that he found the letter from home when he got back to his room in Honolulu and his mother's pathetic if ridiculous offer. Reading and re-reading it, he fell into an almost homesick reverie of Ohio. The low-roofed parsonage set in the midst of frosty fields and beyond the fields the wide and ever-widening prairie. He could smell the pungent smoke of a wood-fire, and he

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"DAMN THE CHORES—AND YOU" MY FATHER'S VOICE WAS ALMOST HYSTERICAL"

SONS AND BROTHERS

BY SIDNEY WALDO

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GAYLE PORTER HOSKINS

UNTIL that Christmas eve, I had not seen my brother Tom for ten years. I had not wanted to see him. When I stepped down from the train and hurried around to the dark side of the station and found him there, already in possession of the one conveyance, my only feeling was a dull resentment.

We were both bound home. I had been home every year; Tom, since he had left, not once. His callous neglect of family ties had always irritated me. Nor could I ever forgive him for the way he had stood aside in that dark period of our family history—before he had left us—when he alone might have had the power to intercede between my father and my mother. Always, he had been quite self-sufficient; had always expected as much from others. As I looked up into his handsome, somber face, I knew that the years had not softened him.

Nevertheless, I shook his hand, and accepted without hesitation his friendly suggestion that I share his sleigh for the ten-mile drive. To do otherwise would have been childish. Tom, I felt sure, was not even aware of my animosity. He made room for me beside him; and I climbed in—just as I should always follow his lead.

"How's Mother?" he questioned, as we slowly mounted the winding, deserted main street of the town.

"All right," I said. Then I added, with ill humor, "Why do you ask?"

He turned to me with a whimsical smile.

"You think I should have done something—don't you?" he suggested. "Always thought so—didn't you, Nelson? You'd have had me—" He paused. "Well, just what?"

"Anything but the way you sat there reading your everlasting books," I snapped.

That was what had rankled with me so—his placid refusal to bestir himself.

He nodded. "Yes—with Peckham—with things as they were—something was called for besides that."

I did not press the point. His voice carried sarcasm.

And presently he was asking me about my writing. To my surprise, he had read all my published work. He praised it, dropping a few shrewd criticisms, which astonished me even more, because I had always felt, somehow, that Tom would be above an interest in mere fiction.

Then, with his characteristic abruptness, he pulled out a cigar, bit off the end, lit it, settled back, and ceased talking altogether. It never occurred to him to offer a cigar to me.

I, too, remained silent. I looked about. We were in the open country now, with a moon high up in the sky and the air as still and clear and cold as a crystal ball. This road, at night, always brought back memories—memories of that old unhappy, but stirring, time. Before I knew it, I was living it all again, beginning with that golden Autumn day when I first saw Hubbard Peckham.

I had heard no mention of Peckham until a few minutes before he arrived. But evidently words must have passed between my father and my mother about him. I had come in to dinner, after scuffing home from school through the first dry leaves; and my father stood looking into the kitchen, completely filling the doorway with his black bulk. He said to my mother, "How come you forgot to set a place for the new man, Martha?"

If she made a reply I did not hear it.

My father continued, with an unmistakable sneer, "Mebbe I forgot to tell ye. There's a new man comin'. He's goin' to sleep in the attic. He's goin' to board with us—commencin' to-day."

Then I heard her voice, low and patient, as usual, "Yes, Stephen, you told me. His room is ready. I'll put his place right on."

As my father moved away, I guessed from his sly, satisfied expression—which he erased instantly on catching sight of me—that he had been indulging again in his pastime of baiting my mother. Already, tho I was only fourteen, I had come to recognize that expression and to shrink from it. I knew that my mother had been caught once more in some trifling error.

Tom sat at the table, tilted back, reading a newspaper. He was in shirt-sleeves, his thick, dark hair moist and rumpled, for he had just come in from work. He glanced up over the paper at my father, then silently resumed his reading.

When my father had stamped up-stairs, I turned to Tom. "What's the new man for?"

He replied, without skipping, I believe, a single word of his reading, "Lumbering."

At haying-time we had frequently hired extra help; had boarded, at times, two men, for a short period. Haying had always demanded the full of our exertions. But never had we boarded a man for the Winter. That was quite different. I felt vaguely that this man, during the coming dark, stormy months, was going to be very much a part of the household.

And while I sat, still dangling my books by the strap, the door opened and our new boarder stepped briskly in.

IT WAS as if some of the mellow, sunny warmth of the October day had entered with him and filtered into the very dimmest corners of the old house, perpetually shaded by the two giant spruces outside.

He smiled. He was smooth-shaven, with hair the color of tawny corn silk, and eyes of a deep sky-blue. And he carried himself with a sure, exuberant lightness that made me think, oddly enough, of wind-tossed trees.

He came on a few steps, glanced at his hands, and asked, "Where do I wash?"

I pointed to the kitchen and, finding my voice, directed, "In there."

He went at once. I heard him say, "Don't let me trouble you, Ma'am. That's all right. I'm the new man." I caught the sound of the pump going and of splashing water

During the meal which followed—a silent meal, as ours generally were—devoted wholly to the business of eating—I furtively watched this new addition to our family. Once he looked up and caught me at it and gave me a friendly grin. I had no definite objection. He did not like it, however,

We did not eat in the kitchen, within reach of the stove, as most of our neighbors did, but in a long, low-ceilinged room off it. My mother served us, never sitting down herself until we were through. It had always been like that. And I had never thought much about it, until I realized, now, all at once, that Peckham was watching her as she came and went with the dishes. And it occurred to me that he must think it queer, and that it was queer—as if she might be a hired servant-girl, such as they had at Captain Eli Brown's house.

And then I realized, drearily, that there were many other things about us that this inspiring stranger was going to find queer.

SHORTLY after Peckham came, we had a marked change in the weather. The wind came up cold from the northwest; the golden haze vanished; the leaves, which had hung on surprizingly, dropped overnight; and the mountains to the north, under dark clouds, stood out sharp and blue. Winter was on us, with rain-squalls and sudden little flurries of snow.

I was too young to take part in the logging. But each morning, before I started for school, I saw the men go off with the big pair of bay horses; saw them swing out of the barn for the woods, Tom and my father with heads bowed to the cutting wind, and Peckham, standing and driving, his shirt open at the neck, swaying easily to the lurch of the wagon.

As the days went on, my mother used to come to the kitchen door, and with her hand on my shoulder, watch them, too. It did not occur to me—nor to her, I think—that there was anything odd in this; that she had never been in the habit of watching the comings and goings of my father or Tom. She was acting on impulse, merely, without knowing what prompted her.

Just as unconscious must have been Peckham's first reaction to my mother's dawning interest. My father, I'm sure, perceived it long before Peckham did. Peckham's response was no more than an instinctive desire to help; to be of service by all manner of little attentions.

In our kitchen was a battered lidless chest. It was supposed to serve as a wood-box. I can see it now—always empty—the bottom littered with small chips, and, in one corner, faded colored pictures on a scrap of Sunday newspaper. Beyond the kitchen was an open lean-to shed, where our Winter stove-wood was piled. And it just seemed that no one ever thought, or had time, to keep the box replenished; so that my mother was perpetually going out in the cold and bringing in a few sticks at a time.

The second Sunday of Peckham's stay with us was marked by the filling of the chest. Tho I had not seen it done, I guessed. And the next evening, before Peckham washed up for supper, he went out to the shed; and I heard presently the rattle and thump of an armful of logs.

My father heard it, too. He said, when Peckham came in, "You're not hired to do that."

"I know," Peckham smiled. "I do it from habit. Used to be my job back home, keepin' the wood-box full."

No more was said. Nor when, in the days that followed, Peckham continued to keep the box full, could my father find any definite objection. He did not like it, however,

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and from that time on, he began to doubt—finally to detest—his new man.

Yet Peckham was a worker. My father knew that. He was paying one man's wages—getting almost the work of two. It was seldom that my father could find a man to keep pace with him; but Peckham did, without complaint and without grumbling. With Tom—no mean third—they were doing mighty execution in the woods.

ONE Sunday afternoon in early December, I was in the barn with Peckham, who had promised, at the first opportunity, to show me how to use the lasso, or as he called it, the "rope." He had found a piece of pliable braided cord, had made a running noose, and with the large loose coil laid out in front of him, was explaining how he held his hand. With a deft twist he had just lifted the noose bodily, as it were, from the floor, when my mother appeared in the wide doorway before us.

On catching sight of Peckham—in this most odd attitude—she stopped abruptly. He let the noose fall, but still held the end of the rope in his hand.

Peckham smiled. "I was aimin' to learn your boy ropin', ma'am," he said.

She came a few steps nearer. Her face, after its first perplexity, showed interest. "Oh, could you?" she asked. "Nelson would like that. I didn't know—" She hesitated. "You come from out west?"

"Yes'm," he nodded. "Leastways, quite a spell of my life was put in out there. Tho I was borned and grew up in Vermont."

She paused a moment. I saw that something was on her mind. It was rarely that she came to the barn. But she did not wish, I think, to appear uninterested in Peckham's history. She murmured finally, "I do hope you can teach him."

Then she asked, "Do you know where my husband is, Mr. Peckham? I was going down-town. I wanted him to harness Sarah."

Peckham dropped the rope. "Now that's too bad, ma'am," he exclaimed, with genuine sorrow. "Mr. Basset has gone and took Sarah out, himself—an hour and more ago. I think he was aimin' te go over North Hitchcock way—to look up that mill man."

My mother frowned.

"There's the colt," Peckham suggested.

But she shook her head. "I couldn't manage him."

Peckham seemed to debate.

"If you'd trust me," he said, "I could easy enough drive you." And when she was still doubtful, "He's real thoroughly broke now, ma'am. And I've drove them that wasn't."

I was wondering why she did not immediately accept. No one could doubt his ability with horses—or with anything.

"It isn't that," she told him. "I was wondering if—" She broke off. "And this is your Sunday. I haven't any business——"

Peckham stopped her. "As for that, ma'am—" he smiled, "tain't often I get a chance te drive a lady. I'd sure be plumb de-lighted."

Her doubt wavered. And Peckham made a dive for the swinging door to the horse-stalls. I heard him back the colt out; and presently the click of the bit against unwilling teeth. My mother stood there, not moving, not looking at me.

It was only when they had gone—with a drag of runners and a clatter of prancing hoofs on the barn floor—that I realized how my father would certainly not approve of this. I was thinking only of the colt, which he trusted, as a rule, to no hands but his own.

Walking slowly across the floor I picked up Peckham's rope. And trying to hold it as I had seen him, I made a few clumsy efforts to raise it up and swing it around my head. My attempts were futile. I think I felt a slight resentment against my mother for breaking into my lesson. My thoughts were idly drifting, in circles. Why, I wondered, were people's fathers not interesting and agreeable and companionable as single men—like Peckham—were?

Unable to solve this riddle and attaining no success with the rope, I left the barn and wandered down to the house, where I found Tom, reading.

He did not look up. I was a bit out of temper by then. I felt forlorn and cheated.

"Ma's gone ridin' with Peckham and the colt," I said.

"That so?" he replied.

Then the significance of my remark must have got hold of him. He looked up at me, sharply.

"What's that you said?"

"Ma and Peckham has took the colt out riding," I reiterated, importantly. I was not often so successful in drawing Tom's attention.

"Hmm!" he breathed. He had a pencil in his hand which he tapped against the edge of the table. Then he gave an inarticulate grunt and turned abruptly back to his book.

MY FATHER did not get back that night until late. Long before his return my mother was in the house, and had thrown off her outdoor things and hurried to the kitchen, where, immediately, she began to heap wood in the stove. Tom had gone up to help Peckham with the chores, and they had both come back together. I heard my father on the piazza. He came in and closed the door; and, facing the room, he asked, in a tone of injury,

"Who's been drivin' the colt? You, Tom? I thought I told you——"

I saw my mother come to the door. But before she could speak Peckham said,

"No, sir. It was I who drove him."

My father turned his head slowly—like an owl in a tree—and stared. "You?" he cried. "You—you drove the colt?"

Peckham, who had risen, made no reply. He looked puzzled.

"How dared you?" my father bellowed. The enormity of the thing seemed to stagger him.

"He drove me down-town," my mother put in, simply.

For a moment my father was quite speechless. It struck me at the time that we must seem to be standing round in a circle nagging him. No sooner did he pin his righteous anger on one of us than he was obliged to shift it.

Against my mother it was his habit never to use words of downright anger. For her he reserved a more catlike and roundabout approach. He came on into the room, deliberately removed his big coat and hung it, with his hat, on a nail. Then, with his mouth tight shut, he strode to the table and sat down.

It was not until he was well through the meal that he spoke again.

"Kinder handy, ain't it, Martha," he said, on one of her trips from the kitchen, "real handy, I'd say—this havin' a feller at your beck and call—Sundays—when I'm off on business." He did not seem to have any well-defined idea in his mind. "A feller to do yer biddin'—drive ye down-town—sleigh-ridin'—an' all that. No wonder you've got some red in yer cheeks and that kinder perked up expression. Don't know when I've see ye look sprightlier. We ought all of us to be real grateful to him."

Possibly he might have gone on indefinitely, had not Peckham broken in,

"I didn't guess you minded havin' the colt took out, sir. Mrs. Basset appeared anxious to get down-town. And so I took her. I was right glad to." With an impatient shrug, he pushed back his chair and rose from the table.

And there, for a time, the subject dropped.

Later, however, when I had gone to bed—but not to sleep—and heard my mother's light step, followed by the heavy tread of my father, I guessed, from his whining tone, that they had been at the subject again.

My mother said distinctly, "If you must know, Stephen, I went down-town for salt. We'd run out of it—for your supper. And I went and borrered some from my sister Hatty."

I remember thinking what a complete vindication that was.

During the days that followed, however, it became more and more evident that my father had not been satisfied. Either that or he had a new grievance of which I did not know the cause. At meals, or when my mother had come in for a few minutes in the evening, by the stove, with her basket of mending, he was forever nagging at her.

Previously, he had reserved this for the occasion of some actual—if slight—error on her part: some item of the meal not up to his standard; a broken dish; a button loose on his shirt. Now he required no pretexts—seemed to invent them—until his ill humor and injustice made us all restive and jumpy. Peckham was less smiling and sunny than when he first came to us. Even the imperturbable Tom would glance up from his work and tap his book impatiently with his pencil.

I have often wondered why, at that period, Peckham did not leave us. To a man of his directness we must have been an irritating household. And he surely realized—because even I did, vaguely—that he was largely the cause of my father's churlishness. Perhaps Peckham, with his ready sympathy, had begun to feel already the first stirrings of the deep passion for my mother which he came to feel so genuinely later. Perhaps it was only his curiosity, so far—a wish to see the thing through. We all felt some sort of a climax pending.

And so it went on: my father more and more morose; going back again and again to that Sunday drive—the colt had, unfortunately, developed a slight lameness; hating Peckham, yet keeping him on; and Peckham refusing to take offense and go. My father became at last, positively insulting. Peckham retaliated by the open performance of an even greater number of little kindnesses for my mother.

IT WAS Sunday again, well on in December. We woke to the sound of steady rain and the drip, drip, drip of melting snow from the eaves.

After morning chores, my father and Tom and Peckham came sloshing back to the house and remained indoors.

My father was restless. He went up-stairs, came down again immediately, and began poking about the house, as tho searching for something amiss, somewhere; that he could pin down with his accusing forefinger and call my mother in before us to see. With half an eye on my big geography, I watched him, feeling nervous whenever he stopped overlong in one place. But his search was fruitless, and he went at last to the window and stared out under the spruce trees at the sodden snow.

After dinner the rain stopped, tho the sky remained low and overcast. My father asked Tom to come with him and bring an ax, to trim out the sled road to the pond, where, in a little half-moon bay, we always cut, later on, our Winter's supply of ice. This year the ice had thickened up surprisingly early.

My father was looking at Peckham as he spoke. But Peckham sat on, by the stove, unmoved. Presently my father and Tom went clumping out in hip-boots.

Peckham, who was reading, did not even look up. For a long time there was silence in the room. I had become pretty well absorbed in my geography again. My mother slipped in so quietly that I was aware of her presence only when I happened to look up and see her at the table, with the perpetually overflowing work-basket at her elbow.

I tried to go on with my studying. But presently my attention was caught again, this time by Peckham, who seemed, when I glanced at him, to be searching for something.

He wore, when reading, a disreputable pair of small steel-rimmed spectacles. These he now removed.

He put his book face-down on the floor. Then, having found both tobacco and cigaret papers, he thrust the spectacles back anyhow on his nose, gave a luxurious sigh, and began to roll a cigaret. My mother had turned to watch him, too.

"Don't know as you like the smell of cigarets," he queried, doubtfully.

"Oh, yes," my mother said. "I like them—better than pipes."

Peckham began another search through his pockets. And as I observed him, it came to me with a little shock of surprise, that he was well along in years—of the generation of my parents.

I had realized that he was much older than Tom—but not old, like my father. Perhaps it was the spectacles, askew on his nose; or possibly the domestic air of the scene, as he sat comfortably by the stove, my mother close by, with her sewing, smiling faintly at his efforts.

"I'll get you a match," she laughed, jumping up, dumping her work in a heap on the table.

When she came hurrying back with a handful, Peckham protested, "You hadn't no call to fetch 'em for me." Nevertheless, he accepted the matches. "I'm mighty obliged, ma'am," he told her.

"You looked so comfortable," she explained.

"Well, I was," he laughed. "I sure do enjoy to read,

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"I—I MIGHT HAVE GIVEN THAT POLE A TWITCH—ENOUGH TO FREE THE RUNNERS—THEN BRACED MYSELF AND PUSHED"

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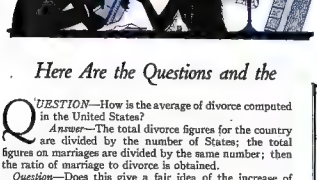
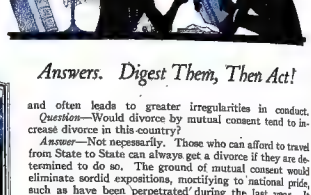
QUESTIONS on DIVORCE and MARRIAGE



BY GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

Illustrations by Jessie Gillespie



Here Are the Questions and the Answers. Digest Them, Then Act!

QUESTION—How is the average of divorce computed in the United States?

Answer—The total divorce figures for the country are divided by the number of States; the total figures on marriages are divided by the same number; then the ratio of marriage to divorce is obtained.

Question—Does this give a fair idea of the increase of divorce?

Answer—No. Some States, having practically no divorce laws, and others having restricted ones, the average is bound to be misleading.

Question—Why?

Answer—The average in the United States for 1916 was about 1 divorce in every 10 marriages, but taking twenty-two of the States where the divorce figures were highest, the ratio was 1 divorce in every 6 marriages.

Question—What were some of the averages?

Answer—Nevada, 1 divorce in 1.54 marriages; Oregon, 1 divorce in 2.52 marriages; California, 1 divorce in every 5.54 marriages; Texas, 1 divorce in every 4.59 marriages; New Hampshire, 1 divorce in every 6.40 marriages; New York, 1 divorce in every 29.81 marriages.

Question—To what are these differences due?

Answer—To the discrepancies in the divorce laws. Those States, such as New York, where divorce is restricted to one ground, are responsible for the overcrowding of the courts where divorce is granted on more liberal grounds.

Question—What is the ratio of marriage to divorce in European countries?

Answer—France, according to the latest official census, recorded in 1919 447,207 marriages and 11,657 divorces, a ratio of 1 divorce in 37 marriages; Germany in 1917 registered 308,446 marriages and 11,603 divorces, a ration of 1 in 26; Belgium in 1919 reported 97,084 marriages and 2,200 divorces. All of these countries show that, since the War, divorce has decreased and marriage increased.

Question—Does the wide difference in ratios between the Old World and the United States mean that the latter is deficient morally?

Answer—No. It means that other countries have given more thought to marriage and divorce as a problem to do with national welfare.

Question—How has this thought expressed itself?

Answer—In well-defined national marriage and divorce laws.

Question—What are some of these laws?

Answer—The laws of France, Switzerland, Belgium, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries, where marriage is a civil contract under the jurisdiction of the national Government, are practically alike with some few modifications. The marriage age for girls is placed at 16 and between 18 and 21 for the boys. In all of these countries it is imperative that young people under 21 years of age must have the consent of their parents, and in France no girl may marry until she is 21 and no boy until he is 25 without the consent of his parents. If the parents be dead they must have the consent of the family council. Banns are published for two months before the wedding, the place of publication in some instances being the communal register, and in others the Government chambers. The young couple must go to the registrar of the domicil of one of them, and, in the presence of their parents or nearest of kin, the registrar performs a public ceremony. The divorce laws of these countries vary slightly, absolute divorce being granted on the grounds of adultery, cruelty, abandonment, incurable mental disease of specified duration, and upon mutual consent. Belgium grants decrees on the ground of adultery, but where the wife is the plaintiff her husband must have brought the co-respondent to his home in the presence of his wife. France forbids the remarriage of either party to a divorce until ten months have elapsed. Both Belgium and France forbid the marriage of the respondent in a divorce with the corespondent.

Why Not Try a Little of the French Method?

QUESTION—What peculiar provision of the French code should be adopted by all nations?

Answer—That which forbids, under penalty of a fine of from 200 to 2,000 francs, the publication of any of the details of a divorce case.

Question—How is divorce by mutual consent obtained?

Answer—The man and wife appear together before the registrar of the commune in which they are domiciled, and sign a joint declaration that they can not agree well enough to fulfil the intentions of marriage and therefore ask for a separation. A legal separation covering a period of two years is granted. At the end of that time if they are still of the same mind and wish to separate, an absolute divorce is granted and they are free to marry again. In Belgium the divorce is absolute from the beginning.

Question—Does any State in the United States permit divorce by mutual consent?

Answer—No. Mutual consent is called collusion and is an illegal act. If the judge sees any evidence that both parties dislike each other to the extent that they are anxious to be separated, it is his duty to deny the divorce.

Question—Does this act toward reuniting them?

Answer—No, it engenders a fierce hatred under restraint and often leads to greater irregularities in conduct.

Question—Would divorce by mutual consent tend to increase divorce in this country?

Answer—Not necessarily. Those who can afford to travel from State to State can always get a divorce if they are determined to do so. The ground of mutual consent would eliminate sordid expositions, mortifying to national pride, such as have been perpetrated during the last year. It would also do away with many instances of infidelity, for couples would separate before they were committed to such acts.

The Publicity Is Hard on the Innocent

QUESTION—Can you give a concrete instance of this?

Answer—In New York State, where divorce is granted only on the ground of infidelity, in a divorce suit between a man and woman of prominence degrading recriminations were flung back and forth, the newspapers publishing every sordid and salacious detail until it became a nation-wide scandal and children absorbed this poison with their breakfast food. Most tragic of all—an innocent child's future was blackened irreparably.

Question—Would a more liberal divorce law have prevented this?

Answer—Yes. Divorce by mutual consent or upon desertion would have hidden the heart-breaking disclosures, preserved the outward respect of the two parties, and saved a child from dishonor.

Question—Could they not have secured a divorce in Nevada?

Answer—It is a dangerous procedure for the unhappily married of New York, when there are large property rights to consider and where there are children, to seek a divorce in Nevada, where the law does not require the personal attendance of both parties and where personal service may be replaced by a three months' publication of service in one paper where the respondent resides. Several New York judges have, upon subsequent application of the respondent, nullified divorces granted in Nevada when the respondent, a resident of New York, was not present in the court at the time of divorce, interpreting the law to indicate that divorce for residents of New York is legal in other States only when both parties have appeared in court at the time of action, or when the applicant is a resident of New York and the respondent is not.

Question—Can you mention an absurdity resulting from such decisions?

Answer—A New York woman, married to a Californian, returned to New York, where she met a man with more money. Her refusal to return home alienated her husband's affection, and, desiring to marry again, he went to Reno and secured a divorce, marrying immediately afterward. This was done to escape the interlocutory period specified in the California statute as one during which neither party may marry again. The wife married again, but her second husband lost his money a year later, during which interval her first husband had inherited a million-dollar estate. His second wife in the meantime had borne him a son. This did not deter the first wife from her purpose. She brought suit in New York State for the annulment of her second marriage on the ground that her divorce was illegal, having been secured out of New York State by the husband who was not a resident of New York.

The New York judge granted her petition, furthermore ordering the husband in California to pay her a good-sized allowance. Then began a series of contradictory legal actions, first in New York by the wife and next by the husband in California. What the New York judge decided the California judge set aside. The money was in California, which was difficult for the wife in New York. This kept up for several years, during which the position of the second wife and her little boy was precarious. Before a final decision could be reached the second wife died. About this time the New York wife met a man with ten millions instead of one. So she abandoned her suit for maintenance, forgot entirely that she was still married to another man according to the New York law, and also according to the Nevada and California laws, which recognized her divorce and therefore her second marriage, and went to Connecticut, which recognizes the laws of other States, and was married without interference of the law.

Question—Does the low record of divorces in New York State indicate that a more harmonious domesticity exists in this State?

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Facts about Divorce

ALTHO, with the exception of England and Italy, the divorce laws of the United States are the least generous of those of the larger nations, we stand to-day at the head of the list of divorce-ridden countries with a ratio of one divorce in less than every nine marriages.

From a number of well and widely judged authorities we submit a series of questions and answers which goes thoroughly into the subject with fair play to its many angles, hoping that those who digest them will lift their voices in persistence for a national uniform marriage and divorce law to relieve a situation directly traceable to the feeble provisions of the marriage laws of our numerous States and the glaring and invidious inconsistencies and discrepancies of their divorce laws.

Some of the clergy, rightfully alarmed at the rapidity, with which divorce is increasing, seek the complete abolition of absolute divorce; but others think that this is not the answer to the question, which is really one of social justice, having for its aim harmony in domestic relations as the only true principle by which sturdy generations may be realized.

As an instrument of social justice divorce should therefore be properly regulated by law to safeguard impartially all those concerned—the wife, the husband, the children, and the national morale.

As it is now in this country, no two States agreeing in their laws, divorce is a discriminative process for jugging the law. It denies to one what should be the right of all, often suborning perjury and lax morality and planting broadcast in the minds of our young the seed of rank sensationalism.

The marriage laws, such as they are in the various States, are inadequate and abortive of justice and social order. They permit impulsive and unprepared marriages which by the very nature of their impulsiveness are doomed to failure. Divorce seems to be the only logical result and the only remedy for such matings.

Let us then have a national uniform marriage and divorce law, one which will function alike for all those who resort to it, one which will at least attempt to protect marriage against failure and divorce against multiplication.

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"SWIFTLY THERE FLASHED BEFORE LUCRETIA'S EYES SCRAWLED WRITING ON A BROAD SHEET OF PAPER 'BURCHISONS—GO BY BURCHISONS'"

THE LOVE *of* LUCRETIA LOMBARD

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

THE CONCLUDING INSTALMENT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

STEPHEN WINSHIP felt himself a horrid hypocrite. He was in love with two women—his ward Mimi Warren and Lucretia Lombard, an enchanting widow. Mimi was a sister to him, Lucretia the embodiment of his fancy. Mimi was a charge from childhood, Lucretia a chance acquaintance. A lovely creature, Lucretia so completely mystifies him that in a jealous moment he marries Mimi, to whom his slightest wish is law.

Tho he has pleased his family, he has destroyed Lucretia's happiness and is by way of making his marriage to Mimi a hollow mockery. In a tragic scene with Lucretia he discovers that she has become the benefactor of his brother Fred, who has borrowed from her to cover up his speculations with Mimi's money which the brothers held in trust. Desperately in love with Lucretia, Stephen starts on his wedding journey with Mimi, who knows nothing of his adoration of the other woman. The surprizing developments of this final instalment leave the reader entirely satisfied with the unexpected ending.

THE hot, dirty street, with chaff and papers eddying on the sidewalk in the warm, erratic wind, was a blank to Stephen Winship as he walked irresolutely to the corner, remembered that his own car was waiting, and went back for it.

"Well, *that's* over!" he said, breathlessly. But the pain at his heart persisted, the frightful sense of something vital and beautiful killed.

"You must go now," Lucretia had said. "I may not see you again, so this is good-by!" The words came back to him, the accents of her marvelously moderated voice, stabbing him with the finality of their tone. She had left him then, and somehow, blindly, he had found the street.

"Anyway," said Stephen, after sitting motionless for an indefinite time at the wheel, "anyway, there was nothing else to do."

He drove away, altho it was almost a physical impossibility to look his last at St. Thomas's, and his head ached stupidly in the mere effort to recall the events of the last forty-eight hours and the motives that prompted them.

An hour or two ago they had all been in his uncle's room—Mimi in the blue-silk dress—Aunt Bessy sniffing, and glancing about in the heat to be sure the windows were open, just as the Bishop's finished voice began with, "We are gathered together——"

Mimi had taken off her hat before this, and smoothed the dark hair that had been roughened by the quick trip with Stephen to the City Hall and to the jeweler's shop. Her first act as a married woman had been to lay her face against the judge's emaciated old hand and cry a little through her brave smile. Then she had kissed him, and received a gallant salute from the old Bishop upon her flushed cheek, and then had followed kisses for Aunt Bessy and Mrs. Porter, the only other witnesses to the ceremony, since Fred was so mysteriously absent.

Every one had cried; there had been low laughter, too, and murmuring. They had all gone out into the wide, airy hall, where Stephen caught his wife and twisted her about for his first kiss.

"Look here, don't I get anything?"

"Oh, you—! But you know what I think of *you!*"

But Mimi had kissed him frankly, childishly, none the less, before going into tremendously important questions regarding clothes, and Marjorie, and notes to friends, and a thousand other details deliciously exhilarating and exciting.

"I OUGHT to go up to Red Pine, if we're really going to New York," she had said; "my fitted case is there, and my lovely umbrella, and my best hat! But never mind——"

"We can get another hat!" Stephen had assured her. And then, when they were all down-stairs, and the possibility of their voices reaching the sick-room was removed, all their gaiety had dropped, and their tones had become

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sober and fearful. "Do you think we'd better go?" Stephen had asked his aunt, tenderly. And with brimming eyes Mrs. Curran had answered:

"Oh, Steve, I don't know as you had better! He's—he's getting so weak!"

"You have the consolation, Mary, of having made him very happy," the Bishop had reminded Mimi, who put a protecting arm about her aunt's shoulders and looked at the others almost defiantly.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, dear," Stephen had decided. "I'll run down to the office now and attend to one or two matters, and see if there is any word from Fred——"

"I don't *understand* Fred—!" Mrs. Curran had moaned faintly.

"Meanwhile you pack what you need," Stephen had continued, "and I'll get tickets and wire the hotel. Then, if there is no real reason to be alarmed, at half past nine to-night you and I will go off on our tour—in any case we'll be back to-morrow afternoon, Aunt Bessy. But if he is worse this afternoon, then without letting him know that we haven't gone, we can just quietly be on hand in case—well, in case——"

"Oo—oo—Sam!" whispered the wife of forty years, pressing her handkerchief to a soft old face almost frightened with grief. The wife of an hour held her tighter.

"Aunt Bessy, darling!" Mimi had pleaded. "He'll notice—you mustn't, dear, *please!*"

And Stephen had kissed them both again, solemnly, before going out to his car. It was on the door-step that Lucretia's messenger, a son of old Lejeal of the book-shop, had met him. The note was for him, and there was no answer.

So, she admitted that she knew something of Fred! Stephen had reflected grimly, reading it. And he wondered if there was any possibility of their having been married yesterday in New York. He went to Kingsgreen Square at once.

And now, dazed and disturbed beyond anything he could ever remember in his life, he was driving away from her, from that shaded room with the gently ballooning window-blinds, and the sharp sweetness of roses, and the echoes of that amazing and heartrending voice.

He knew what he must do, but he was far from sure that he could do it. Mimi must come first, of course, even tho Lucretia—yes, and himself, paid bitterly for every moment of that loyal protection. Mimi had always been protected; the time for him to end that big-brotherly care had passed now. It had all fallen out like the movement of a play—the futile, half-hearted effort he had made to undeceive her, his own wretched doubt and wavering trust in Lucretia, his uncle's illness, his affectionate, almost apologetic overtures toward Mimi that the girl had accepted so happily and so fully, the invalid's plea for a marriage—a plea that could not be denied, and finally, just when his heart was sorest toward Lucretia, and just when the mysterious and baffling interloper had quite openly deceived him and evaded him, the Bishop's timely appearance, and the last necessary urge provided by this sudden unmistakable approach of death.

Until this time yesterday, Stephen told himself, he had been free. He had felt that any little turn of the wheel might straighten out the whole tangle.

WELL, the wheel had turned, and there was no tangle now. His path lay straight ahead. He was not to be saved by his uncle's death, by a sudden intuition on Mimi's part, and a sudden softening in Lucretia.

"I must be weak!" Stephen reflected scornfully, as in the burning heat of the midday he mounted the odorous, wide iron-and-cement halls to his office. "Or perhaps it is that I have never had much to do with women; I don't understand them!"

And he looked ahead, to travel, to the establishment of a home, to taking his place in the community, with Mimi beside him. Christmas—Summer on the mountain, dinner-parties, the club. The whole dream fell lifeless; he could not animate it; he could not make it seem real. He could do it, of course, and he *would* do it. He would admire the new hat, and admire the vivacious young face under it; he would always consider her, guard her, spoil her.

But there was none of the glamour here of the dream he had had one day of Lucretia; Lucretia beside him at a steamer-rail, a tropical breeze blowing a white veil from her white hat and curling the tawny tendrils of her hair. The shining topaz eyes, the rich voice, the clean-cut line of the beautiful lips—these would be far away, out of his life, never to be his again. A little trick she had of pressing those beautiful lips together and of drawing the fine brush of her delicate brown eyebrows together, when she was thoughtful, rose up in his memory, and a salt tension in his throat gave him a moment of acutest pain.

He opened the office door; Fred, with a face of pain, pleasure, and entreaty, turned about in a wheel-chair, got quickly to his feet, and came instantly toward him.

"Steve—old boy! You've seen Lucretia? You're not angry at me? Say that you know I know what a skunk I've been, and that you aren't angry?" Fred said eagerly. "Steve, say anything you want to, but just let me tell you—just let me tell you what a hell I've been in! For three years—more than three years, I've had this accursed thing on my mind every minute, day and night! It was Unger that got me into it, said that he could turn four thousand into forty—it seemed as safe as a church—I wanted you to see what I could do! And then when it was gone I kept hoping that somehow I'd make a deal somewhere and that my slice would be four or five thousand. And then I took more, just after old Rutger made that six-to-one haul—it seemed to me that I had to take the chance. You don't know what I went through—honest, Steve——"

Stephen had remained standing, looking at his brother with the kind, keen, sorrowful look that would be his harshest for Fred, come what might.

"I wish you had come to me, Fred," he said slowly in the first pause.

"Steve, how could I? I knew that you hadn't any such surplus!"

"I could have gotten it!"

"Yes, but you had all the rest of the whole crowd on your hands! I—Steve, I couldn't tell you. And whenever we got a case, I'd plan to put something toward the thing—I did put more than four thousand back, for I'd gotten it down to less than eleven! And if Uncle Sam hadn't been taken ill I would have cleared it all up long before Mimi ever asked for her securities! Steve, I know how rotten it was——"

HIS voice hung upon an anxious question; he smiled at his brother with something of the penitent timidity that had made him so lovable a child a few years ago.

"We shall have to arrange to pay her back immediately. I can't allow her to loan us money. I want you to give that your first attention while I'm away. If you'll see the Trust Company, I'm sure they'll accept our note. I'll manage to take it up as soon as I get back. You certainly have complicated things, old boy," Stephen finished mildly, with a long sigh.

"If I've really gotten you in wrong—!" Fred began anxiously. But immediately he was confident again. "Lucretia Lombard is one woman in a million, Steve," he said. "I suppose she told you how she pulled me out? No hesitation about it, no questions; it was just a matter of arranging how fast we could get her pearls out of storage and get some money on them! Going down in the train I said, 'I don't know why you're so decent about this, Lucretia!' And then she told me, Steve, how much you had come to mean to her and that you two would some day be married. She was helping me out to save you from worry. She told me all about Mimi.

"By George," said Fred simply, "you could have knocked me down! Steve, I never got onto it at all. Of course she told me that her being a widow so recently, and everything being upset at the house, would keep this all quiet for a while, but I feel awfully happy about it, Steve—she's *the* woman in the world for you! I wish you could have seen people stare at her when we walked down Fifth Avenue—and let me tell you, it doesn't phase her! She's used to it; she makes 'em all stand 'round!"

"I'm very sorry that you should have learned of my feeling for Lucretia, Fred," Stephen said steadily and simply, with a grave face. "You—you mustn't mention this again, of course. But in every way my loyalty is due to Mimi—she and I were married this morning, at ten o'clock, and we are going to New York to-night."

But even as he said the words they did not seem true.

Fred stood staring at him blankly for a full minute.

"What's that?—You and Mimi?" he said stupidly at last.

"I mean it," Stephen answered seriously. And he turned to hang his straw hat upon its peg, with what he tried to make a natural and quiet manner.

"I don't believe it!" Fred said flatly, in a toneless voice.

"It is true, nevertheless." Stephen drew a pile of mail toward him and glanced at the topmost letters wearily and indifferently. "We tried to get you—you were out of town," he continued, lifelessly. "You can do me a favor, Fred, by just dropping the whole matter and standing by Aunt Bessy while Mimi and I are in New York. Mimi is a splendid woman," he added, passing his hand over his forehead, as if to brush some troublesome mist away, "too good for me, or for any man! I propose to take care of her, and of Aunt Bessy, and go straight ahead with Uncle Sam's affairs and with Mimi's. Mrs. Lombard is, I believe, to sail for England very soon. Did you answer this option from Cheseborough, Fred? I see the Civic Center estimates are in——"

Fred, whose handsome face was a little pale, and wore a look of compunction and concern extremely unusual, came to sit opposite his brother at the flat-top desk and stretched out his hand.

"Stevie, I know just what you're doing," he said a little huskily; "I haven't meant much to you, Steve. But it'll be different from now on; I'll stand with you through it all. She *is* a fine woman, Steve—Mimi, I mean, and I think you've done right, and I know it'll all turn out right. I'll go out and see Lucretia, too, and talk to her to-night!"

"She's gone up to Gunther's this afternoon. But thank you, Fred!" was all Stephen said. But the two brothers had never been so close together in all their lives.

"We'll—we'll pull out of this, all right!" Fred said, somewhat uncertainly, watching the orderly, swift manipulation of the mail.

"Of course we will!" Stephen laid another letter in the wire basket, rang for his stenographer, dictated several letters in his usual manner. "I have one-forty-seven," he said presently to Fred, who was efficiently busying himself with various matters, in that flood of peace and gratitude known only when a long strain is raised. "I told Aunt Bessy I'd be home for a late lunch at two—will you come along?"

"Say, wasn't it funny that Mimi didn't say anything about your being married to her when I telephoned?" Fred said, suddenly struck.

"I didn't know you did telephone her?"

"Sure I did. Just before you came in, about quarter past twelve. I was afraid Uncle Sam was worse, or something—we only talked for a minute. Say——"

Fred's tone sank, his eyes grew troubled, and he scowled at some unwelcome thought.

"Say, I may have said something about Lucretia!" he said, horrified.

"What could you have said about Lucretia?" Stephen asked sharply.

"Well, I don't know—I'm trying to think. Lucretia told me that you had told Mimi, you know. By George, I wish I could remember what I said! I thought from what Lucretia said that the engagement was all off—that Mimi understood. I think I said, 'Say, what do you think of Steve and Lucretia?'"

"I hope you didn't!" Stephen said, profoundly concerned.

"I don't think she heard me!" Fred assured him hastily and uneasily.

"What did she say?"

"Well—I can't remember exactly! She said Aunt Bessy was calling her and that she had to run—and to come home to lunch——"

"I hope she didn't—however, it's not serious," Stephen said. "I did end our engagement, and I did explain why. But I didn't mention Lucretia's name! However—! Suppose we go right along home now and see them. You can help me a lot, Fred, by just taking everything for granted and seeing us all through this mix-up."

"I—Steve, I'm sorry! I will!" Fred said, following him down to the car.

"Mimi is a sensible girl, and she'll not make any fuss just now, whatever she heard," Stephen reassured himself as he took the wheel. He was tired; he seemed to hear Lucretia's voice the moment there was silence.

"You *dared*—loving *me!*"

THE baking, breathless day was full of echoes and voices; far up to the north the forest fires still filled the air with a dreamy blue haze; it was hard to see where the Summer azure of the sky ended, and where the unnatural blue of burning far pine forests began.

"It seems to me that the forest fires are worse this year, Steve!"

"It's just the clearness of the day, I imagine. Altho I saw something in the paper this morning about a call for volunteers—Chief Terry offering them ten dollars a day, I believe. Usually the local departments can manage them!"

"Lucretia said that last year there were actual wood cinders on Gunther's porch!"

"Yes, I remember last year was bad. It's a bad business—one of our national wastes!"

They were at the Curran house, and went in together.

Mrs. Curran met them; everything was just as usual in the sick-room; Mimi was lying down, tired out, and no wonder. She had been awake, and in and out of her uncle's room all through the long hot night; she wanted sleep.

"And considering the trip to-night," the old lady said, with the nearest approach to happiness that she had shown for several weeks, "I think it's the wisest thing she could do! My boy married to dear little Mimi," she added, her soft, fat, wrinkled cheek against Stephen's coat-sleeve. "It just seems too sweet to be true! Dear girl—you couldn't have a lovelier wife, Steve, and when I think of the way you two have loved each other—been just like brother and sister all your lives! Mimi—bring in the lunch all at once, Emma," Mrs. Curran interrupted herself, for they were at the table now. The pudgy little hands manipulated forks and glasses in fussy solicitude. "Mimi—and a napkin for Mr. Fred, Emma. Mimi," said her Aunt Bessy, with a sort of fond maternal cluck, "wanted to run up to Red Pine, actually, for her suitcase and her best hat, and I don't know what all! But I told her her husband would see she got everything she wanted, in New York! Dear me, I remember Mimi's mother——"

The old voice ran on happily; it was all the more tremulously glad because it had been so lately tuned by grief. And Sam, the fond, blind old wife had persuaded herself, was really better; there was a peaceful look in his face, she said, and even the nurse was astonished at the brightness with which he smiled.

Stephen listened, looked up with a grave, abstracted frown, made himself smile sympathetically. The cold chicken, the tomato jelly, were so much sawdust to his taste; after a few moments he did not try to choke them down. He had an important meeting at five o'clock, but Aunt Bessy must interrupt it if "there was any change." And he was glad Mimi was getting some rest.

Lucretia, meanwhile, had gone into her bedroom and shut the door. And for almost an hour she sat motionless, staring straight ahead of her into space, until the early

THE LONG-PROMISED SEQUEL

THOUSANDS of our readers have waited patiently for the long-promised sequel to that deeply appealing novel, "The Prairie Mother," which ran two years ago in Pictorial Review. This month begins the story of "The Prairie Child," surrounded by all the lovable characters that wound themselves around your heart in the former story. Chaddie's problems are not over by any means when prosperity knocks at the door, so long kept closed by hail, poverty, and unhappiness. And we would like to know, once you have read the story, what you think of this woman and her child? Did Chaddie do the right and the big thing—or was she, after all, just a weak woman who could not live without love?

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afternoon sun crept round to the brick wall of St. Thomas's, and the glare hurt her dry, aching eyes.

"So," she said softly and audibly, "that's the way it's going to be!"

And she got lamely and slowly to her feet, brushed the gold mist of hair from her eyes, looked irresolutely at the suitcase that was opened upon the bare mattress of the bed, and somewhat dazedly began to add certain small articles from the dressing-table to its contents.

"I will not die and I will not kill myself," she said out loud, after a while, "and I'm twenty-nine. Thirty-nine, forty-nine, fifty-nine—! At fifty-nine perhaps I shall not care. We might have had grandchildren then, Steve, a big country house with porches and trees, and our children's children coming to us for the holidays!

"But that," she added, in a quiet, unemotional voice, "that was not to be. No. He and Mimi are married——"

She finished her packing, brushed up her bright hair, pressed the white hat down over it, and slipped into her loose white coat.

"I must get away! But where can I go? I can't, stay here—I can't stay in this room! But if I should go somewhere and be ill, if I should be ill—and I might! Mrs. Gunther would take care of me," she murmured feverishly. "She expects me back to-day, anyway. I'll go back. I can plan there. And if I should be ill—raving—she would protect me——

"BUT I must get there before I begin to cry. I can go on the four o'clock train. If I cry there—nobody need see it. I can stay in bed. But I can't stay here, not where Stephen has been so many times. That chair—that's where he used to sit, with that stern sort of smiling look of his. Oh, my God—not to have Stephen in my life any more!—But I mustn't cry.

"I feel as if I had been struck by a bullet in the heart," she said, when she was seated in the train, after an hour or two that seemed to have left no record in her memory. "But fortunately—fortunately—I don't seem to have any desire to cry. If I can weather this for a few weeks—pack things up and get away!"

She opened her magazine and studied a full-page photograph of a sixteen-year-old theatrical star.

"It astonishes me," she told herself, almost aloud, "for I cried so frightfully when I was first married. I remember when we were at Mentone, every time I met any one in the hotel I wanted to cry. And heavens! how I cried when mama died——"

She drummed lightly with her fingers upon the brown linen cover of her chair, arching her throat suddenly and shutting her eyes.

"But I mustn't think of that—I mustn't think of things like that!" she warned herself quickly, reopening the magazine. "Sixteen years old, and a salary bigger than the President's! She's pretty—I wonder what life will mean to her at twenty-nine! It won't be roses, roses all the way, I suppose! Twenty-nine. I thought I was going to be so happy! I thought, no matter what came to us, it would be so wonderful. A little table and a green lamp— And in Summer we would put a suitcase in the car, and go off into the mountains for week-ends— But I must not think about it——"

The train hammered on, in dust and heat. A yellow glare seemed to envelop the rocking car. Villages swam by, shabby in Midsummer heat. Toward the north the blue haze of the distant fires added one more note of heat and dazzle to the whole.

Lucretia pinned her veil, to descend at Farley's, eager for a breath of mountain air. It was while she was standing in the car, watching the bags that were being hastily assembled by the porter, that, glancing casually down the littered aisle, she first saw Mimi.

Mimi's chair was only some ten feet away; she was lying back in it, bareheaded, and with closed eyes. Her dark hair was in some disorder, and her face white, and stained quite unmistakably with tears.

Lucretia did not know why, but she did not want Mimi to see her! If Mimi was wounded, she was wounded, too; this was no time for them to meet.

"She feels terribly!" Lucretia thought, getting into the Gunther surrey with only an absent greeting for the expectant old driver. "Poor child, she feels *terribly*. She has found out, in some way! She is running away from him! It can be nothing else."

And looking at the rising walls of the forest, streaming now with the pennants of the hot afternoon sun, she felt her heart ache for the young wife, weeping—running away—on the very day of days, in the crowning hour of her life!

The thought was followed by another. Who would be at the cabin when Mimi got there? Not Stephen, not Fred, not the Rutgers. She would be all alone, with the old Italian woman. Lucretia felt a pang of terror. She was not going to kill herself?

Surely not; sane little Mimi. But there had been a look of desperate anguish upon the white face. Lucretia felt the first twist of uneasiness grip her.

SHE wanted no supper; she stood in the dining-room door only for a moment, shaking her head, with a great wave of distaste, at the mere thought of the wilted salad and the boiled rice. Food would choke her.

Life was all a pain and a bewilderment. Stephen—Mimi, herself; the triangle melted and formed, melted and formed again endlessly, in her mind. It was sunset when a sudden impulse seized her, and she told Mrs. Gunther that she was going to walk over the hill to Red Pine.

"You ain't going to walk over that mountain to-night!" the old lady said, incredulously.

"I think I will. There's an hour of daylight left. Anyway, the fires are almost close enough to give their own light to-night! And there will be a moon."

"They've got that fire under control," a man said.

"So I understand. We saw some fighters coming back when we drove up to-night." Lucretia pinned her broad-brimmed hat. To see Mimi, to talk to her, whether she knew anything or not, was something definite to do! And action was welcome, any action that held off the dreadful moment when everything that concerned Stephen must drop further and further into the past.

"'IN EVERY WAY MY LOYALTY IS DUE TO MIMI—SHE AND I WERE MARRIED THIS MORNING, AT TEN O'CLOCK, AND WE ARE GOING TO NEW YORK TO-NIGHT.'"

MIMI did understand, of course. Was there any other conceivable construction to place upon her ashen, tear-stained face, upon her running away from her uncle, her aunt, and the man to whom she had been married a few hours ago?

Up the mountain road, in the warm light, went Lucretia, taking the six miles steadily, almost without thought of any effort. The road grew brighter at the top of the hill, and she could see the twilight beginning to blend with the dull pink glow of fire far away. But on the other side of the summit it was almost dark in the warm, odorous woods, and Lucretia began to think that her sudden appearance, far up in this lonely place, might give Mimi and the old Italian woman a moment of unpleasant shock.

However, the cabins stood in a clearing, and there was still clear and shadowless twilight about them, mingling mystically with the first timid light of a great moon that was rising slowly over the orchard. Not a breath of air stirred, and about the place, as Lucretia came down the woodland road toward it, lingered a most unnatural silence.

She called, standing still in the garden.

"Mimi! Mates!"

There was absolute silence. Then a bat looped the dusk, and some sleepy bird broke the stillness with a muffled, drowsy chuckle, under leaves.

Lucretia felt frightened. She went up the steps, pushed open a screen door, stepped into the warm, dark interior. Her heart stopped beating, plunged, and began to race again. She had caught the unmistakable sound of muffled sobbing.

She went swiftly toward a bedroom door, and saw a girl's figure outlined against the dim square of pale gray that was the bedspread.

Timidly Lucretia went to stand beside her, touched her shoulder.

"Mimi—it's Lucretia."

Mimi turned over, sat up, sniffing. Her breast was still heaving, her voice thick with tears, and Lucretia sensed rather than saw that her hair and gown were disheveled.

"Mimi, I was worried about you!" Lucretia said, all her heart going out in pity and affection.

"Oh, you?" Mimi said dazedly, without surprise. "Who—I've been lying down!—who is with you?"

"I'm alone. I walked over the mountain."

"Oh, I see!" Mimi's voice was thick and rough with tears. Obviously she did not see. "I'll—I'll light the light!"

"Let me!" Lucretia fumbled eagerly at the little bedside table, scraped a match. The plain little country bedroom, in its chintzes and white-wood furniture, wavered uncertainly into view. Shadows grouped and dissolved as a hot, wandering breath of wind came in at the opened windows.

Mimi's face, under its blotches, was pale, pathetic, and very young. Her surprised and questioning eyes gleamed between tear-sopped lashes. She looked like a child, and when she spoke her voice had the resentful accents of a crying child.

"I suppose you know what I'm *crying* about!" she said, beginning to cry again.

LUCRETIA'S tone was exquisitely finished and deep as she answered, quietly,

"I suppose I do."

"I have—have loved Stephen Winship all my life!" said Mimi, her breast rising.

Lucretia laid her fingers over the hand nearest her.

"I know you have."

"Perhaps," said Mimi defiantly, putting her feet toward the floor, and giving her eyes and nose a firm pressure with her damp handkerchief, before she rolled it into a sodden ball, "perhaps you—you like Stephen too! I suppose you may feel——"

She stopped, again like a child—this one frightened at its own daring. There was a silence in the warm, candle-lighted room, and then Lucretia said mildly,

"What I feel, Mimi, is of no consequence whatever!"

"Excuse me, but I think it is!" Mimi said, trembling. "If Stephen Winship loves you—then I think it *is* of consequence! I think it is of *supreme* consequence! You can't put me off by saying that it doesn't matter, and you can't make me feel that it's right. I was engaged to him—" Mimi was crying bitterly now, "and you *know* it!"

Silence. Lucretia's beautiful face was grave with pain. After a while she said,

"Mimi, did you have any supper?"

Mimi had buried her face in her hands. She raised her head.

"Did I what? No, I didn't want any supper!"

"Where is Mates?"

"I don't know. She left a note, but I can't read it; it's in Italian. I don't know where she's gone to," said Mimi fretfully. "She never goes off this way!"

"She's gone? You would have been alone here!"

Evidently the concern in the lovely voice reached Mimi, for there was the first hint of a softening in her tone as she answered,

"Yes, she's not here. I'm all alone!"

"And you have had no supper?"

"Oh, said Mimi desperately, "I don't want any supper!"

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Lucretia moved to the bureau, where the dim mirror was full of dark reflections. She laid aside her hat.

"I want to talk to you," she said, almost absently. Mimi sat on the side of the bed, tousled and resentfully watchful, her tears slowly drying. Lucretia went into the kitchen.

After a few minutes Mimi slowly and unwillingly followed her. Lucretia had put bread and fruit on the table, and a china pitcher of milk.

"We shall do very well," said the older woman, mildly. Matea can not intend to be long away, for everything is here. There is cold meat and a fruit pie of some sort, and all this cake!"

"I don't know why you should wait upon me!" Mimi said, sulkily, from the doorway.

For answer Lucretia gave her a grave, measuring look as she moved a chair to the table.

Mimi came toward her with a rush.

"There—that's what Matea left, if you can make anything of that!" she said, tumbling a small piece of white paper on the table. Lucretia spread it open, and the girl was impressed in spite of herself by the casual manner in which she read it and said,

"Matea was afraid of the fire; she has gone to stay with her son."

"Afraid of these forest fires!" Mimi said scornfully. "She had no business to go! We have forest fires nearly every year. I don't know why I'm talking like this!" she broke off, faltering, and, dropping into a chair, she buried her head in her arms upon the table. "I'm not usually so cross!" sobbed Mimi. "But I had a bad night, and this morning the Bishop—and I wanted to say then—" she went on incoherently, "I wanted to say *then* to Steve that perhaps he wasn't sure—because of what he had said that Sunday up here——"

"It is exactly about all that that I have come to see you!" Lucretia answered, when the young voice suddenly stopped.

There was a silence, in which Mimi dried her eyes and looked up, but without meeting Lucretia's glance, and somewhat composed herself, altho still with the same hurt and stubborn face. She put out a hand and straightened the candle-wick, breathing hard all the time and occasionally touching her eyes with a fresh handkerchief.

"Will you have some supper?" Lucretia asked, watching her.

"I'm—truly I'm not hungry!"

"Nor am I. But it will only exhaust you and perhaps give you a headache to fast," Lucretia said, patiently.

"I don't get headaches!" Mimi answered, in a low, quick voice.

"I hoped you would talk to me about this, Mimi," Lucretia said, with some dignity. "I came here from Gunther's to-night in the hope that we might understand each other. You make me feel that it was a mistake. I can not very well leave you alone to-night, but to-morrow we can go into Warren's Mills together. Or, if Matea comes back, I will go back to Gunther's alone!"

THERE was a certain finality in the tone that was disquieting to Mimi. She was naturally anxious, above all things, to think and talk of her own most dreadful affair, and the thought that Lucretia, who was unexpectedly reserved at times, might give her no other opportunity, filled her with disappointment. The fact of Lucretia's coming to her was at least reassuring, and the other woman's quiet acceptance of her duty in remaining, whatever the circumstances, while Mimi needed her, appealed to the girl even through her fatigue, despair, and fear.

She did not answer Lucretia in words, but she poured herself a glass of milk, and, raising it to her lips, looked seriously at Lucretia over the top of her glass. And when Lucretia smiled encouragingly and affectionately at her, Mimi's lip trembled, and she put down the glass, and fumbled for her handkerchief again.

But this time her tears were softening and healing, and before they were dried she laid her hand over Lucretia's hand and managed a watery smile in return.

"Don't, Mimi," said Lucretia, blinking, "or you will make me cry, too, and then we shall never get anywhere!"

And for a few moments they devoted themselves to the meal, to which Mimi, reviving visibly, brought a young and healthy appetite.

"I hope," said Lucretia then, "that you will go back to town to-morrow a very happy and confident—bride, and that you will never have any cause to doubt Stephen again in all your life!"

"No," said Mimi, steadily and sadly, "I am going to give him up! I have been thinking of it all day—coming up in the train I thought I was going to *die!* And I have made up my mind I am going to give him up."

"I hope you will change your mind, then," Lucretia said, a little pale.

"Let's—it's so hot in here, let's go out on the porch!" Mimi said, restlessly. They darkened the kitchen, and stepped out to the east porch, below which lay a wooded valley flooded with moonshine. "It is the forest fires that are making the air so awful to-night," Mimi said. "But we are going to have a storm; the air is heavy with it! Sit down——"

She sat down herself, on the top step, Mrs. Lombard taking a wicker rocker a few feet away.

"I certainly could not be any man's wife, knowing that he did not love me!" said Mimi, without preamble, after a silence.

"I hope you love him enough to do the only thing that is right, Mimi," answered Lucretia.

"Give him up?" the girl said, proudly.

"No—harder than that!" the thoughtful voice, from the shadows, answered again.

Mimi locked her slim arms about her knees, staring down at the pinnacled descending tops of the trees, bathed in gray moonlight.

"I can't!" she said.

"Mimi, you are married to him now," Lucretia reminded her.

Mimi turned about on the step, leaning her arms across Lucretia's knees, her eyes shining in the darkness.

"Can you say *truthfully*—can you say *truthfully*—that you would talk this way, if Steve and I hadn't gone through that—that ridiculous ceremony this morning?"

"But why do you call it ridiculous, Mimi?" Lucretia asked, digressing in surprize.

"Because it *was!* Because I never should have allowed it."

"It is a curious thing, that ceremony," Lucretia said, musingly. "It seems to be so trifling. But it is an important thing, Mimi, as you will see if you think for a minute!"

"A marriage like that can be annulled!" said Mimi, in whose mind the word had been running all day.

"It might be, altho I don't know exactly for what cause. You might find that Bishop Reynolds had something to say about that—I understand that he is extremely inflexible about such matters. Don't you remember his refusing to marry that twice-divorced man a few years ago? What cause would you give for annulling, Mimi? Usually it follows an elopement, or a bigamy——"

"Ugh!" Mimi interrupted, shuddering, and was silent. "Isn't it enough that people don't—don't love each other?" she asked, after a while.

"But you and Steve *do* love each other!"

"Only that he loves somebody else more," stammered Mimi thickly, looking away.

"But let us speak of your annulled marriage first," Lucretia said. "Have you any idea what that would mean to him just now? You went with him to the license bureau this morning—those records are public, you know; the morning papers will certainly record it. Your aunt and Mrs. Porter know of the marriage, I suppose?"

"And Marjorie and Ted—and the maids, and Grace, and the doctor," Mimi contributed. "We didn't try to keep it a secret. Why should we? But——"

"Now, for no apparent reason, this marriage is annulled," Lucretia pursued. "Can you imagine what that would mean to Stephen's political opponents? It would ruin him. He would be marked for the rest of his life!

"Mimi," she went on, as Mimi was silent, "there was an old officer in England, we knew him well, a few years ago. When he was a lieutenant, coming back from the Crimea, a certain group of six or seven impulsive English girls, meeting the soldiers in the London streets, threw their arms about him and kissed him. Nearly fifty years later, when I first met him, he was a General—but he was still known as 'Kissing Tommy'! Those girls and their foolishness had marked him for life!"

"But this is different!" said Mimi, with just a hint of something eager, something yielding, in her voice.

"Different because it is infinitely more serious!" Lucretia answered.

THE girl sat still, her fingers knotted, her face, with its faint frown, turned toward the moon that was sailing through an obscured sky.

"Lucretia—don't you love him?" she asked, presently. "Can you honestly tell me that you don't?"

Again there was silence, and then Lucretia said steadily, "No, I can not tell you that."

"Then why are you talking to me this way?" Mimi said childishly.

"Perhaps—" the other woman's voice said slowly, "because I do!"

Mimi was impressed, and everything that was generous and fine in her rose to meet the situation. She put her hand up to take Lucretia's.

"The past is the past, Mimi; we can not undo it," Lucretia said. "But you are a woman now, and you must face the future with courage—like all the rest of us! You have never had sorrow, but you will have your own and your aunt's to bear. And you have never had discipline, but the next year will be hard for you, my dear!"

The words were infinitely bracing to Mimi, who felt herself admitted by them to that world of helping and serving, and bearing and enduring and renouncing, to which she had always been an outsider. That was Steve's world—Lucretia's world—a world of dignity, of poise, of self-denial and self-development, and Mimi stood, a little awed, at its gates, and felt her young spirit dedicate itself to a new life, a heroic and splendid life in which she would do what was fine and right.

"I want to do what is right, for Steve!" she faltered, with watering eyes.

"And I want to do what is best, for Steve," Lucretia echoed quietly, but with such sadness in her voice that Mimi felt her first pang of genuine pity.

"Lucretia, but if he loves you?" she said.

"Surely, in a heart as big as his, there is room to love us both!" Lucretia said.

"But—but if he wants to marry you, Lucretia! If it's that sort of love?"

"HE LOVES me," Lucretia assented, gently fingering the hand she held with her own smooth hand, and speaking in a voice almost abstracted. "And I am prouder to think that he loves me than of anything else that has ever come into my life! Other men have loved me, Mimi, and other men will, but it is this quiet, good, dear Steve of yours who has changed all my life for me!"

Mimi could not speak; tears rushed to her eyes.

"Steve is not like most men," said Lucretia musingly; "he is the most unselfish—the only truly unselfish—man that I have ever known! If it is for your happiness—Fred's—any one's happiness, then he has infinite time and patience to spend! If it is for himself—then he can not judge. You must always manage him, Mimi, take care of him, and see that life doesn't impose upon him too much. I met him when I was lonely—some day I will tell you, perhaps, of the odd little circumstances that made the beginning of that friendship so wonderful. I knew—almost instantly, that I loved him. Women will always love him!

"And if he had been free," she went on presently, as Mimi did not speak, "I think we might—but he is not free. He has loved you ever since you were a little girl, and now you are his wife! And it is for you to decide whether you will wreck his life, ruin his political career, or whether you will be a little patient; whether for all their sakes you will not have the courage to wait. Why, Mimi, in a year or two, you may be going to Washington, the wife of Senator Winship—perhaps with your beautiful baby in a nurse's arms——"

Mimi put her face down against the smooth hand, and kissed it, and kept her cheek there for a few moments of silence.

"Do you think a memory of me will trouble him then?" Lucretia asked. "I will be far away—I am going away now; I will not see him again! And they all need you—every one of them, and they will need you during all these days of strain and change——"

"Lucretia," said Mimi, looking up with wet cheeks, "why are you so good to me?"

Lucretia did not answer for a while; her free hand moved gently on Mimi's head.

"Good!" she said at last, with a hint of bitterness in her voice. "I am not good! I knew—when he came to tea with me, when my whole life was just for those half-hours—and to watch his mouth, when he smiled, and to hear his voice—I knew that I had no right, starved that I was, even to that! But Mimi, Mimi—you must forgive me, for I love him so! He could despise me, and I would win him! He could be tied a thousand times, and I would go to him, in the face of the world—as his wife—his mistress—anything he asked of me, so that I might live! So that we might have one year—one little year—of joy!"

Mimi was frightened, for Lucretia had risen suddenly, and had walked to one of the rough pillars of the porch. She encircled it with one arm, looking off into the moonlight, tone and manner full of a tragedy and passion utterly unlike her usual self-control.

"Do you think that his Senatorship, that money or position or success would make any difference to *me?*" she asked, almost fiercely, turning to glance over her shoulder at her companion. Her beauty, as she stood there, with her superb figure outlined against the sky, eyes and hair alike radiating their strange golden glints and sparkles, was so extreme as almost to startle the watching girl. "Those things—to *me?*" Lucretia went on, quickly and angrily. "I have had them, and been wretched! I have been without them, and been happy! I would have asked him to go with me to Italy, to some little blue house up in the grape country; I would have asked him to go with me to Barbados, where the warm rains come three times a day, between floods of sunshine; we would have wandered through India and China and in and out of Paris streets! Whatever we had, it would have been enough, and more than enough, for me!"

The splendor of the vision shamed Mimi. And she had been teasing him about a house in Kinnicut Road, she thought, with burning cheeks. She had fretted over Pembroke and Chippendale!

"But I could have married him," Lucretia went on, still in the same hurried and passionate way, "if your uncle had died—if, as I thought, he had made you understand——"

"He did try!" Mimi interrupted, overwhelmed at her own stupidity. "But—but I *couldn't* understand!"

"I could have married him, and come back to my own little house next to St. Thomas's," Lucretia pursued, as if she had not heard her. "I would have made his friends my friends; I would have helped him in his work. But the

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one thing I can not do," she added, her tone suddenly low and grave, as if she spoke half to herself, "is just what you propose. I can not hurt him! If we were ever married now, we must go away. Away from his brother, his work, from you, who need him. He feels that you are a sacred charge, Mimi, and the time would come—the time would come!—when, wherever we were, whatever we were doing, the past would rise up like a ghost, and he would long for home, for snowy Winter afternoons in his office, and Summer afternoons at the club, for all the men and women he knows, and for Fred most of all, and for you! And then what could I say? No, no woman in the world is so young, and so beautiful, and so loved that she dares do that!"

"But Lucretia—if I went back to him to-morrow—how could I keep all this secret—keep it from him that I know, and that you and I have had this talk?" Mimi said, eager to be told.

Lucretia came back to her chair, and sat down, patting the girl's hand in silence again.

"Why not tell him?" she asked, in a weary voice.

Mimi's heart lifted.

"You think I might?"

"I think you must. And then you will know yourself how to treat him. Be cold to him, if you like," said Lucretia, her whole aspect exhausted and collapsed. "Refuse to forgive him, if you like. Your uncle will not live another forty-eight hours; you will have enough to do! Be patient."

"Lucretia," said Mimi solemnly, "I will never forget this talk to-night. And I will try!"

Lucretia bent her face over the young, earnest face, and they kissed each other.

"But, Lucretia, suppose—suppose—even after a year or two, he still cares?" Mimi asked, in a sudden panic.

They were standing now, and Lucretia laid her arm lightly about the girl's waist as she answered, confidently,

"He will care only for his wife, then. I know him!"

Mimi had an inner conviction that this was true. He was to have the most devoted, the most capable, the most loyal wife in the world! And after all, he *did* love her!

"And don't count this—hard as it has been—as all a sorrow, Mimi," Lucretia said. "You will love him the more for this. You will understand him better! It will make everything plainer to you."

"I know it," Mimi said solemnly. "I feel it!"

She put her arms about the other woman's neck and looked up at her almost reverently.

"Lucretia, how am I ever going to thank you?"

To this Lucretia could find no answer. She was the taller of the two, and could look down at Mimi's girlish slimness. She made no effort to conceal the sudden brimming of her eyes and the first tremble of her firm lips.

"You must not make me—I shall be lost if I cry!" she said, whimsically and unsteadily. And then, with a second quick kiss, she turned to the house. "Do they know that you are here?" she asked. "Should we telephone your aunt?"

MARJORIE knows, and she was to telephone them at about five that I had come up here and that I wanted some clothes," Mimi said. "I was afraid that they would stop me! So they know I am here, and of course they suppose Mates is, too. I will telephone into Warren's Mills as soon as the telephone girl comes on in the morning—that's about nine, I think—and they will send up a car to take you back to Gunther's, and me to the train!—What was that?"

There was terror in her sudden change of tone; both women drew back with instinctive fear as some wild woodland creature ran across the garden and disappeared toward the valley below them.

"A fox!" Lucretia whispered, half questioning. "I have no idea what it was! A wolf, perhaps?"

"If I had been here alone!" shuddered Mimi. "I hate those things! There are foxes in these woods; they used to come after our chickens, when we had chickens! But wasn't he bold? *Look!* There's another!"

"That's—unmistakably—a bobcat!" breathed Lucretia, holding both Mimi's hands tight, as a second animal fled noiselessly by. "Chasing the fox, perhaps! But how cozy—to see such creatures at night!"

"I have a gun—let's load it!" said Mimi, with a nervous laugh. "I hate them—! Suppose one came and scratched on the window-netting—what could we do?"

"I am thinking that I walked through those woods, when it was quite dark, a few hours ago," Lucretia said, her own laugh full of uneasiness. "Suppose one of these gentry—Let's go in!"

THE little diversion was a relief; they could talk naturally, almost gaily together. There were two beds in Mimi's room, and it was arranged that they should sleep there. A few moments later the sudden howl of a wild animal, far up in the woods, brought Mimi from the bathroom, and Lucretia from the bedside, with one bound, to the gun.

"Heavens! I never heard the woods so wild as to-night," Mimi said, a little pale, "and I have been coming here for years!"

"Or is it that we are just a little solitary, and so we notice it?" Lucretia suggested.

"Uncle Sam has a revolver here; shall we load it?" Mimi asked.

"I can fire it," Lucretia said. Both firearms were gravely loaded, and for perhaps an hour the two lay wakeful in their beds, reading and listening. Nothing more of their own affairs was said; and the evening closed at midnight with a simple good night.

Lucretia was excited and exhausted—there was exaltation, too, in her mood. But she was too tired to think. Almost as soon as Mimi's even breathing announced that the younger woman's agitations of the long day were ended, Lucretia felt a heavenly drowsiness stealing over her. She turned on her pillow in the country silence and darkness; there was no pain, no problem, no bitter sacrifice. New York this morning—to-night so strangely, here!

Elevated trains—fields outside the car-windows—green sunshine streaming through jalousies—Stephen—Fred—Mimi—merging in a haze. Finally there was only a hazy Lucretia—half of this world, half of some other just as near and familiar——

She was asleep.

Her first waking thought was that she was a little girl again, back in the nursery of her aunt's home in Baltimore, with her cousin Harriet's black braid lying across the pillow of the near-by bed. It must be Winter, for altho even through her closed eyes there was a sense of bright sunshine, Cynthia, the old colored nurse, had lighted a fire. Lucretia could hear its bright, loud crackling, and the room was hot——

This was not her room in the rectory—this was not New York——!

She turned over—of course, she was up at Red Pine with Mimi Warren! Memory returned full-fledged; but there was something still unexplained. The heat—and that crackling, purring sound, so infinitely disquieting——?

"Mimi!" But waiting only to see the black head stir, Lucretia ran with the swift feet of terror to the porch. She looked up toward the wooded rise of the mountain she had crossed last night. "Oh, God, it's the fire!" she whispered.

Straight up beyond the green plumy tops of the trees rose a yellow wall of thick, dense smoke, mingling into strange grays and greens as it met the hot, close sky. A horrible, muffled purring and bubbling, always with an obbligato of brisk crackling and snapping, sounded through the lifeless air. Birds, with dry cawing and crying, were flying over the cabin, and two gray bobcats, their green eyes mad with fear, fled by even while Lucretia stood rooted with horror to the cabin porch.

Mimi was beside her; there was no need for words. It was escape now—just life—breath and freedom again!

"The telephone—!" whispered Lucretia.

"They couldn't reach us!"

"Our shoes, dear—we can't get anywhere barefoot!"

They were dressing, both ashen-faced, both breathing like runners.

"Oh, Lucretia—that noise! And it will catch us—it seems to fly! An Italian family last year—Mates's niece, and her husband, and four dear little children——!"

"Don't think of it!" They were running through the kitchen. "Here," Lucretia said, dashing milk into glasses, "drink this—!"

"Ah, please—! Every second!" Mimi pleaded, even while she gulped obediently. Lucretia caught up a basket, brushing into it cake and bread.

"Water!" she said. "We may find it! We dare not stop!"

THEY ran through the hot little kitchen, out into a blaze of sunshine hazed with smoke, through which wood cinders were sifting.

"No wind!" Mimi said, her teeth chattering as they ran.

The cabin and its clearing were almost at the top of a great cleft between two mountain ranges. Between it and the road to Gunther's, at the right, was the wall of fire. Down this right-hand flank ran the Warren's Mills road too, perilously near the flames already, sure—as both women saw with sickened hearts, to be cut off long before they could cross it. Between the two ridges lay the steep walls of the valley; the fire would sweep there in great sheets of flame.

To plunge into the smothering peril of those woods was unthinkable; they must take the left-hand ridge, come what might. Their only hope, and a terrible hope it seemed in this hour of agonized fear, was to turn to the unknown and uncharted rise of forest at the left, to scramble through the dense growth somehow, to the

"'THOSE THINGS—TO ME!' LUCRETIA WENT ON, QUICKLY AND ANGRILY 'I HAVE HAD THEM, AND BEEN WRETCHED! I HAVE BEEN WITHOUT THEM, AND BEEN HAPPY!'"

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summit, to strike some old lumber road, or some mountain clearing, or perhaps, by some miracle, to meet other fleeing refugees, who could help them to safety.

Mimi led the way—there was no waste of words. They skirted the orchard, and the tennis-court, flying over the soft dirt paths just as the frightened animals had been flying all night long. When they reached a little cabin, Matea's cabin, on the left wall of the valley, they stopped for a few seconds of consultation.

"No hope of the Warren's Mills road, Mimi?"

"No." Mimi looked down the steep cut. "The fire isn't wo miles away from it at the Mill!" she said.

Lucretia looked up at the mountain back of them.

"Is there a road through these woods?"

"None. None that we could ever find!"

Panting, they looked at each other. Then Mimi began to tremble.

"Lucretia—?" she whimpered. "Will it—will it——?"

"We shall have to do our best!" Lucretia answered. "It's moving southeast, you see—toward Warren's Mills and the railroad. So we don't dare go any direction but this—this must be northwest!"

"But Lucretia—there's nothing—there's nobody there! Just the lumber woods—for miles and miles!"

"But that's our way!"

Lucretia briskly set off, Mimi following. The air was smoked and parching with heat; they did not talk, the older woman resolutely moving along a dim old trail, Mimi following, with an occasional backward look toward the ominous crackling and purring behind them.

For an hour the sound of the fire and the rustle of dry oak-leaves underfoot was the only interruption of the Summer stillness. Then the trail stopped at a weather-beaten lumber cabin, some wood-chopper's casual home, and there must be a moment of consultation again.

"Mimi—we must keep moving up! There is just a chance——!"

"We have no chance!" Mimi said.

"But we must move up! If we get into one of these valleys we are trapped!"

"I know—I!" Mimi shuddered.

"Up, up then!" Lucretia's face was pale, but there was infinite courage in the spring with which she took a trackless way between the trees. The two had pushed their unbrushed hair under brimmed hats, and these and the hastily assumed garments were snatched and struck by many a random branch or brier as they climbed upward in the burning heat.

Where the pines were large there were comparatively open spaces, carpeted with dry pine-needles, and easy to traverse. But the tangled woods of oaks and maples and birches, thick with undergrowth, made heavy walking, and every step, especially in the merciless morning heat, tugged at breath and strength cruelly.

They reached a summit, the ground miraculously leveled; there was a prospect of descent. But they feared descent.

"Mimi," Lucretia's hot, scratched face peered through the young dogwoods that her bare hands parted, "have you any idea where we are?"

"None. I've lost all sense of direction! But—but we can tell from that!" Mimi avoided the word, but she jerked her head backward toward the pursuing murmur and roar of the flames. "The—the Italian family—but they were much further north than this—were all—found—right on the railway track—!" she said.

"Yes, I know! I remember reading of it!"

"They couldn't escape, even on the level, Lucretia."

"Yes, I know. Are you a little rested? Suppose we strike up through here, staying on this ridge, whatever it is? If we could come to an opening—and see!"

MIMI'S face was scarlet; she looked like a hot child, her dark hair clinging to her wet forehead.

"Lucretia—is it any use?"

"My darling—we can not lie down here and let it catch us!"

Mimi had been sitting, her back bowed, elbows on knees, and her weary head on her arms.

"We didn't bring a watch!"

"No—but look at the sun. It must be between ten and eleven!"

Mimi looked up through thick, netted branches at the hot blue sky that was filmed with yellow smoke. Without a word they went on, running where they could run for a few feet, stopping sometimes to rest against a low branch, or with a fallen log for a seat, when the pain in Mimi's side choked her, or when indecision as to their way gave them a moment's respite.

"We are on a sort of spur, I think!"

"But suppose it just ends nowhere, Lucretia, as they often do, and we have to go down?"

"Then we must just go down, I suppose!"

"It doesn't sound any nearer—the fire—does it?"

"Not to me!"

On and on and on, in silence. Once Mimi said pitifully, "Speak to me sometimes!" And Lucretia, with a bright smile on her streaked, pale face, answered, in a hoarse whisper,

"We must save every ounce of energy we have!"

But she caught Mimi's hand as she spoke, and they stumbled on together.

"Mimi, could you eat?"

"Oh, no, no! My throat is too dry!"

THE sun was past the zenith when they came to another deserted cabin, and here Lucretia decreed a real pause. There was a rough table near the door, and when Mimi sank down on the seat beside it, her back against the cabin wall, her head sunk on her arms, she moaned that she could go no further.

"I feel as if my whole body was my heart, Lucretia," she whispered, "just one great throb of heat and tiredness!"

Lucretia was still upon her feet.

"There is water here—listen!" she said, her face lighting strangely under all its grime and weariness. In the silence both could hear the miraculous drip—drip—drip.

It was a spring, caught by a rusty length of pipe, and falling in an icy trickle into a mossy old half-barrel. Leaves and twigs clotted the dark-brown pool; it tasted of them. But the two women did not question it, as they drank deeply, bathed faces and hands, and made their dry meal palatable with its help.

In fifteen minutes, marvelously rested and refreshed, they were on their way again, flying always toward the unknown northwest, with the air growing momentarily less sufferable, and the enemy crouching and creeping, with its sinister laughter, and the licking of lips, behind them.

"This," said Lucretia, a long, long time later, "is no use, I am afraid!"

Their faces were black with heat and looked as if they were bursting with blood. The thin shirt-waists they wore were soaked with perspiration, and the straggling feathers of bright hair that escaped from Lucretia's hat were plastered against her forehead, a forehead scratched by branches, which dust and leaves had streaked and stained with green and brown. Mimi looked ghastly; lines of green-white framed her mouth, and her eyes were bloodshot.

She sank down when Lucretia spoke, and for a few moments they shared the seat on a fallen oak; the exquisite wood, in all the placid beauty of a Summer afternoon, silent and sweet about them, and the fire always chuckling and purring behind. Mimi pressed her hand to her side; Lucretia dropped her head into her hands, panting deeply.

"We must go on, dear!"

"Lucretia!" Mimi's blackened lips moved grotesquely. "I—can't!"

"If we could—*get*—somewhere!"

Mimi's head had fallen back against a tree-trunk, and she closed her fevered eyes. Lucretia walked a few feet in one direction, a few feet in another, peering anxiously through the unchanging vistas of entangled trunks, weaving and interweaving paths that were not paths, rise of oak-carpeted mounds, and crossing and recrossing of endless little hills and valleys. The blazing August sunshine was battered through the leafy screens everywhere, falling in bright blots and bars wherever her tired eyes turned.

Suddenly an electric thrill went through her. Below her, unmistakable despite the years in which the forest had tried to reclaim it, ran an old lumber road. Littered deep with leaves, disguised by light growths of vines and young shrubs, yet it was there, winding smooth and level under an arch of trees, with here and there a lichened stump to show where trees had been slain to make way for it.

A road! And more than a road, an almost undistinguishable old sign-board, where some lost spur had left it once, for the buried cabin of a wood-chopper. Lucretia went close to the weather-blurred board.

A crude arrow pointed to the right—"Sonders, 13 mi." Another crude arrow indicated the opposite direction—"Burchisons."

Mimi, at the hoarse sound Lucretia had made upon this discovery, had dragged herself down to stand beside her. Now she whispered, panting, with her red eyes fixed upon her companion.

"We can't—thirteen miles!"

Swiftly there flashed before Lucretia's eyes scrawled writing on a broad sheet of paper, "Burchisons—Go by Burchisons."

They were the words the planchette had written that night at the Curran house—the night when she and Mimi had met first. Was its message meant for this moment? Was it to be trusted? Was it ill-advised?—wise to follow?—a mere coincidence? Had it been only Mimi's subconscious mind writing meaningless words, or did it have some real significance, a message meant to guide her in this supreme hour of their life?

An exalted look of hope came into her eyes as she took the left-hand turn.

They could run now, and they knew that they had need to run.

It was so hot that the whole world seemed ablaze; cinders stung their faces like bees. After a while Mimi fell down on her knees, and Lucretia knelt beside her, Mimi moaning that the noise frightened her.

"I think that is thunder, Mimi; I don't think that is the fire!"

But Mimi would not rouse herself; she seemed to be in a feverish sort of stupor. So presently Lucretia went on, half dragging her; there was no resisting the spur of that hideous noise behind them.

"Nobody could keep this up," Lucretia said, out loud, after what seemed bewildered days of pain and heat and aching weariness. She sank down, Mimi resting against her knees and moaning now and then.

The fire must be here—that low wall of dove-gray between the trees must be smoke. Lucretia looked at it many times before she saw that it might be water, and not smoke; it might be a little gray lake, high up in the mountains.

She waded into it, threw off her clothes, and plunged deep into the blessed coolness and wetness, and after a few minutes forced Mimi to her feet, and with dripping hands and hair drew the girl to the reviving bath.

Sanity returned, they could breathe the furnace air of the late afternoon again. The woods were growing dark, a strange, leaden dark, and leaves turned out their furry undersides, and now and then the great trees rocked violently. The roaring of the fire went on. Red flared in the south.

"We couldn't stay under water, Lucretia, while it went by?" Mimi whispered.

Lucretia shook her head.

"We would have to come up to breathe; the heat would be unendurable. I don't dare," she said, clearing her sore throat to speak.

MIMI shut her eyes, a passive, childish look of resignation smoothing all the weariness from her face.

"It must be quick—with this horrible wind!" Lucretia thought, shutting her own eyes. She settled Mimi on the moss, and dragged herself a few hundred feet further, along the road. Nothing. Nothing. Lucretia hung her white hat on a conspicuous bramble. They might find them more easily so when the heat was gone and the search began. She went back, and sat down, and took Mimi's head into her lap again; once brushing a red cinder from her skirt, once moving her wrist quickly as another stung her.

After a while she thought it was night, and that Stephen was flashing a blue lantern into her face. Blue lights were everywhere.

Lucretia roused herself to pain and fear. It was not over; blessed death had not taken them yet. Mimi moaned and stirred; they were still in the nightmare of the wood.

It was strange to see her mother there; pretty, impulsive mama, in the black taffeta gown and the blue hat. But with what wonderful eyes—eyes brimming with love and happiness and understanding, now, as Lucretia had never seen them years ago!

Tears wet her face. She put out her hands.

"Mama! I thought—that day in Rosarice—that you were dead!" she whispered. "I don't know why I'm crying!"

Perhaps it was not tears; it was rain. For it was raining like a cloud-burst all over the old house in Scotland, and battering at the great trees, and making the fire smoke, and Louisa cough. And she was so utterly exhausted that it seemed cruel to let her lie on the rough brick hearth, with hurtful things—the fire-irons perhaps!—pushing into her, and her head such a roar of pain.

Rain—splashing and storming about her, to a great rocking and creaking of timbers. Were they at sea? Why was she out-of-doors in this uproar?

After that there was an even worse confusion. A cool, wet lemon-colored light flooded the wood, and Mimi roused, and said with frantic excitement that they must go on. Then it was night—or if that first blackness was night, then this was a second night. Night, and Mimi whimpering in restless sleep, and Lucretia dozing and shivering above her. Once a snarling group of animals went by in the dark, and once some soft-footed, hairy brother came close, and puffed a foul, investigating breath in her face.

Dawn. This timid dove and pearl and pink must be God's blessed day returning. An owl swooped with a white breast close to the lake; the morning smote the waters to the color of molten silver. The air was fresh, fragrant, made exquisite with the songs of a million birds.

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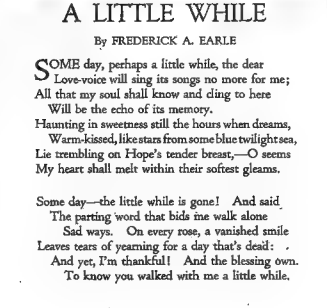

A LITTLE WHILE

By FREDERICK A. EARLE

SOME day, perhaps a little while, the dear
Love-voice will sing its songs no more for me;
All that my soul shall know and cling to here
Will be the echo of its memory.
Haunting in sweetness still the hours when dreams,
Warm-kissed, like stars from some blue twilight sea,
Lie trembling on Hope's tender breast,—O seems
My heart shall melt within their softest gleams.

Some day—the little while is gone! And said
The parting word that bids me walk alone
Sad ways. On every rose, a vanished smile
Leaves tears of yearning for a day that's dead:
And yet, I'm thankful! And the blessing own.
To know you walked with me a little while.

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A PRINCESS IN EXILE

The Miseries that One Woman Went Through in the Recent Russian Reign of Terror

By PRINCESS MANICH MOURADIAN

I HAVE learned more in the last three years of my life than in the whole twenty-four which have preceded them, and sometimes when I think of all the events with which these thirty-six months have been crowded, it seems to me that I will never feel young again. This horror I have lived through has been so awful, both from the physical and from the moral point of view, that it appears to me its remembrance will haunt me until my dying day. Since I have reached this country I have heard so much about our Russian Revolution; but I don't think I have met any one who, while deploring its excesses, realized what these excesses really were, nor what this Revolution has meant to its victims, or to those who, owing to it, have lost parents and home, fatherland, and hope for a better future. We were all of us idealists, and we all rejoiced when the Romanoffs were overthrown, even those who saw them continually, because much as some among them were lovable, kind, and beautiful in character, yet their system of government was atrocious; at least we believed it to be so until we learned to know the meaning of the Bolshevik one which took its place.

What I want to describe is not so much my own adventures, terrible tho these were, but the conditions under which hundreds of thousands of people, nearly all of them belonging to our upper and intellectual classes, had to fly for their lives from the Bolshevik terror, and what they had to endure, not only in hardships and privations, but also in the constant strain of all their faculties, coupled with fear for the future and uncertainty as to their own coming fate. For all these unfortunate people the whole of the world seemed to have been transformed into one vast lunatic asylum without any keepers to maintain a semblance of order in it, and their dread of what was about to befall them, or of what might befall them, threatened to bring on their moral collapse.

My personal life, before the cataclysm, had been an essentially happy one. I had a beautiful home, fond parents, brothers and sisters whom I adored, and everything that the world could give in the way of beautiful surroundings, splendid homes, jewels, fine dresses, and all those other things which at that time, which now seems to be so far away, represented for us absolute necessities of existence. Therefore when the catastrophe actually occurred, it found me as well as thousands of others absolutely unprepared for its horrors and its dangers.

Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

PRINCESS MOURADIAN
WHO, REARED IN THE LAP OF LUXURY, WAS COMPELLED TO LIVE UNDER UNSPEAKABLE CONDITIONS DURING HER LONG WALK TO SIBERIA AND FREEDOM

A Playmate of the Children of the Forsaken Czar

MY FAMILY had always been on terms of friendship with the imperial one. The Grand Duchess Olga, eldest daughter of Czar Nicholas II., was a girl of my own age, and we had been intimate friends, and seen each other constantly in the Crimea, where my parents had an estate where we used to spend the Spring and Autumn, and my sisters and myself were frequent guests at Livadia.

I liked the Grand Duchess immensely. She was a beautiful character and the most intelligent member of her family, the one who understood better than any other Romanoff the condition into which Russia had been thrown owing to its misgovernment by a class of people who always put their own advantage above that of their country. She had feared a revolution long before it actually broke out.

The poor girl seemed to have had a forewarning of her horrible fate. The last time she left the Crimea, of which she was so fond, she gave way to a fit of what could almost be called despair, and wept profusely (this was a few weeks before the breaking out of the Great War), saying that she feared she would never see Livadia again. Her mother sharply rebuked her for what she called "a bit of bad temper," but events have proved that it was something more, and that the Grand Duchess had really a presentiment of the sorrows about to fall on her and on her family, because this good-by to Livadia, which she bid amid such sobs of anguish, proved to be a final one, and neither she nor any other Romanoff ever saw the sunny shores of the Black Sea again.

In Petrograd I did not see so much of the daughters of the Czar as in the Crimea. The Empress kept them entirely secluded owing to the dislike which she had taken for the society of the Russian capital, and whenever they had to appear in public their going gave rise to scenes of tears and hysterics on the part of their mother, who did not even care for them to see the Dowager Empress, or to be present at the small dances which the latter was fond of giving for young people. The Empress was compelled to let the young Grand Duchesses attend these entertainments of their grandmother. The poor girls had anything but a happy life owing to the Empress's extraordinary character.

Moreover, the dark and scandalous stories in which the too-notorious Rasputin figured threw their shadow on the otherwise spotless lives of the four daughters of the Czar.

Concerning Rasputin, I would like to describe one small incident connected with him, and with the undoubted magnetic power which he possessed, which proves beyond a doubt that his so-called power was in reality only the exercise of hypnotic faculties which he possessed to a high degree over the minds of a few weak persons imbued with superstitious notions and tendencies. Over a sane mind he never had any power, a fact of which he was himself perfectly well aware.

I met this remarkable personage, a few months before his assassination, in St. Petersburg, at the house of a lady who was supposed to be one of his most faithful devotees, the Baroness Spitz.

The Baroness was known to be one of the small number of people who, through Rasputin and his influence, tried to better her own financial position by obtaining concessions from the Government and contracts for the sustenance of the armies in the field. We were then in the midst of the Great War. She lived in a house belonging to a Count Tolstoy on the Fontanka Quay, and she invited me to have tea with her.

My family was very much against my going there, but I pleaded so hard that at last I was allowed to accept the Baroness's invitation, and found myself in her apartment a few days later.

Rasputin was already there, a vulgar, common peasant, dirty and unsavory in every respect, surrounded by many of his followers. When I was introduced to him he began at once to talk to me, and told me I was to come and see him in his apartment in Gorokhowaya Street, and gave me the number of his telephone, saying that I was to call him up beforehand and tell him that I was coming. I thanked him, but replied that I would not be able to accept his invitation because my family would not let me, a remark which seemed to displease him considerably. Thinking that the best way to smooth over the incident was by means of a joke, I remarked that my refusal ought not to trouble him, because if it were true that he could, even from a distance, exercise an uncanny power over people, he need only wish me to come and I would do so, to which words of mine, to my surprize, he replied, "Over you I have no power; you are far too sane for that, but with others I can certainly make them do what I like." The remark instantly gave rise among the guests to the request that he show us an example of this extraordinary influence he seemed to think he could exercise over some persons at a distance.

Rasputin appeared much amused by our request. "Well," he said, "you have only to choose one person among those whom you know to be a follower of mine, and I shall try to bring him or her here to this house at once."

We retired to another room, and amid much laughter chose the Princess Sophy Dolgorouky, one of the "Saint's" most fanatic disciples, and told him that he had better call her up at once to come and join us. But the Baroness Spitz interfered with the remark that we ought to take some one else, because the Princess would never come to her house, as they were both at daggers drawn, and would not willingly cross each other's threshold.

Rasputin, hearing her, appeared to be much amused. "What has the fact that you hate each other got to do with the matter?" he exclaimed. "I tell you, the Princess Dolgorouky will be here within an hour."

"It is late; she will probably be in bed," remarked Prince Andronnikoff.

"Then she will get up," briefly remarked Rasputin, who forthwith fell into what appeared to be a deep meditation. We all sat silent; it had been agreed beforehand that no one was to leave the room or even approach the telephone for the next hour. About three-quarters of an hour went by, and then the doorbell rang, and a man servant entered the room and said that a lady had just called who wanted to talk with Father Gregory.

"Tell her to come here," cried the latter.

The man withdrew and then returned. "The lady will not come in; she wants Father Gregory to come out to her."

"And I tell her she must come here," repeated Rasputin, and almost immediately a woman, wrapped from head to foot in a heavy fur cloak, appeared on the threshold of the room, and in a nervous tone of voice addressed herself to Rasputin.

"Father," she said, "I don't know what had come over me, but I felt I had to come to you, that you wanted me. Forgive me if I am intruding."

"You are not intruding," replied the "Saint." "Come here and sit down and have tea with us, and take off your coat."

"I can not, indeed I can not," pleaded the Princess Dolgorouky, because she it was who had intruded upon our party.

"And I say you must," commanded Rasputin, and as he spoke he rudely pulled aside her coat, which, when it fell, revealed the Princess standing in her nightdress as her only garment, with her feet in bedroom slippers. She had evidently risen hastily out of bed. Rasputin looked at us triumphantly while Prince Andronnikoff gently led the unfortunate woman out of the room. The whole scene had been painful in the extreme, and everybody felt thankful to him for putting an end to it.

Rasputin's Uncanny Power Over Russian Royalty

I WILL not attempt to explain this episode. It was one among many, and proves how abnormal certain people had become in St. Petersburg, due to the custom introduced by the Empress Alexandra of dabbling with occult sciences and all kinds of spiritualistic practises. It is no wonder that the public became incensed against the sovereigns and their low favorites.

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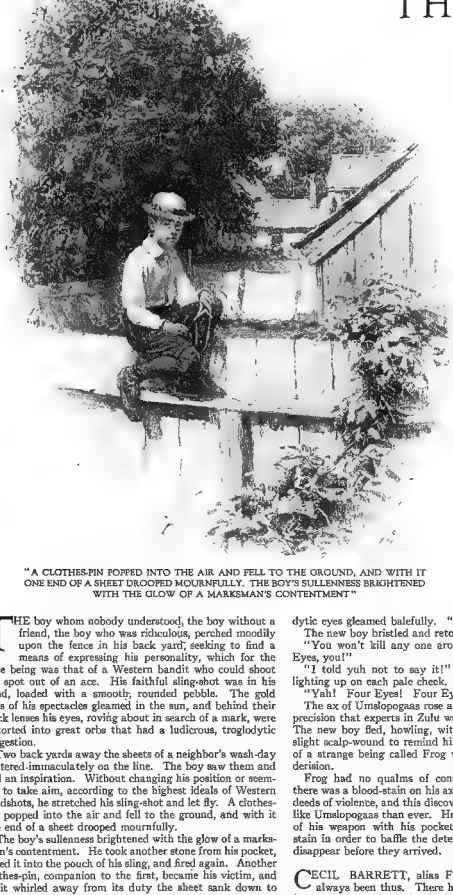
THE BARBAROUS AGE

BY CHARLES COLLINS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WORTH BREHM



"A CLOTHES-PIN POPPED INTO THE AIR AND FELL TO THE GROUND, AND WITH IT ONE END OF A SHEET DROOPED MOURNFULLY. THE BOY'S SULLENNESS BRIGHTENED WITH THE GLOW OF A MARKSMAN'S CONTENTMENT"

THE boy whom nobody understood, the boy without a friend, the boy who was ridiculous, perched moodily upon the fence in his back yard, seeking to find a means of expressing his personality, which for the time being was that of a Western bandit who could shoot the spot out of an ace. His faithful sling-shot was in his hand, loaded with a smooth, rounded pebble. The gold rims of his spectacles gleamed in the sun, and behind their thick lenses his eyes, roving about in search of a mark, were distorted into great orbs that had a ludicrous, troglodytic suggestion.

Two back yards away the sheets of a neighbor's wash-day fluttered immaculately on the line. The boy saw them and had an inspiration. Without changing his position or seeming to take aim, according to the highest ideals of Western deadshots, he stretched his sling-shot and let fly. A clothes-pin popped into the air and fell to the ground, and with it one end of a sheet drooped mournfully.

The boy's sullenness brightened with the glow of a marksman's contentment. He took another stone from his pocket, fitted it into the pouch of his sling, and fired again. Another clothes-pin, companion to the first, became his victim, and as it whirled away from its duty the sheet sank down to earth and soiluro.

When the loud lamentations of an Irish washerwoman, emerging from her basement with wailings that "the divil was in thim clothes-pins this day surely," began to trouble the peace of the afternoon, the boy whom no one loved (except his mother, of course, and she with apprehensions) slipped down from his sniping-post and departed with the solace of a destructive achievement and a masterpiece of gunnery in his soul.

He strolled over to a vacant lot where he had built himself a shanty with looted lumber, and there decided that he would transform himself from a frontier ruffian into Umslopogaas, the Zulu slayer. He rummaged among his belongings and picked up a battle-ax made from pine board according to Rider Haggard's specifications. With it he went through some fantastic exercises, and as Umslopogaas the Woodpecker, in imagination he slew his thousands.

The massacre was interrupted by the arrival of another and somewhat larger boy, curious and conciliatory of manner. The boy without a friend ceased his martial practise and glowered through his spectacles at the visitor.

"Whatchu doin'?"

"What's it to yuh?"

The newcomer, rebuffed, began again, politely.

"Is it a game?"

"Nope."

"You're a funny kind of kid."

"Oh, I am, am I?"

"What's y'r name?"

Umslopogaas considered this asker of questions for a moment and then became less taciturn.

"You just moved in across the street, didn't yuh? Well, you'd better start in right around here, so let me tell yuh sumppin. I've got a name, but don't call me by it. Unnerstand?"

"Why not?"

"'Cause I don't like it."

This seemed reasonable to the stranger.

"All right, I won't. Cross my heart and hope to die, I won't. But what is it?"

After some hesitation Umslopogaas muttered bitterly,

"Cecil."

Then he added fiercely,

"An' y'd better not call me Sis, either."

"Ain't yuh got a nickname yuh like?"

"Yes. My name is Frog. You can call me Frog."

The new boy must have had a rudimentary sense of humor, for he grinned as he answered,

"All right, Frog."

"An' another thing," declared Frog grimly. "Don't call me Four Eyes!"

"Why not? You are a four-eyes, ain't yuh?"

"Don't call me Four Eyes!" Frog repeated, and his troglodytic eyes gleamed balefully. "I'll kill you if you do!"

The new boy bristled and retorted,

"You won't kill any one around here, you young Four Eyes, you!"

"I told yuh not to say it!" Frog snarled, a red spot lighting up on each pale cheek.

"Yah! Four Eyes! Four Eyes!"

The ax of Umslopogaas rose and fell with a swiftness and precision that experts in Zulu warfare would have admired. The new boy fled, howling, with fear in his bowels and a slight scalp-wound to remind him that the ocular infirmity of a strange being called Frog was not to be spoken of in derision.

Frog had no qualms of conscience when he saw that there was a blood-stain on his ax. He was hardened to such deeds of violence, and this discovery caused him to feel more like Umslopogaas than ever. He carefully trimmed the edge of his weapon with his pocket-knife, cutting off the red stain in order to baffle the detectives, and then decided to disappear before they arrived.

CECIL BARRETT, alias Frog, aged eleven, had not always been thus. There had been a time, and not so long ago, when his mother had found in him a definite kinship with the star-eyed cherubim, and when his father had thought that there was something soft in the boy which could not be an inheritance from the fighting Barrett stock. He was shy, timid, and wistful; a silent dreamer always in the house, usually with his nose in a book, when other boys of his years were shouting in the streets at their games. When he played, it was by himself, in a kind of still rapture, sprawled out on the floor among lead soldiers and a collection of cigaret pictures showing the armies of all nations. Most of the time, however, he read promiscuously, without seeming to care whether he could understand the text or not. His excursions outside the pale of juvenile gift-books and into the realm of adult literature on the library shelves convinced his mother that he was a giant intellect of the future. But when his father found him poring over Dante's "Inferno" with Doré's illustrations and muttering to himself, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here," the paternal opinion was that the boy was morbid and of weak mentality. He hinted that this must come from the distaff side of the family, since the Barretts were a notably clear-headed tribe.

For his health's sake Cecil was urged out into the streets and playgrounds to compete with his fellows, and was generously supplied with sleds, skates, shinny-sticks, footballs, baseball-bats, and other sporting paraphernalia normally beloved by youth. But when he skated he always fell down or had serious collisions; the art of hitching a sled to a laundry wagon was a fearsome mystery to him; he seemed incapable of mastering the rudiments of baseball; the fierce scrimmages of shinny appalled him, and at marbles he was utterly helpless.

So he stayed at home when he wasn't in school, befuddled himself with reading, and grew skinnier, sadder, and more silent. He reached the age of ten without ever having had a fight, which his father regarded as abnormal in the only son of a man who had been the youngest private in the Army of the Cumberland.

"I'm afraid the boy is going to be a coward, Mary," said Mr. Barrett, in a mood of dissatisfaction with his heir.

"Hush! He'll hear you. He's in there, reading your 'King Solomon's Mines'."

But Cecil was too happy among the red spears of Zulu *impis* to be aware of this reflection upon his future character.

"He is very gentle and sweet," continued Mrs. Barrett fondly. "He's more like a girl than a boy—and I hoped for a girl, you may remember."

"He's too much like a girl than a boy," was the male answer. "And why did we blight him with the name of Cecil? Between that and his faidy-cat ways I see horrible possibilities ahead. I dread the day when a son of mine shall be called Sissy."

But Mrs. Barrett, in her fostering maternal heart, secretly gave thanks that Cecil was a quiet, kind, lamb of a child instead of her husband's athletic, quarreling, reckless ideal of boyhood.

IT WAS the death of Alfred Lord Tennyson, strangely enough, which transformed the timorous Cecil into that dangerous young outlaw called Frog. The date place this chronicle of child-life in its proper historical background. Children were children in 1892, and not little monsters of precocity, aping the unashamed sex-dances of their elders, while their parents were modest Victorians, affectionate but unscientific in their attitude toward their offspring. When Tennyson died the wave of bereavement that swept poetically over the Anglo-Saxon world brought a little ripple into Room Number 6 of a certain public school in a certain metropolis of the Middle West, and that ripple washed Cecil into a new life.

Miss Templeton, the teacher of Room Number 6, was young enough to be progressive, but Victorian enough to be sentimental. She also had a literary turn of mind. So when she read in the morning newspaper that her master singer had passed on to his reward she went to her day's work earlier than usual, and copied out on the blackboard, in a fair, round hand, four stanzas of "In Memoriam." When the desks were filled and the buzz and chatter had been hushed by the bell that was the call to duty and free education, Miss Templeton told the children of their great loss and called for volunteers to read what she had written. There were, of course, no eager candidates for that unusual task. "In Memoriam" went begging for interpreters.

Then her glance fell upon Cecil Barrett, who was cowering in the back row and wondering if the patch of red in the far corner up in front was a boy or a girl. She felt that he would save the day.

"Cecil, you are the best reader in the room," she said encouragingly. "Stand up, please, and read aloud what I have written."

But Cecil sank down in his seat, almost out of sight, and babbled piteously that he couldn't read writing. Miss Templeton thought that this was queer, and decided to investigate.

"There is something in your reader by Tennyson. Turn to page 167, Cecil, and read it aloud."

He found the place, buried his face in the book, and quavered out,

> "Break, break, break,
> On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
> And I would that my tongue could utter
> The thoughts that arise in me."

It made him feel very sad. The thoughts that arose in him were frequently unutterable.

"Very good, Cecil. Now come up by my desk and read from the blackboard."

He stumbled forward, in a panic of embarrassment, until he was about ten feet from the blackboard. He saw some dim lines there, under Miss Templeton's pointer, but he could not read them. The other children began to giggle, and unutterable thoughts arose in him.

"Come closer, Cecil," said Miss Templeton gently.

He obeyed, tripping upon the edge of the platform, and when he was close enough to touch the blackboard the handwriting on the wall was revealed to him. He read the four stanzas perfectly.

"Thank you, Cecil. That is excellent. I would like to see you for a minute after school this noon if you don't mind. I want to give you something to take home."

Cecil went back to his desk in a murmur of excitement from his classmates. They seemed to think he had done something wonderful. Why, it was easy enough—when you could see it. That red thing over there in the corner was a girl, he knew now. She had hissed "Teacher's pet!" at him and had pinched him as he passed.

When he went home for lunch he took with him a note from Miss Templeton to his mother which said,

"I believe your little boy is terribly near-sighted. If he were mine I would take him to the best oculist I could find."

Thus Cecil became a pioneer in the land, now so densely populated, of Corrected Vision. He was a forerunner, a herald of a new era, and he found that the place of distinction which fate had thrust upon him was not without its

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pain. He was the first child in his school and his neighborhood, perhaps the first in his Middle-Western generation of eleven-year-olds, to be compelled to wear spectacles, and thereby he became greatly changed in mind and body.

Holding tight to his father's hand, an infantile habit which his timidity had not permitted him to outgrow; he had made the long journey to that mysterious region of great, hurrying crowds and gigantic buildings called down-town. His mother went with them, looking worried. A gentle old man in a queer kind of shop had put some thingamajigs in front of him and asked him to say what he saw, which was nothing intelligible. Then the old man had told his father that this was no case for a mere optician, and that Doctor So-and-so was the very person to attend to it. He had been taken upstairs to see Doctor So-and-So, who was a question-asking terror with a bristly mustache. Brown stuff that burned had been rubbed on his eyelids, inside where it is raw and tender. Watery stuff had been dropped into his eyes, turning the world from a fog into a blackness. He had been shut up in a dark room for ages, and then lights had been made to shine in his face while the doctor looked holes through him with a little telescope. Then a million different kinds of spectacles had been tried on him, and each time he had been asked how many rows of letters he could read and were those lines there straight or wavy. It seemed that Doctor So-and-So, who did all these nonsensical things, would never be satisfied with him, but finally he was. Then he wrote something on a piece of paper, and the two men had talked together confidentially for a while, and he heard his father say,

"The poor little chap! I never understood what was the matter with him."

They went down-stairs again and gave the piece of paper to the old optician, and then his father had gone away to work and his mother had taken him home, to sit in another dark room until night.

He was kept out of school for a few days and forbidden to read—a hardship which he resented bitterly—and then his father had come home with Them! They were in a plush-lined case that snapped shut, and They had gold rims, and They must have been very expensive. They were put on him with a respectful ceremony that made him believe that something strange was about to happen. Then his father and mother had stood off at a distance and looked at him carefully. After they got through looking at him they looked at each other, and hadn't said a word. But Cecil thought for a moment that his mother was going to cry, and he wondered why.

With Them a new world swam into Cecil's ken. It came with a shock of delight which caused him to forget the funny feeling of the gold hooks around his ears. Everything was different and vastly more interesting than before. Was this his home? It was filled with things that he had never seen. His father and mother no longer moved about in a mist, recognizable mostly by the sounds of their voices. He could see them a long way off, and he didn't need to be close up to know that his mother was pretty and that there were gray hairs in his father's red mustache.

"How do they feel, Cecil?" his father asked.

HE DID not answer. He was entranced with new discoveries. He wandered about the house, exploring every room, studying the details of the wall-paper patterns, observing how bright were the colors in the pictures, and finding a new thrill of delight in every object. He was in a silent ecstasy of seeing things.

After a while he went out and sat down on the front porch, to learn that the night was no longer oppressive with black terrors. He looked up—and for the first time in his life he saw the stars.

Unutterable thoughts again arose in him, but they no longer made him feel sad. He had heard of the stars, of course, but never before had he seen them twinkling like that up there. He wanted to laugh. He did laugh.

"Oh, Pop," he called out down the hallway, "look at the stars! Millions of 'em!"

Perhaps his father hadn't heard him correctly, for he had exclaimed, "Good God!" in a muffled kind of way, and had blown his nose resoundingly. But his mother had slipped quietly up behind him and surprized him with a tremendous hug. Then, holding him close to her, she told him the names of some of the brightest of the stars.

It was a long time before he could go to sleep that night. Excitement is a natural result of the discovery of stars, even in a boy of eleven. Once upon a time this experience had caused three calm, grown-up kings to become very restless.

The next morning Cecil found that he could comb his hair satisfactorily without stepping almost into the mirror. But was this himself—this uncanny creature with enormous eyes rolling wildly behind a frame-work of gold and glass? He saw his own image as a grotesque figure in a nightmare, and was dismayed by its ugliness. He hastily tore the spectacles from his nose, and consulted the mirror again, at close range, observing with relief that his eyes were no longer terrifying monstrosities. Apparently they had not actually swelled up during the night. A picture in one of his books arose in his memory: "Fishes Caught in the Midnight Waters of Mammoth Cave." That was the way he looked with his spectacles on. It was the glasses, then, that deformed him.

He crept down-stairs to breakfast in the old, familiar fog.

"Cecil, where are your glasses?" his father asked sternly.

"I—I forgot—forgot to put 'em on."

"Go back to your room and get them right away. You've got to wear them all the time. Doctor's orders."

He went to school that morning like a hunted thing. True, the world was bright and beautiful, full of new joys and wonders to the gaze, but the child who saw them had also seen himself as others would see him, and the bitterness of self-contempt had entered into his soul.

He hid himself behind a fence until the last warning bell had rung, and then made a bolt for his classroom, reaching it without passing under the close scrutiny of his kind. Nor until recess did the catastrophe occur. He had thought of staying indoors during the recreation period, but a mood of defiant despair bade him go out and meet his fate.

In the boys' playground he was soon encircled with a grinning, jeering throng of urchins, older and younger than himself. They hooted and screamed derisively; they laughed and pointed dirty fingers at him. One of them started a shrill cry of "Four Eyes," and the others took it up in a rhythmic chorus.

"Four eyes! Four Eyes! Four Eyes!"

THEN and there Cecil's nature changed. His gentleness died in the tortures of mockery and ascended to heaven, and a devil entered into his body. With a sudden shriek of rage, more like an animal than a boy, he hurled himself upon the leader of the Four Eyes chorus, and bore him down into the playground's cinders, clutching at his throat.

He was soon torn away from his prey by some of the eighth-grade boys and held captive until his enemy could regain his feet. Then he was released, to continue the battle in a more orthodox way, if he chose. A ring was formed around them.

The other boy stood in the classic position of defense, imitating the professional pose of John L. Sullivan, truculent but wary, while the devil that was now Cecil circled about him, seeking an opportunity to spring again.

"They could send me to jail," complained the besieged one, "for hittin' a fellow with glasses."

This legal opinion was confirmed by the spectators, and Cecil was urged to take off his forgotten spectacles if he wanted to fight. He did so; an eighth-grade boy held them for him; and in the ensuing fog his foe came down upon him, a whirl of fists for which he could find no guard. He began to feel sharp concussions and to see stars that did not exist.

Righteous anger, however, is a strong buckler in battle and the inspiration of dangerous counter-offensives. Cecil bored in blindly. He did not know that his nose was bleeding and that one of his eyes would soon be black. He failed to understand that he was getting skilfully and thoroughly licked. He also did not stop to think that hitting in clinches was unfair play, that the biting of hostile thumbs was ungentlemanly, and that getting your adversary's head under your arm and pounding away at it with your free fist, as if you hoped to obliterate his features, was not according to the etiquette of the Marquis of Queensbury. And if he had known all this, he would not have cared. The devil which had possessed him brought him the knowledge that the business of a half-blind boy in a fight is not to stand up and be beaten in a sporting attitude, but to strive to destroy the oppressor with the hammer-and-tongs tactics of the gutter, the tooth-and-claw method of the jungle. Which he did, with the determination of a bull-terrier, until his playmates, appalled by the slaughter, dragged him off the prostrate body of his suffering foe.

Thus Cecil won his spurs and a sobriquet. The eighth-grade boy who had held his spectacles for him had proclaimed, as he handed them over,

"This kid is a regular fightin' frog!"

The word was approved by those who crowded around to admire the victorious gladiator, and like all happy phrases of the battlefield it passed into history. Within a week every one who knew Cecil was calling him Frog, and he was proud of the nickname, for it had come in a baptism of blood to crown his triumph and heal his wounds.

In the future the boy who addressed him as Frog could pass as a friend or a neutral, but woe be unto him that said Four Eyes! This was the code, publicly announced, with which Cecil began a new life.

He took his honorable scars home with him, to be mourned over by his mother, who couldn't understand how it happened, and to be congratulated by his father, who couldn't understand either, but who welcomed the signs of change in his son's temperament. He did not discuss the affair at length in the bosom of his family; when pressed for explanations he merely said, "A fellah called me Four Eyes," and relapsed into a sullen silence. He was, in fact, in a chronic mood of enraged secession from the world and its inhabitants, which meant no more to him now than they did to Hamlet in the phase of the First Soliloquy.

Three times that week other boys had hurled the impossible epithet into his face, and thrice did Cecil go berserk to avenge his wrongs. This quelled but did not altogether stamp out the abomination, and he went on averaging better than a fight a week. With each combat his tactics improved and became more malevolent, and the boys with whom he fought never yearned for a return engagement, altho some of them were out of his class in weight and years. Cecil's method in the boyish art of self-defense, instinctively arising from his defective vision, was a blend of rough-and-tumble, the pugnacious habits of the Neanderthal men, and frightfulness, his invention of which was afterward adopted by the high command on one side of the Great War. If there happened to be rocks or cudgels of wood on the battle-field, he regarded them as gifts from Heaven, and used them accordingly. Once the insult occurred while he was spinning a top, and with Oriental craft he pretended not to hear. He picked up his top on the palm of his hand and let it spin its humming life away, wound the string around it again as if to continue his game, and then dashed it fiercely into the insulter's face. Another time an ingenious jester took advantage of school discipline, and passed remarks reflecting on Cecil's affliction while the children were marching down the hallways in one of the occasional fire-drills. The eye of the principal was upon them, and he felt safe. But when they came to the head of the stairs something tripped him, and he had a greater fall than Humpty-Dumpty.

SO CECIL became an outlaw and an apache. His hand was against all of his kind, and he was shunned and dreaded in the school. He had no friends, and he gloried in his isolation; the only thing he asked of life was that he should not be called Four Eyes. Morose and vindictive, he stalked about seeking insulters and finding them less and less often, as his reputation spread, except among strangers who were ignorant of his code. He was a lone wolf, with only a jackal for company—this being a smaller boy, frail and club-footed, who, perhaps because he saw in Cecil a champion of all those afflicted with deformities, perhaps because he had a monomania for witnessing fights, followed him about in dog-like admiration, yearning for an opportunity to hold his spectacles. Cecil bestowed upon him the honorary title of Faithful Squire.

"Squires ought to fight for their masters, but you can't, so you're not much good," Cecil told the clubfoot coldly. "But if you see a rock or a chunk of wood handy when I'm fightin', just kick it out where I can find it, and I'll do the rest. And if anyone ever hurts you, come around and tell me about it."

The squire strove to follow instructions, and thus, as of old, the halt was useful to the blind.

When Cecil took up concealed weapons, specializing on the sling-shot, his hated spectacles proved surprizingly beneficial. His vision, through the magic of the distorting lenses, was corrected to normal, which meant that he could see better than many of them that mocked him. With this advantage of perfected vision, therefore, Cecil, in his incarnation as Frog, became a master of the sling-shot and a mighty hunter of

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"'CARRIE'S GOIN' WITH ME,' HE ANNOUNCED. THEY FELL BACK IN DISMAY. 'COME ON, LET'S HURRY AND GET RID OF THEM,' SHE MURMURED. THEN SHE TOOK HIS HAND (OH, THE MIRACULOUSNESS OF IT!)"

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SHORT SKIRTS

And the War Is to Blame for It All

By

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

"'IT IS NOT THE EXTRA INCH, EMILY,' JANE WAS SAYING, 'BUT YOU MUST ADMIT THERE IS STYLE AND THERE IS BAD TASTE. I SHALL NOT LET MRS. BIDDLE TAKE ANOTHER INCH FROM YOUR SKIRT!'"

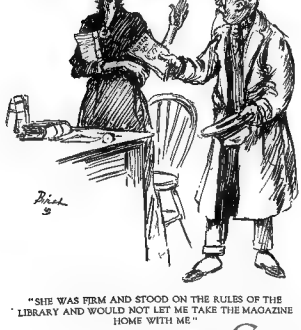
SOME one said once, I believe, that home is where the heart is, and this may be true; but when a man gets to be forty he is apt to feel too strongly that home is where the furnace and the pile of ashes are. There are even times when I feel that home is something that you put the cat out of before you go to bed. I spoke of this to my neighbor Billings one day, using a jocular tone, and he said, "Home? Home is what you have the mortgage on." All this is too true. Luckily I have not hardened as some men have; I can still say, "Home is where Jane is." I often marvel at the largeness of the proportion of my home that Jane is; I feel it especially when I return from my office and find Jane is at the Tuesday Afternoon Club. I feel as if she had taken the home with her and that it would not be anything until she brought it back. When she returns I can feel myself breathing, "Ah! Now home is home again!"

I no longer have a youth's crude idea that home is a bower of roses where the canary cheerily sings solos to the merry goldfish and where the husband and wife two-step gally to the strains of an invisible harp except when they pause to take a light but satisfying lunch of kisses; but I do not like to come home and find my daughter Emily weeping and my wife looking severe, as I did the other evening.

Jane *is* a wonderful woman, and I am constantly amazed that she can sail through the innumerable complexities of modern wifehood and clubhood and politics-hood and many-interests-hood so bravely and calmly; but I have thought, sometimes, that she may not quite understand how to handle Emily as, for example, she handles our reduplicated serial cook. At times I have thought the friction was the clashing of two minds, neither of which understood the other, and this thought recurred to me when I found Emily weeping angrily and Jane stern but kind and Mrs. Biddle standing with a "Well, it's nothing to me, but I do wish you would settle it one way or the other" expression. Mrs. Biddle is the dressmaker.

"It is not the extra inch one way or the other, Emily," Jane was saying, "but you must admit there is a proper and an improper. There is style and there is bad taste. It is bad taste to wear the extreme in anything, whether it is decent or indecent. I shall not let Mrs. Biddle take another inch from your skirt!"

"I won't wear it! I won't!" Emily sobbed in a most spiteful manner.



"SHE WAS FIRM AND STOOD ON THE RULES OF THE LIBRARY AND WOULD NOT LET ME TAKE THE MAGAZINE HOME WITH ME"

I saw the affair had reached what I understand the French call an *impasse*. I felt it was time for me to intervene. Putting down the bundle I had carried home, I said,

"Now, my dear Emily——"

"Please, Henry," Jane said at once, "keep out of this. Emily and I will settle this ourselves. I ask you not to interfere."

"But, my dear," I said, "just let me——"

I do admire Jane. I am constantly amazed that she should be so efficient and that the mother of an eighteen-year-old daughter should remain so young. Often at night, when she is sleeping soundly after a hard day at the Political Reform Club or an equally hard day at a lawn tea or the Eighteenth Annual Picnic of the St. George Sunday-school, I raise myself on my elbow and look at her and wonder how she can confront the problems of the modern wife, mother, and woman and remain alive at all. There come times, however, when it seems necessary for a father to exert his authority. At moments I have feared that Emily thought she knew more than both her parents.

"'MY, MY! TH' SILK STOCKINGS THAT GIRL WEARS AND TH' WAY SHE LETS FOLKS KNOW IT!'"

IT MADE me fear Emily might be abnormal to a slight degree, and that she needed guidance by the strong rein of a male parent's superior—shall I say, logic? Women leap to unerring conclusions; but what if one leaps one way and one the other? Heartburnings and tears and distress!

"Henry," said my wife, "I have asked you not to interfere. You know nothing about skirts. Emily and I will settle this matter; I can not believe she is going to be unreasonable."

"Mother, I will *not* wear skirts that make me look like the year before the flood! That's all there is to it!"

I did not like to have Jane throw at me that I know nothing about skirts. I go to the city every day and I see what is worn. I see skirts that make me blush and turn my face aside. I have even cringed at the skirts Emily had been wearing; it seemed to me that, for one so careless in throwing her limbs about, skirts of greater length might be—shall I say, advisable? To take another inch off those skirts would, I felt sure, however much it might follow the style, be unsafe. I feared Jane's motherly heart, and that womanly submission to the styles—however absurd—that is inherent in the female.

"Emily," said Jane, "you do not, I am sure, wish to wear anything that is in bad taste. To be the first or the last to wear the extreme of a style is certainly not good taste. Skirts, I am sure, are going to be much longer——"

"That's nonsense, Mother!" Emily exclaimed. "Lumber and labor and all sorts of building-materials are just as high as they were last season. Bob told me so last night."

It was clearly time for me to interfere. When a girl is quarreling about short skirts and begins to weep about the high cost of building-materials she is evidently near hysterics.

"Emily," I said, "calm yourself."

Mrs. Biddle interrupted me as I was about to say more.

"I c'u'd take off half an inch, Mam," she said to Jane. "There's a vast bit of difference between half an inch and a whole inch."

"I won't wear it! I won't wear it! I won't wear it!" Emily cried. "You act as if I made the style, and you know it was not *my* fault. Mother picks on me and father picks on me and all I want is to look decent. How can I help it if the skirts show some stocking? You want me to look like a frump. If you didn't want skirts to be short why didn't you go and burn all Karl Marx's books long ago?"

"If you please," said Jane sternly, "we will leave Karl Marx out of this. I am not discussing why the style originated; I am trying to get you to be sensible about your own skirt, and Mrs. Biddle is waiting."

This, I saw, was the time for me to intervene. These two dear women of mine—for Emily, being eighteen, is a woman in the matter of clothes—had become entangled in some web of nonsense and could not extricate themselves.

"Just one minute, Jane, please!" I said. "We will soon settle this, and with few words and, I hope, no more tears. What has gone before does not matter—we sweep it aside as unsaid. Whatever nonsense may have been said about Karl Marx——"

"It was not nonsense," said Jane, to my utter surprize.

"Ah!" I said cheerfully, for I felt that a cheerful tone helps at such times. "Ah! Then you referred to some designer of gowns of whom I have not heard, and not to the famous German Socialist!"

"We referred to Karl Marx, the celebrated German Socialist," said Jane rather haughtily.

"I hope, Father," said Emily, "we know to whom we refer when we talk, even if we are only miserable females."

"But, my dear!" I exclaimed. "Karl Marx is dead and had been dead all these years. You might as well blame the length of the skirts to the Kaiser."

"Mother," said Emily, "father evidently does not know in the least what he is talking about. Any child, Father, that looks into economic conditions in the most casual way knows that but for the Kaiser we would never have had these brazen styles."

"The Kaiser and the Socialists," said Jane.

"And the perfectly frightful German army and navy taxes," said Emily. "Of course that forced short skirts on the world."

I was bewildered. I gasped mentally, trying to understand the slightest connection between short skirts and the things Jane and Emily had mentioned.

"They was discussin' it before you come, sir," said Mrs. Biddle, who evidently noticed my amazement. "It seems like this feller named Marx started th' Socialist party goin' good and strong in Germany, like, so Miss Emily says, and th' Kaiser was all th' time pilin' th' taxes onto th' people over there, sayin' he would fix up a whale of a navy and a whale of an army, to send out t' win th' world for th' Germans. So short skirts was th' result of it."

"And, of course, Father, every child knows that the Socialists were getting more and more powerful in Germany," said Emily, "and in a year or two more they would have taken over the Government entirely."

"EMILY means," said Jane, "that the German people were groaning under the taxes and the Kaiser simply had to have a war to try to make good all he had promised, or the Socialists would have come into power. So there was war. The War was the cause of short skirts. But I tell Emily the War is over."

I thought I saw light now.

"Yes, yes!" I exclaimed. "I see! The always popular Highlanders in their short kilts! They set the style!"

As soon as I had said it I saw I had made a mistake, for the glance Emily gave her mother seemed to say, "Poor Father! But what can you expect? He was born stupid." To me she said, quite as if trying to explain something in words of one syllable to a child,

"Father, you do know there was a war, don't you? You do know that America was in the War, don't you? You do know that we had to build ships and cantonments and stop eating wheat bread and set all the men to making war materials and munitions, don't you?"

"Why, yes, my dear!" I said meekly.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

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FAIR PLAY FOR THE TRAINED NURSE

When Doctors Disagree Who Shall Decide? Another Answer to Dr. Mayo's Much-discussed Article in October Pictorial Review

BY RICHARD OLDING BEARD, M.D.

University of Minnesota

THIS series of articles on the question of the scarcity of trained nurses has aroused a storm of widespread interest, both inside and out of the medical and nursing professions.

The series began in the September issue with "The White-Cap Famine," which was followed in October by an interview with Dr. Mayo entitled "Wanted—100,000 Girls for Sub-Nurses," and in December by "Sub-Nurses? Why Not Sub-Doctors?" This most interesting article by Prof. Beard concludes the series.

THE authorized interview with Dr. Charles H. Mayo, published under the heading "Wanted—100,000 Girls for Sub-Nurses" in PICTORIAL REVIEW for October, has awakened the widest interest, popular and professional, throughout the country. The damage there is danger of its doing to the cause of nursing education in America has grieved many who are deeply devoted to that cause, and has led to the urgent request that it be answered by the writer.

Conclusions that are built upon misinformation of the facts must necessarily fall. Judgments that are based upon such conclusions must be challenged. At the same time, a situation so serious as the present shortage of nurses in America must be squarely met, its causes carefully canvassed, and its remedy sought. The writer shares with Dr. Mayo in the interest and sincerity of the attempt to do this.

Dr. Mayo was asked by his interviewer these questions:

"What is the reason for the present shortage of nurses?"

"What the adjustment?"

His answers, in the first instance, take the form of allegations bearing upon the organization of nurses in America.

The Nursing Union

HE SAYS, "The nursing union has come to be the most autocratic closed shop in the country." . . . "I do not blame the nurses of the country for organizing." . . . "When the War was over they (the nurses) did what workers the world over were doing—they organized."

The writer is compelled to take issue squarely with Dr. Mayo upon this statement of facts. There is no nursing union, or anything approaching, in nature or function, to a nursing union in America. There is no closed shop anywhere, since the principle of the closed shop is dependent upon the fact of union membership; since it could not be applied in the home of the patient or in any other place excepting the hospital employing graduate nurses. Every hospital in the country is absolutely free to engage any graduate nurse it pleases to employ, without regard to her membership in any nursing organization.

There has been no organization of nurses of any kind effected since the War. The nursing associations in existence are three in number. None of them carries with it any suggestion of a union. Each of them was organized—and for considerable periods of time—before the War.

In 1893 the American Society of Superintendents of Training Schools for Nurses was initiated. It was reorganized as the National League of Nursing Education in 1912. Its present name suggests its function, the promotion of education in nursing. It has recently published an illuminating survey of the educational field, which will soon be matched by a report upon the same subject, as the result of thorough investigation, by the Rockefeller Foundation. We may well await instruction by the findings of both of these surveys. The National League will be hospitable to any recommendations they offer.

In 1898 the Associated Alumnæ of Training Schools for Nurses was organized, and in 1912 its name was changed to that of the American Nurses' Association.

It is organized upon the identical plan of the American Medical Association, of which Dr. Mayo is an honored ex-president; the State Association being tributary to it, and the district or county societies, in turn, tributary to the State body. Membership in the unit organization is voluntary, but it carries with it membership in the State and National Associations. The parent organization has similar functions to those of the American Medical Association and exercises over its members no control either of working hours or wages, regarding these questions as of purely local interest. No graduate nurse is required to belong to an association.

The National Organization for Public Health Nursing was established in 1912. It seeks the instruction of the public in the possibilities of this health service to the people. It regards the well-educated nurse as the prerequisite of success in the public-health field, and concerns itself with the promotion of education in university and collegiate institutions in the special field of nursing activity its name suggests. Its membership is not limited to nurses.

The Commercialization of Nursing

FINDING that with the high cost of living attendant and consequent upon the War, the wages of nurses, with the wages of all other workers (excepting educators), have been increased, Dr. Mayo charges up a commercialization of the profession to the traditional influence of a mythical nursing union. The arraignment covers nursing hours as well as nursing wages. He says, "Seven dollars a day for an eight-hour day is more than exorbitant—it is prohibitive. In cases of dangerous disease, where constant skilful care and watching are necessary to save the life of patients, three nurses must be employed at a daily cost of twenty-one dollars a day."

The statement would smack of the sensational, if plumbers and steam-fitters, carpenters and bricklayers had not been drawing equally high wages during the past three years. But if any one has ever heard of a nurse getting seven dollars for an eight-hour day it must be in the hospitals of the Mayo Clinic in Rochester. No information of such a time-wage scale is obtainable anywhere else.

Rates of pay for the services of the private nurse vary widely in the different centers of population and in different rural districts. That is the best evidence that they are not determined by a nursing union. They are sometimes set by a local nurses' association, but in that event there is no compulsion in the proposed rate upon the individual nurse. There is no mechanism for the enforcement of the stated charge. There is no penalty attaching to its non-observance. There is absolutely nothing to hinder a nurse from working at half price or for no wage whatever. It is not at all uncommon for nurses employed in families of moderate circumstances to charge the full rate common in their locality for one week and to omit the charge in the succeeding week. Probably as many nurses as doctors do their share of work without compensation.

In the large cities of Minnesota the stated rate is five dollars a day for ordinary nursing and six dollars a day in contagious cases. In New York and Chicago it is somewhat higher. In many places it is less.

But what actually constitutes the working day of the nurse? Dr. Mayo himself favors for the nurse in training eight or nine hours. In most hospitals, however, she works ten or twelve hours. Recent statistics show that an eight-hour day, and for student nurses only, exists in just about ten per cent. of our hospitals. For the graduate nurse in hospital employ the minimum work period is usually twelve hours. It is the prevailing custom in private nursing in the home to expect a relief of five hours in the twenty-four for rest and recreation. Continuous good work in nursing service can not be done with less relief than this; but rare indeed is the nurse who, in the emergency of serious illness in the family she serves, will not put in a straight shift of twenty-four or forty-eight hours in the care of her patient. In hospital practise this is altogether unnecessary, because the regular nursing shifts are or should be properly provided. For the twelve-hour hospital period of work the graduate nurse usually receives five dollars if her services are required by a single patient, a sum no greater than the ordinary farm laborer now receives for a similar time scale. It is not uncommon, however, to share the nurse between two or three patients, who are thus competently served and who divide the cost of her services between them. This method is more or less in vogue in the hospitals attached to the Mayo Clinic, and has the double advantage of compensating in a measure the shortage of nurses and lessening the patient's financial burden in illness. It goes to show that the question of nursing cost is largely a matter of adjustment.

The profession of nursing is not commercialized. The writer has known and has helped to educate a generation of women who have chosen this vocation and he knows that they are inspired, for the most part, by the love of service; that they share the immemorial instinct of womanhood to relieve suffering, to heal the sick, to bind up the broken in body or in spirit, to comfort those who mourn. Their service is social, and society has a right to look for a satisfactory adjustment between social need and nursing care—an adjustment that will come—is in process of coming day by day.

Surely it can not be said, if nursing were commercialized, that this fact would be responsible for a shortage of nurses. If women went into nursing for what they are alleged to get out of it, the ranks of the profession should be full.

Dr. Mayo finds in the existing standards of education for nurses a reason for their scarcity. This is really the first of his contentions that is susceptible of argument. But again there is the question of fact to be confronted.

Prohibitive Standards of Education

DR. MAYO says, "The educational standards for the *registration* of nurses have gone beyond all reason." . . . "The laws of most States demand high-school preparation and three years of training for the registered nurse."

Where does Dr. Mayo find historical support for these statements of alleged fact? There are laws regulating the practise of nursing in some forty-eight States and Territories of the Union. About the same number of States have laws—and very similar laws—regulating the practise of medicine.

Registration of nurses, under these State laws, is nowhere compulsory, saving in Missouri, where a recent law, not yet fully in force, forbids any one nursing the sick for hire without license. In seventeen States the trained, graduate, or registered nurse must hold a State certificate, but nothing debars any other type of nurse from practising for a fee. In the remaining States, under existing laws, registration is a purely permissive thing. It follows that educational requirements suggested by their laws are merely suggestive. It remains for the Schools of Nursing to establish their own standards in these States.

Only five of these forty-eight laws re-

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THE FACTS IN THE CASE

"THERE is no nursing union, or anything approaching, in nature or function, to a nursing union in America. There is no closed shop anywhere."

"If any one has ever heard of a nurse getting seven dollars for an eight-hour day it must be in the hospitals of the Mayo Clinic in Rochester."

"There is absolutely nothing to hinder a nurse from working at half price or for no wage whatever."

"Surely it can not be said, if nursing were commercialized, that this fact would be responsible for a shortage of nurses. If women went into nursing for what they are alleged to get out of it, the ranks of the profession should be full."

"There seems to be something wofully wrong with Dr. Mayo's social diagnosis. Does the so-called country girl of to-day fit the description? Is she any less ambitious, any more ignorant than her city sister? Does she demand a feebler education? Is she apt to be economically debarred from getting a good one?"

"You can not make nurses, with or without a high-school diploma, in a two- or a three-year course, registered or unregistered, graduates or 'subs,' by any act of legislature. It all depends upon whether the girls want to enter this particular vocation or not."

"The remedy does not lie in a depreciation of the quality of the educated nurse. It does not lie in a discriminating offer of an inferior type of nursing to those who will not pauperize themselves to get a better. It does not lie in the production of 'sub-nurses,' who will sooner or later resent the fact that they are 'subs,' and will be held in disesteem by those whom they attempt to serve. The present is not the period in social history for the evolution of 'subs' of any sort or for any calling. Efficiency plus is the key-note of modern life."

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MAKING OVER MOTHERS

A Topic of Timely Interest

By ELISABETH SEARS

ILLUSTRATION BY W. B. KING

HERE is an article on a subject that is coming closer to mothers and fathers every day. The author, herself a mother of grown children, knows just what she is talking about and knows how to tell it.

IT IS not always a pleasant process, this making over of mothers; but it may be made a highly enlightening one. As a rule, it is beneficial in a way, especially for the parents—and it seems to serve its purpose as well with the young, being something like the bones we give to puppies on which to sharpen their teeth.

The married woman who has no children is inclined to become stodgy and self-righteous and entirely too set in her opinions. That is because she has had no children to bring her up properly and has therefore never been subjected to the loving but severe discipline that such a making-over process produces. It makes a tremendous difference in the outlook of any woman—according to the discipline with which her growing children bring her up.

We have all become inured to the discipline of being brought up by our children, but we have not always been patient under the strain. Few women are. It always seems such a short time before when we had admonished them as to the proper use of the handkerchief and the advisability of saying "Thank you" at the proper time when they were invited forth to parties. We seldom become accustomed to the sensation they arouse in us when they suddenly turn the tables on us and give us the same admonitory suggestions.

I suppose every mother has passed through that bitter moment when she comes face to face with the conviction that her children are irretrievably engrossed in a world of their own judgments and opinions, immature and nebulous and unformed tho they may be. It is at this period when they regard their parents with a critically observant eye—always as parents and never as people—and in which they do not hesitate at all to freely air their criticisms. As for opinion—our children at this age are confirmed opinionists.

It is the period known among parents as that of making-over mothers; a dictatorial age when the youngsters feel it both a duty and a privilege to train their parents to conform to their younger measure of conduct, manners, and dressing. It comes as a bewildering conviction to us when, having been absorbed in bringing up our children to the age of sixteen or thereabout, they plunge suddenly and without warning into the attempt to make us over according to their ideas of a well-trained parent.

The Job Is Not an Easy One

SOMETIMES they have a sad time of it, poor dears, for much as we like to please our children and willing as we are to be obedient mothers, few of us are to be successfully made over at our age.

It seems to be an inevitable accompaniment of this period that children should deprecate their parents deeply. With their own paramount interest occupying the immediate foreground of their perspective, the occupations of any passing generation become merely a background existing only as a contributory cause toward their well-being. This is possibly the cause for the subtle change in the family relation about this time—a change that apparently puzzles the youngsters as much as their elders—and which tends toward a complete reversion of authority or, rather, a division of authority. The younger set bring forward, as it were, a newer and more rigid authority of their own, as against the established and more elastic authority of their parents.

It is apt to be a perplexing phase for a well-meaning parent—this thing of being suddenly classified as an active member of a passing generation by the immature decisions of an incoming one. Without warning, we find ourselves in the position of having our heretofore accepted authority set aside for that of a group entirely outside and generally unknown at all to the family circle. It may be that of a new bosom friend, or a sorority or fraternity leader, or even a favorite teacher or a football coach; and parents who have been allowed to have unquestioned sway up to this moment, now become a family habit which is to be endured with as much courtesy as the younger fry can command.

Unless we have prepared ourselves carefully and sanely for just this thing and anticipated it much as we do their second Summer or their double teeth or their graduation exercises, we who are mothers are apt to have our bitter moments at this time; altho the pathetic attempts of our children to make us over would be amusing if they were not so innocently and so flamboyantly antialtruistic.

The difficulty is that our children can not quite understand how any mother could ask for any more absorbing interest in life than that of being their parent. Indeed, they are very apt to resent any indication of any other interest. They are usually quite satisfied with the standard of their homes until they get well started—say in the first year of high school or college—when they begin to compare their parents with other parents. For the first time they see them as compared with other families in a new standard of dress and home equipment. As a rule this comparison is unfavorable to the individual mother only as regards dress or furnishings, for they see other mothers only at the most engaging display of gowns and company manners, while they view us, on the other hand, daily and without the pleasing camouflage of the best foot forward and all deficiencies concealed until the company is gone.

And while custom gives us a reasonable expectancy of obedience if not of absolute authority, our children resent with ill-suppressed feeling the assumption that the president of his class or the leader in her sorority should be expected to heed a mere fussiness of maternal advice. It is at this time that we might catch, did we choose to listen after any family dispute, snatches of conversation among our children in which the best we may expect will be something like this,

"Oh, well—you know mother. She is easy enough to manage if you would only go about it a little differently."

We are not only to be brought up at this age, it would seem, but we are to be managed as well.

I will grant that parentage must represent endless age to any child. We were so old to them when they first began to definitely fix us in their consciousness, that they refuse to admit that we could have had such youth as theirs. We represent to them, from the beginning, the adult community with its strict power of enforcing of authority. As far as they know, their parents, being apparently born adult, have never known such problems or such experiences as befall them. They assume that we must come full burgeoned into parentage and its accompanying old age, instead of having gained our wisdom along just such paths as they, too, must tread. They have known us in no other capacity than that of parenthood. And what could old people such as parents possibly know of the aspirations of youth—of its dreams—its ambitions—its romance?

Reasons for Their Belief

IT SEEMS to be an inherent belief with our children that, having performed our full duty to the world in general by producing and educating them, our life should be over and our entire duty to man safely accomplished. They find it wholly unreasonable to believe that any mother might wish to renew her interest in life once her children are actively past her ministrations. They are often proud of a mother who has achieved some degree of public credit or encomium, but it is usually a pride that is tempered with a private amazement that she should at all find it necessary to seek any other interest than that of her own home circle. They may find it tiresome and restricted for themselves, but it ought to suffice for mother.

It may be that our parents had the same experience with us, but as I look back upon the younger life of myself and those among whom I passed my earlier days, I can not recall that we were ever permitted any such freedom of views. Our parents, for one thing, did not take us as seriously as we take our children. They accepted us as they did other natural events of life, such as Spring showers and Summer fruits and Winter underwear, in a complacent mood and an abiding faith in their ability to handle any problem of child life, that might confront them—if, indeed, they admitted such a thing as a problem of child life. We capitulate rather too humbly to the dictates of our children in an honest endeavor to get back some of the value expended on the "child-culture" books we bought so religiously and studied so faithfully when our children were babies and we were so tremendously impressed with our importance as young mothers.

Our children are not so much occupied with our personal existence as they are with its relation to their happiness.

One of my friends has been the bread-winner and the home-maker for her family for years. Her daughters have had every advantage—and they have made the most of them. They appreciate their mother, but they do not approve of her. They regard her friends as "freaks" and her recreations as "queer." No one in their social set, in fact, has a mother who is so actively associated in an important business.

One of her daughters—who has a very smart establishment of her own—an adoring husband and a prize Pekingese—smiled up at her mother indulgently one evening after a dinner at home. They were discussing some phase of the latter's public activities—she had just completed a most momentous public-welfare movement.

Mothers Are a Problem, Aren't They?

"YOU haven't been much of a success as a real mother," she admitted, "but you certainly are a great success as a human being."

The younger daughter perceived the incredulous look of pained surprize with which her mother glanced up from the after-dinner coffee she was pouring.

"Oh, mother's all right," she conceded graciously; "one can scarcely hope that a woman may be a successful and highly respected business woman and an old-fashioned mother at the same time in these strenuous days. And you are an influence in the community, Mother. Elise and I were discussing you the other day and——"

Her mother's surprize deepened. "You discussed me?" she repeated.

"We often discuss you," returned her daughter calmly; "we decided that we would not mind at all if you were to marry again. In fact, we recommend it."

Elise smiled indulgently.

"Do you remember, Ruth," she recalled, "what absurd little things we were? That night, for instance, when we sat on the top stair and cried for hours because mother had gone to Cousin Loraine's wedding with the best man and we were so afraid that perhaps mother was going to be married, too?"

Ruth gave a clear gurgle of laughter at the memory.

"I met that man on the front steps a few afternoons later," she confessed, "and he was so evidently coming to call on mother that I told him she was out of town and would not be back for a long time. We were the most amazing little imps, weren't we?"

They found it amusing, but their mother did not smile at their chatter. She had always put aside her own interests out of her life for the interests of her children, but, nevertheless, she had wondered once or twice, in those old days, why her wedding escort had not availed himself of the permission to call, since he had sought it so earnestly.

But now that they no longer needed her, the daughters graciously permitted her to contemplate matrimony—long after she had passed the habit of matrimony. They were possibly not so much interested in her happiness as in the effect her business status might have upon them socially. They regarded matrimony as a possible solution for her.

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Is your skin pale and sallow?

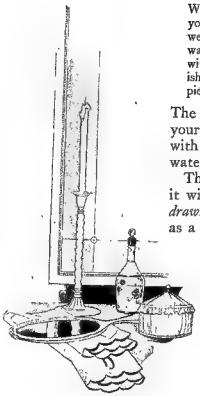
—How you can rouse it

SLEEP, fresh air, exercise—all these contribute to a healthy condition of your skin.

But your skin itself must have special care, if you wish it to show all the beauty and charm of which it is capable. Your skin is a separate organ of your body. Neglect of its special needs may result in an unattractive complexion, even though your general health is good.

If your skin is pale and sallow, it needs a more stimulating treatment than you are giving it. Begin now to use the following treatment, and see what a difference it will make in your complexion:

ONCE or twice a week, just before retiring, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.



The other nights of the week cleanse your skin thoroughly in the usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold.

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly *drawn, tight* feeling. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it means that your skin is responding *in the right way* to a more stimulating form of cleansing.

After a few treatments this drawn sensation will disappear, and your skin will gain noticeably in freshness and color.

Special treatments for each different skin need are given in the famous booklet of treatments wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin *your* treatment tonight.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 302 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 302 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English agents: *H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.*

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MAKE THE BIG SUPPER PAY

Menus and Recipes for Serving Fifty Guests That Give a Good Basis for Careful Planning and Buying

By FRANCES LOWE SMITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JESSIE GILLESPIE

BUT can it be done? you say. Yes, with careful planning, economical buying, skillful preparation, and attention to details, even in a time of high prices, given the patrons, the big supper may be made to pay.

Let us suppose that the Grange or the Ladies' Guild of the church has decided to give a supper to raise money. The time is set, and a committee chosen to take charge, with a chairman to have oversight of the whole. The chairman's work is most important, else there will be wasted time and strength, overlapping duties, and forgotten details. "What is every one's business is no one's business." Every detail of the work should be planned and assigned beforehand; then when the time arrives for action each worker can go about her own duties, everything moving as smoothly and efficiently as a well-oiled machine.

One of the first duties of the committee is to decide upon the price per plate. The price must be adapted to the circumstances of the prospective patrons, and the menu must be adapted to the price. A supper given in a wealthy city church would permit of a higher-priced supper than one in a struggling little country church. If it is not imperative to keep within certain limits, the menu may be planned and the price fixed accordingly.

As to price, give good value for the money. A fair price is approximately double the total cost per plate, including fuel and labor. The cost of the latter is usually reduced by voluntary assistance. In some communities it is customary to donate all or a portion of the food, but in this article it is assumed that the supper will be on a strictly business basis.

In planning the menu there are, aside from the cost, several points to be kept in mind; the season, the patrons, the work entailed, the facilities for cooking and serving, suitable combinations, and the nutritive and esthetic qualities of the food are all essential to a suitable and successful menu.

The season and market dictate the menu to some extent; hearty foods in Fall and Winter, dainty and appetizing dishes in Spring and Summer—foods that are in season and thus reasonable in price. The Grange and the country church, too, should take prices into consideration, tho, instead of from market, poultry comes from the barnyard, vegetables from the garden, and dairy products from the cellar or dairy-house. Do not serve chicken when poultry and eggs are bringing high prices; wait until there is a drop.

Again, the kind of menu depends largely upon the kitchen and equipment available. Sometimes it is necessary for much of the preparation to be done in the home kitchen. In such cases the meal must be a simple one, altho it may still be nourishing and appetizing. In fact, it is always advisable to have a simple meal, daintily and promptly served, rather than to have many dishes carelessly and tardily served.

Please Both the Eye and Palate

CARE should be taken that the menu is attractive; that colors and flavors are pleasing and harmonious to the eye and palate. For instance, do not serve two creamed dishes, nor pickled beets and tomatoes, nor two rather flavorless and colorless vegetables, such as scalloped potatoes and canned corn, at the same time. Beets and tomatoes, and other highly colored or flavored foods, should be served with those that are neutral or delicate in character. Two creamed dishes, or those served with any kind of sauce, make the plate "messy" and unattractive; and two colorless dishes react on the appetite in the same way that a dull and depressing day affects the mind. Both need something to give color and zest. Then, too, in cold weather have chiefly hot dishes, and in hot weather those that are cool and refreshing.

There must also be taken into consideration the class of people for whom the supper is to be served—whether city people whose indoor life and sedentary habits beget dainty appetites, or farmers and sturdy lads and lasses who bring to a meal equally sturdy appetites. In order that the supper shall pay it is necessary to plan very closely in every detail; but on the whole it is unwise to be niggardly in serving. Serve generously, but not wastefully. The city woman knows what the average city man requires, and the farmer's wife—bless her!—knows what her husky husband and son need to satisfy their appetites. Make the price cover a fair profit as well as expenses, without serving so meagerly that the guests will feel as did one man at a supper in a fashionable city church, who remarked when the supper was over, "Well, that will do for an appetizer; let's go over to the hotel and have dinner." Better a hearty, "Love, but that was a good supper; hope they'll have another!"

The menu planned, next comes the marketing. This should be done, so far as possible, by one or two persons. Do not order by phone without seeing products, nor necessarily of the first dealer approached. Get prices from several reliable firms and compare results. The lowest prices are not always cheapest when quality is considered. Buy of wholesale rather than retail dealers, altho sometimes the latter will make special prices for a cause in which they are interested. Buy foods of good quality, but not fancy cuts, nor out-of-season foods, such as strawberries in April, tomatoes in January, or asparagus in March. Neither is it wise to choose such expensive meats as lamb-chops or broilers. Veaning chickens for roasting and fowl for salad and creamed or fricasseed dishes are always satisfactory; chicken, beef, or veal pies are excellent for hearty meat dishes; veal or beef loaf or pressed chicken are also good—expensive cuts of the meat are not needed.

With a car or two at the disposal of the committee, it is often possible to get produce direct from farmers and market gardeners, and thus save considerable in price. In order to buy meats, fruits, and vegetables in large quantities, and thus get a bigger reduction or regular wholesale rates, members of the committee can sometimes buy for their own use from the supper supplies, thereby "killing two birds with one stone," as the old saying goes. Parcel-post marketing is also practicable and satisfactory if the committee can get in touch with some reliable farmer in the first place.

There are two or three ways of serving a big supper, but generally that is determined by the arrangements of the kitchen and dining-room and the class of patrons expected. Grangers like to sit down to a well-filled table; guests accustomed to course-dinners prefer the course method of serving. The usual arrangement is to seat the guests at tables, with waiters to serve them. The food is put on the tables in large dishes immediately before or after being seated, and passed at table, or served from the kitchen on individual plates. The former is easier and saves time; the latter is more economical, and in case the price requires that only a definite amount be served to each, is almost necessary. This method is preferable under city conditions rather than for Granges or other country organizations. There is, however, the cafeteria style of serving, which, if practicable, covers all requirements of appetite and simplifies service, besides making it possible to serve very economically.

Auction Off What Is Left

FOOD that is in good condition may often be sold after supper, thereby increasing the proceeds.

The menus that follow are merely suggestive. Conditions of time, place, season, and custom vary so greatly that it is impossible to give menus suited to all, but they can easily be varied to meet the needs of individual organizations.

The recipes given have been thoroughly tested. The quantities are sufficient for fifty moderate servings. The recipes may be easily increased or decreased as required.

Bread and butter and coffee are served with each of the following menus.

MENU. No. I

COLD MEAT LOAF AND ITALIAN POTATOES
OR HOT MEAT LOAF AND POTATO SALAD
BUTTERED STRING-BEANS
PICKLED BEETS OR CUCUMBERS
FRUIT JELLY WITH WHIPPED CREAM
SPONGE-DROPS

Meat Loaf

5 Pounds Beef or Veal
5 Pounds Fresh Lean Pork
1 Cupful Minced Onion
2 Quarts Strained Tomato
8 Well-beaten Eggs
2 Quarts Stale Crums
3 Tablespoonfuls Salt
1 Teaspoonful Pepper

THERE should be ten pounds of meat without bones or waste; put meat through chopper or have it ground at market. The bread should be stale, but not too hard to crumble. Add tomato gradually, after mixing the other ingredients; the mixture should be just moist enough to pack well. Bake in brick-shaped pans from two to three hours in a slow oven. Serve with or without brown gravy.

Italian Potatoes

10 Quarts Diced Potatoes
3 to 4 Cupfuls Green Pepper
1½ Pound Cheese
5 Quarts Milk
1¼ Teaspoonful Pepper
2½ Cupfuls Flour
2½ Cupfuls Fat
1¾ Tablespoonful Salt

HEAT milk in double boiler. Melt butter or salt-pork drippings, add flour, and when smooth stir into hot milk, beating briskly with spoon or egg-beater to make smooth. Cook thirty minutes over hot water, add salt, pepper, and chopped cheese. Wash peppers, remove seeds, and chop or cut in small pieces. Turn potato into baking-dishes, sprinkle with chopped pepper, add sauce, and cover with a sprinkling of buttered crums. Bake in a quick oven until the crums are a golden brown.

Fruit Jelly

¾ Cupful Gelatin
3 Cupfuls Cold Water
3 Cupfuls Lemon-juice
6 Cupfuls Sugar
3¾ Quarts Boiling Water
Fruit

TO prepare the jelly, soak the gelatin twenty minutes in the cold water, add the boiling water, stir until dissolved, add sugar and lemon-juice, and strain through cheese-cloth wrung out of hot water. Cover the bottom of large oblong agate pans with jelly. When it begins to stiffen put in a thick layer of fruit, pouring over it the remaining jelly just as it begins to thicken. Sliced bananas or fresh peaches, sections of orange freed from skin and membrane, canned peaches and pineapple drained and cut in pieces, candied or thoroughly drained canned cherries, nuts, stoned dates, are all good. One quart of heavy cream, diluted with half a cupful or more of milk, will be sufficient for fifty servings.

Cream Sponge-drops

2 Cupfuls Sugar
2 Eggs
2 Cupful Thick Sour Cream
½ Cupful Sour Milk
¾ Teaspoonful Soda
1 Teaspoonful Baking-powder
4 Cupfuls Flour or More
¾ Teaspoonful Salt

BEAT eggs, add sugar, and mix well, add cream, milk, and flour, which has been sifted with the other dry ingredients. Drop by spoonfuls an inch or more apart on well-greased pans. Bake in a moderate oven. The amount of flour varies slightly, but the batter should be thin enough to spread out in baking. The sponge-drops should be thin, but light and spongy when done. This quantity will make at least fifty large ones.

MENU No. II

CHICKEN PIE MASHED POTATO
STEAMED SQUASH OR BUTTERED CAULIFLOWER
MOLDED CRANBERRIES
ICE-CREAM CAKE

FOR chicken and meat pies cut the crust in rounds with a biscuit-cutter, as they are much more easily and attractively served. The size of the biscuit should be uniform. Have plenty of extra gravy to pass at table.

A potato-ricer is invaluable in mashing potato in quantity, as it is never lumpy. Season with salt and butter, add hot milk to moisten, and beat until creamy. The potatoes must be freshly cooked, but the pies may be made beforehand and reheated.

Steamed squash, mashed and seasoned with salt, butter, and a little sugar if the squash is not naturally sweet, is a good vegetable to serve with this menu, but is rather bulky to cook, and must not be mashed until the last moment. Cauliflower is easier to serve on that account.

Serve plain cakes, such as sponge or a simple dark cake, with or without icing. Do not serve other than white icing unless it harmonizes with the flavor of the cream.

Chicken Pie

CUT up and wash thoroughly thirty pounds of dressed fowl. Cover with boiling water, and cook slowly until tender, adding salt when half done. Remove chicken, skim off fat, and thicken four quarts of the stock with one and one-half cupful of flour mixed until smooth with cold water. Remove meat from backbone, separate breast into four pieces, arrange meat in baking-dishes, taking care to apportion the correct number of drum-sticks, wings, and so on, to each dish. Add gravy to come almost to the top, cover with rounds of crust. Bake thirty minutes, or until done, in a hot oven.

Molded Cranberries

PICK over six quarts of cranberries, wash in cold water, add three quarts of sugar, and one and one-half quart of cold water. Heat slowly without stirring. Boil until the skins are tender and the juice jellies. Turn into molds which have been dipped in cold water, and let stand until cold. If preferred this may be served as a sauce in individual dishes, by lessening the time of cooking to prevent the juice from jellying.

MENU No. III

BOILED OR BAKED HAM, HOT OR COLD
CREAMED POTATO OR MACARONI
VEGETABLE SALAD ROLLS
STRAWBERRY OR PEACH SHORTCAKE

THIS is a good menu for Spring or Summer, when the ham is particularly nice cold. It is also much easier to carve the ham without waste when it is cold. Sixteen to eighteen pounds of unboned ham will give fifty good servings if carefully carved. Any combination of vegetables that are available at reasonable prices may be used. String-beans or peas, cucumbers, tomatoes, and lettuce with a good dressing are always satisfactory. A separate vegetable may be served if thought necessary.

For the shortcake use a rich baking-powder biscuit crust, cut in rounds, and fresh strawberries or fresh or canned peaches. Cut fruit in rather small pieces, add sugar to make quite sweet, and let stand where it will warm slightly before using. Split and butter biscuit (the butter is sometimes omitted); put fruit between layers and on top. Cream is usually served with shortcake, but by having plenty of the rich juice it may be omitted.

MENU No. IV

CHICKEN SALAD BUTTERED NEW POTATOES
HOT ROLLS, BAKING-POWDER BISCUIT, OR NUT BROWN BREAD
COTTAGE CHEESE
PIE OR POMPADOUR RICE

THIS is a good hot-weather menu. If a little heartier meal is desired, serve a cream soup with crackers for first course.

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The real naptha odor means sweet clean clothes

Clothes with the sweetness that tells they are clean through and through—*really clean*! The real naptha in Fels-Naptha goes through every thread, makes the dirt let go, then vanishes, carrying all odors with it.

Because of the great help of the real naptha, less rubbing is needed with Fels-Naptha than with any other soap. After the little rubbing, douse the clothes, and the Fels-Naptha soapy water flushes all the dirt away.. Then what a delightful clean-clothes smell!

The combination of splendid soap and *real* naptha gives Fels-Naptha a double cleaning-value—the cleaning-value of soap and the cleaning-value of *real* naptha.

The only way you can get this benefit in soap is to be sure you get *Fels-Naptha*—the original and genuine naptha soap—of your grocer. The clean naptha odor and the red-and-green wrapper are your guides.

FREE If you haven't seen or used Fels-Naptha lately send for free sample Write Fels-Naptha, Philadelphia.

For laces and all fine things

Let good soap and real naptha—the excellent, safe cleaner that dry cleaners use—clean your silken and filmy garments. The only way you can get this combination is by using Fels-Naptha. It loosens the dirt so gently that it makes the clothes last longer. It washes fine white fabrics snowy white. It quickly restores the bright fresh look to all your lovely clothes.

Useful all over the house!

Fels-Naptha not only washes anything washable, but safely cleans anything soap-and-water will clean. It washes dishes and cut-glass free from greasy streaks, and leaves them sweet and glistening. It takes spots out of rugs, carpets, cloth, draperies. Quickly brightens linoleum and painted woodwork. Cleans enamel of bathtub, washstand, sink, refrigerator. Makes everything sweet and sanitary.

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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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COMMON-SENSE HOUSE DESIGNS

BY N. MONTGOMERY WOODS

The Development of the Box House

Some Suggestions for Improving Our Home-Made Architecture

A SIMPLE TREATMENT OF THE BOX TYPE OF DWELLING, DRAWN TO EXCESSIVE HEIGHT TO MEET A POPULAR DEMAND

THOSE who have followed this page through the past few years may wonder, at first glance, just why we are apparently going backward and illustrating a house of this kind. And those who have no use for the square type of dwelling here shown may be inclined to say, "That man has surely gone wrong this time."

But a few rides around the suburbs of almost any city or town will convince any one inclined to investigate that those who feel any dislike for the box house are decidedly in the minority, as there is no one style which is seen duplicated to such an extent. And while the particular examples to be seen are usually miserably poor ones, the very fact that builders continue to erect them in large numbers seems to be an excellent reason for going into the subject in order to see if something can not be done to improve the character of these dwellings which we see in such numbers everywhere.

The purpose of this article is, therefore, to show that while there are some difficult features to handle in the list of requirements usually given for this sort of house, such as the extremely plain outlines, high ceilings, first floor raised above the ground, finished attic, and the porch across the front of the building—the trouble lies not so much in these restrictions as in the fact that the particular examples we are accustomed to see are not really designed at all, but are just put together with no other pattern than the memory of what some one else has built, when the chances are that the creation which is being copied was itself entirely unworthy of being used as a guide.

In other words, the difficulty is not to be found in the fact that the house is a box, but is due entirely to the miserable manner in which the various details are executed.

A considerable discussion has already been given in these pages in regard to the tendency of so many people to attempt to plan their own houses, but it has been difficult to hit upon any definite way of emphasizing the folly of such a practise.

LARGE numbers of the race seem to believe themselves to be natural-born architects, but that their talents have simply not been as highly developed as those of the professionals; and their self-confidence as to their natural qualifications leads thousands to "go it alone" and to build houses in enormous quantities without anything which could really be called a design. This forms the main trouble with our residence districts.

And as these amateurs must naturally proceed along simple lines, this accounts for the overabundance of houses of the box type. The general impression that they are inexpensive to build forms another attraction, and so the country is flooded with such creations.

Unfortunately, however, every one does not know that they are unattractive, and indeed the cases are numerous where the builders can point with pride, from a financial standpoint, and say, "I built ten of these last year at a profit of a thousand dollars apiece."

The demand for homes has been so great that there has been no time to stop to study architecture; so when a builder appears who announces that he is ready to duplicate a certain monstrosity for five thousand dollars complete and have it ready for occupancy by a definite date, his proposition is wonderfully appealing to the man who is about to be forced out of his present quarters by gradually increasing rentals, however detrimental to the community at large the continued erection of such houses may be.

This reference to the remarkable popularity of things which are not good recalls the remark of a real estate friend of mine who was discussing with me a book of house-plans which a firm of publishers was contemplating. He said to me, "That is fine, but I would publish some good ones and some bad ones—you know there are some people who still buy red-plush furniture."

But it may be that there is nothing particularly wrong with red plush, but that the trouble is rather with the manner in which it is used, the design of the furniture, the particular shade of red, and above all the surroundings in which it is placed. For instance, one manufacturer may use a rather sick-looking red upholstery on a davenport of "golden oak," and the purchaser (unfortunately there will be purchasers) will take this newly acquired elephant and place it in a room where its companion pieces are equally "off," and perhaps with unfinished white plaster walls, and the whole aspect is such as to cause any person of good taste to shrink from entering the room. And my real estate friend might be inclined to attribute the whole cause of the failure to a perfectly innocent piece of red plush.

Whereas, for example, if the whole scheme is worked out in harmonious coloring and design, such as a dull-gray, full-height wainscot of vertical boards, and perhaps a ceiling beamed with hewn timbers of the same finish, a mantel in somber tones to match—then some furniture pieces in a deep, rich red (even if it is plush) might be exceedingly effective.

This may illustrate that an old-fashioned idea, which as we are accustomed to see it worked out is a miserable failure, may, by a general restudy, become a very acceptable scheme, the good points being retained and the bad ones either eliminated altogether or vastly improved.

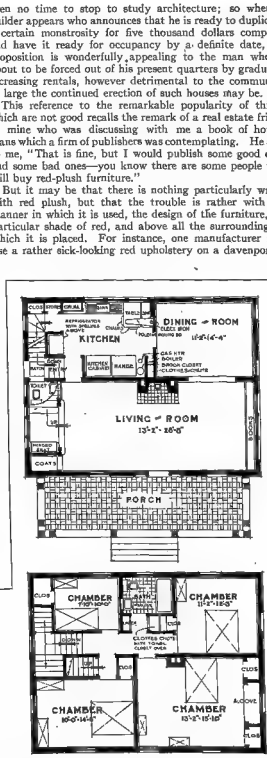
IN REFERRING to the lingering demand for houses of the box type I have heard a number of architects discuss this remarkable tenacity with which people will cling to an idea, a house they saw in Kalamazoo, or perhaps in the New York suburbs (they are as bad there as anywhere), which was arranged so and so, and then follows a description of the box. These architects have related to me how they have shown these prospective home-builders all sorts of new, artistic, and well-studied schemes for solving their problems, and at the end of the architect's oration the "audience" comes back with, "Yes, that is very nice, but what I want is about like this."

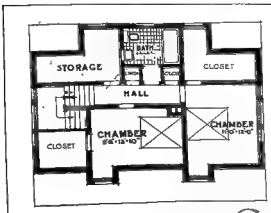
It has seemed, therefore, that a little attention to the box might be in order, and this page is offered with the hope of elevating this branch of "carpenter architecture."

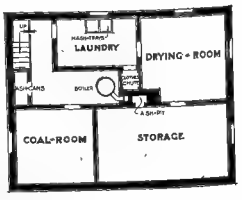
In doing so I am obliged to begin with the unfortunate list of adverse conditions mentioned previously, and I know I will have the sympathy of architects in this effort. I am prepared, however, to learn that the self-satisfied layman to whom these little differences in detail mean nothing, and who has already "met" these conditions and, without "wasting" any of his resources in consulting an architect, has taken on fresh courage and concluded that he is not so bad after all.

At any rate there are many advantages in this type of house—its compactness, the simplicity of its framing; and there is no reason why the conveniences of arrangement should not be ideal.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We will be glad to answer, free of charge, any questions regarding the plans shown on this page. Address the House-plan Editor, Pictorial Review, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.







THE FIRST-FLOOR PLAN IS SHOWN ABOVE, AND BENEATH ARE THE ATTIC-FLOOR, SECOND-FLOOR, AND BASEMENT PLANS IN THE ORDER NAMED

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With Pond's Vanishing Cream as a base, the powder will stay on many times longer

Every normal skin needs two creams

One to protect it from wind and dust
Another to cleanse it thoroughly at night

Complexion flaws that require a daytime cream without oil

Chap, windburn, roughness. You can protect your skin from the devastating effects of the weather if before going out you apply regularly a softening, protective cream.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is specially made without oil for daytime use, so that it can never reappear in a shine. Rub it lightly over your face whenever you are going out of doors. It disappears at once. It counteracts the drying effect of wind and cold, keeping the skin free from chap or roughness.

Shiny skin. The reason most women are troubled with shiny skin is that, though they are continually powdering, they do not powder properly. Each time before you powder, apply a little Pond's Vanishing Cream, the disappearing cream without oil. This acts as a base for the powder, giving the skin a soft, velvety surface to which the powder adheres smoothly and evenly. You will be amazed to see how long you can go without having your nose or forehead become shiny.

Dull, tired skin. Whenever you feel the need of freshening your skin instantly, you will find that rubbing the face lightly with Pond's Vanishing Cream brings renewed vigor and fresh color. The tired, tense muscles respond at once to the relaxing effect of this soothing cream.

Before retiring rub a little Pond's Cold Cream into the face

Complexion flaws that need a night cream made with oil

Blackheads. When dust and dirt have bored deep into the skin and have been allowed to remain, blackheads form. These can only be reached by a cleansing so thorough that it gets way under the surface of the skin.

At night wash your face with hot water and pure soap. Then rub Pond's Cold Cream well into the skin. This rich oil cream works its way into the pores, gathering up every particle of dirt. Do not omit this nightly cleansing. Though you may think your skin is clean, the dirt that comes off when you wipe off the cream will show you how necessary this more thorough cleansing is.

Wrinkles. Once wrinkles have fastened themselves on the skin, it is almost impossible to erase them. But you can forestall them, if you start while they are still only a suggestion of fine lines.

Rub Pond's Cold Cream into the skin, paying particular attention to those places where wrinkles start first—around the eyes and mouth; under the chin, at the base of the nose. This delicate cream contains the oil needed to lubricate the skin and keep it elastic. It is when the skin loses its elasticity that wrinkles start to form. If you use Pond's Cold Cream regularly, rubbing the face gently but persistently, you will do much to prevent little lines from getting a chance at your skin.

POND'S *Vanishing Cream*

POND'S *Cold Cream*

Begin today the regular use of these two creams

Used regularly, these two creams make steadily for a lovelier skin. They are so delicate that they will not clog the pores or irritate the most sensitive skin. Neither cream will encourage the growth of hair. At all drug and department stores, in convenient sizes of both jars and tubes. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

Generous Tubes—Mail Coupon today

The Pond's Extract Co.,
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Ten cents (10¢) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

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WHY EVERY CHILD SHOULD HAVE BEAUTIFUL HAIR

How Every Mother May Insure It

THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon the care you give it, or that you teach the child to give it—early in life.

There is a great advantage in starting children out in the right way by teaching them, at the earliest possible moment, how to preserve and care for the hair. Not only is *a good growth of hair* started early, but *good habits of hair hygiene* are also established.

Nature intended every child should have beautiful hair. Has yours? If not, read how you can insure to your child its rightful heritage.

In later life your child will thank you, if you teach it now, habits that will preserve the beautiful hair of childhood.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes their hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth, and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

You will be surprised to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look by the frequent and systematic use of Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

Just Follow this Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean, it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then, give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified Shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

Although this method was outlined primarily with the child's needs in mind, practically the same course of treatment will yield equally satisfactory results to adults.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle lasts for months.

Makes your hair look its very best

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

SONS AND BROTHERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

And you'd never guess what, Ma'am." He held up the book. "Po'try!"

My mother nodded.

"I dare say you think that's foolishness—in a grown man," he went on.

"Oh, no."

"No?" he repeated, after waiting for her to go on. "Then I reckon you must be partial to po'try, yourself. Most folks never let 'emselves get the hang of it."

Again she was silent. I looked at her anxiously. It seemed to me that Peckham was making a friendly effort at conversation and that she was shirking her end of it. When, at last, she did speak her voice was so tense that I looked at her more anxiously than ever.

"I like to think of heaven, Mr. Peckham, as a place where there's no eating—and lots of books." She frowned. "When I was goin' to school, I read lots. But since—since I been married—which was at seventeen—reading has been always one of the things I can't never quite get to. It seems as if—" She caught herself up, perhaps realizing the tone of rebellion she had thrown into her statements. She gave an apologetic laugh. "I guess I understand about your po'try, Mr. Peckham."

PRESENTLY I heard Peckham saying, "I didn't go only to grammar-school. My father needed me to work on the farm. I guess, up till I was thirty, I'd never read a book all through. Then one day, after I'd left Vermont, when I was in Montana on a sheep ranch, an Eastern college feller camped with me a couple of days. He had this here book with him. And one morning, when he'd gone off, I took a peep into it. I wanted to see what nonsense it was that kep' him readin' so. Along noontime he come back and caught me still at it. I'd clean forgot the sheep. And when he left, he give me the book." Peckham, who had settled back again, began turning the thin tissue pages with loving care. "I'm at it still."

Again a friendly little silence fell between them.

I was about to resume my geography reading, when Peckham said,

"There's some here you'd like."

She was looking at him, waiting for him to go on. He straightened his spectacles.

"One or two—I know you would," he urged.

He turned over a few pages, and, holding the book open, glanced up and caught her eye. And still—the idea was so new—she never guessed that he was all eagerness to read his treasures aloud to her.

"There's one here—about—" He hesitated.

And then I heard her cry, "Read it. Please—please, Mr. Peckham—read it to me."

Peckham read—read steadily on. An hour went by—two. And I, drinking it all in as eagerly as my mother, had asked myself over and over why I had always scorned poetry—untried.

At six o'clock we heard the stamp of boots outside. With a frightened cry my mother rose. Ages before, I had lit a lamp—that the reading might continue. Now it was black night, and the supper—just like Peckham's sheep—had been quite forgotten.

AS MY father entered and took in, at a glance, the bare table, and stopped short, frowning, I shrank down in my chair. I tried to hide behind my big geography. I knew that I was guilty too; I should have warned them. Oddly enough, Peckham offered not a single apology.

He merely said, "I was readin' to your missis—and your boy, there—po'try. It kinder lifted us up away from the notion of time." He rose, stretched, and began to roll himself another cigaret.

My father remained standing by the door, so that Tom, coming in behind him, had to crowd past. "You was readin' po'try?" my father demanded. He had an annoying habit of repeating a statement, in this way, as tho doubting it. "Po'try? Out loud? Keepin' her from gettin' my supper?"

"Yep," Peckham cheerfully agreed.

"But how 'bout us? How 'bout Tom and me?" my father bellowed.

"I should have helped with the chores," Peckham admitted. "But I clean fergot 'em. I'll do double stint to-morrer." He struck a match and lit his cigaret.

I knew, as Peckham must have known, that this would never satisfy my father. I had never seen that somber countenance look blacker. And when he began to walk steadily forward into the room, I thought at first that he was headed straight for Peckham. Perhaps that had been his original intention, but suddenly he altered his course, and it became evident to all of us that he was making for the kitchen—and my mother. Peckham shifted his position, too, almost imperceptibly. And the two men were facing each other.

"Damn the chores—and you!" My father's voice was almost hysterical.

He was not, as a rule, a swearing man. That was why his oath now—mild enough in itself—was so positively shocking.

He started to move on; but Peckham, without changing his mild, questioning expression, reached out his hand and gripped my father's arm.

"What's that you said about the chores?"

My father twisted his head. He held his whole body stiffly, as tho it had suddenly become brittle in Peckham's grasp. Probably not in forty years had any one laid a hand of authority on him.

Peckham let go. My father turned all the way round and glowered at him.

"I didn't know," Peckham began innocently, "if I could of heard you rightly—or if you rightly got me."

His only acknowledgment of my father's angry scowl was a direct, wide-eyed return gaze, as serene as a Summer morning.

"I said I'd do double stint on chores to-morrer," he went on. "If you'd as lief I didn't, why, that's all right too. There wa'n't no chores at all in the bargain we made together. I was just aimin' to be friendly—and all round square—and obligin'."

As they stood there facing each other, my mother slipped in and began to set the table.

"I said your nonsense had kep' Tom and me from our rightly earned supper," my father growled. Somehow, from the way he said it, I realized, all at once, that he was afraid of his hired man.

Peckham opened the stove door and threw in what remained of his cigaret. Then he backed up against the wall and leaned there with his hands in his pockets. I saw that he had an eye on my mother's hurried, silent movements at the table.

"I don't know," he debated, "as I can make myself grieve so awful bad about that. I kinder believe in nonsense. The critters up in the barn don't hev nothin' in life to look forward to but just their victuals. That ain't their fault. And, even so, they're almighty patient waitin' for 'em. Seems to me human critters ought to be patient likewise."

At this my father's anger—albeit an impotent sort of anger—began to gather afresh. But Peckham only smiled, and motioned to the table, where my mother had just put down a huge platter of bacon and fried eggs.

I DID not chance to find my mother and Peckham alone again until Christmas morning.

Coming down from the barn at about ten o'clock, I passed my father going the other way. He went by me without a look or a word.

When I entered the house I saw my mother sitting white and motionless at the table. One arm was thrown over the back of her chair; the other lay across her lap. As I stepped in and paused and gently closed the door, her eyes never moved. I had never seen her like that—had never seen her sitting idle even—and I was frightened.

The consciousness that I was in the room must have come to her abruptly; she gave a sudden start and reached out her hand mechanically for her basket.

I had got over my scare by then, but I was still uneasy. I murmured a vague nothing about having come for my toboggan, which I kept in the wood-shed, and hurried out to the kitchen. I am not sure whether I was responding to a half-conscious feeling that my mother wished to be alone, or whether I was just selfishly abandoning her in her time of trouble.

No sooner was I in the kitchen than I heard the outside door open and softly close. And having made my escape, curiosity prompted me to pause at least sufficiently long to see who this might be.

For a time no words were spoken. Then I heard Hubbard Peckham's voice.

"My God, Ma'am—what's he done to you now?"

Quite brazenly I applied my eye to the crack of the kitchen door. My mother had risen. They stood across the narrow table from each other, both with their hands on it, looking into each other's eyes.

"He threw your present in the stove," my mother said, in a cold, bitter voice.

Peckham drew back a little. "The book?"

She nodded.

He backed off, started to go to the stove, then returned to the table.

"'Tain't the value of it," he said gently. "Only that book was mighty precious to me—that especial one. I guess most of what's good in me come straight outer that book. It was sort of a precious notion thinkin' you was goin' to have it."

"I've stood a lot," my mother exclaimed, with a note of rebellion I had never thought her capable of. "I've stood his meanness—and I've slaved for him. And I was goin' to stand his drivin' you off—because it seemed like it had to be. But when he grabbed that book—and laughed—and threw it in the stove, I knew I'd come near the end."

Peckham was watching her with a sort of pitying reverence.

"He stood there and blocked me," she cried. "And I fought him—to get the book out. He held me off with one hand. And by 'n' by he opened the door himself and looked in and said, 'Now you kin have the book, Martha!' I could see the leaves all black and shriveled up. All I ever owed him, as a wife, just—just seemed to do

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

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By faulty eating we may be daily clogging our systems with poisonous waste matter and wearing out our body tissues without building them up again.

Medicine cannot do this for you—

Your strength and vigor depend on what you eat

OUR strength, vigor, health—and even the span of life itself—depend upon what we eat! This is one of the most startling discoveries of modern science.

Medicine cannot improve and strengthen the entire digestive process, build up the body tissues, and keep the body clean of poisonous waste matter. Only certain factors in fresh food can do this. Yet many of our meals lack these elements.

Today men and women are getting from Fleischmann's Yeast exactly these essential food factors. For yeast is the richest known source of the necessary water-soluble vitamin. Fleischmann's Yeast contains elements which build up the body tissues, keep the body more resistant to disease. Also, because of its freshness, it helps the intestines in eliminating poisonous waste matter. Fresh compressed yeast is recommended in American medical literature.

Why the body needs fresh yeast

IT is well known that many of the things we eat have lost their valuable food properties through refining and other such commercial preparation. Fresh yeast has not been subjected to any such process—fresh yeast gives you the health essential food factors in all the potency of their fresh form. This is what your body tissues crave.

What laxatives can never do

DOCTORS are agreed that laxatives never remove the cause of trouble. Indeed one physician says that the indiscriminate use of cathartics is probably one of the chief causes of constipation. Fleischmann's Yeast by its nature as a food is just the corrective you need. Fresh yeast, says a noted doctor, should be much more frequently given in intestinal disturbance especially if it requires the constant use of laxatives.

Hundreds of men and women who have long been in bondage to laxatives are now free. The addition of Fleischmann's Yeast to their daily diet has restored normal action of the intestines.

The natural way to improve digestion

MORE and more science is coming to look on digestive disturbance not as a separate ailment for which one takes a drug but as a danger signal that something is fundamentally wrong with the habits of eating. The food factors which Fleischmann's Yeast contains in fresh form improve the appetite, stimulate the digestion, and strengthen the entire digestive process.

Because of its wonderful effect on the digestion and its laxative action Fleischmann's Yeast clears up skin disorders, ailments so often due to faulty eating.

Popular ways of eating yeast

EAT Fleischmann's Yeast spread on crackers or bread, or nibble it plain from the cake. Try it in water, hot or cold, or in fruit juices or milk. As milk contains the fat-soluble vitamin, Fleischmann's Yeast with milk makes a particularly nutritious drink. Fleischmann's Yeast combines well with almost any familiar dish on your table.

Eat 2 or 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day. *You will like its fresh distinctive flavor and the clean wholesome taste it leaves in your mouth.* Place a standing order with your grocer and get it fresh daily.

Send for free booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." Address THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 302, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a food—not a medicine

Fresh yeast has been proved by scientific tests to be a valuable food for correcting run-down condition, constipation, indigestion and certain skin disorders. These original tests were all made with Fleischmann's Yeast.

Avoid the use of so-called yeast preparations. Many of these contain only a small amount of yeast—as little as one-tenth of a yeast cake—mixed with drugs and medicines. The familiar tin-foil package with the yellow label is the only form in which you can get Fleischmann's Yeast. Be sure it's Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. Do not be misled by yeast-substitutes.

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"My dear, you look like a new person!"

WHATEVER have you done to improve your skin so wonderfully? Why it's as soft and clear as a baby's! Do tell me the secret."

But there is no secret to tell—the adoption of Resinol Soap for her daily toilet and bath explains it all.

There is a world of hope in that statement for the discouraged woman who has tried various treatments and finds her complexion is still sallow and muddy or her skin coarse, oily, rough, blotchy or otherwise blemished.

It seems incredible that anything so simple as regularly bathing the face with Resinol Soap and warm water could restore skin health and beauty when other things have failed. Yet it can, and does, because in addition to its unusual cleansing qualities, it has just the soothing, healing, corrective properties necessary to overcome these facial imperfections.

Use Resinol Soap for one week and you will know why you will want it all the year round.

May we send you a dainty trial size cake free? If so, write Dept. 4-B, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol products at all drug and toilet goods counters.

Resinol Soap

SONS AND BROTHERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

the same—just seemed to shrivel up and go to dust—down among the ashes."

Peckham came round the table and stood beside her. He put his hand gently on her arm. "You hadn't ought to take it so hard, Ma'am," he told her. "It was only a book, after all."

At his touch she seemed to relax a little. Her shoulders drooped.

"And now I'd best be goin'," he said. "The sight of me will only rile yer man the more, which I'm not minddin'—not for myself—only he'll take it out on you. Good-by, Ma'am. You know how wishful I'd be to help. Instead of hinder you—if God Almighty would only show me how."

He had dropped his hand from her arm, and now held it out to her. But she did not take it—did not see it. She was staring straight ahead again—seeing nothing—as when I had first come in. Peckham sighed, turned slowly, tiptoed to the stairs, and went up to pack his things.

I had no idea how long this would occupy him. I was of two minds whether to go or wait till he came down. Perhaps I felt a little ashamed of my eavesdropping, tho I'm afraid it was the idea of being caught that troubled me the most. I moved silently across the kitchen, cautiously opened the shed door, and slipped through, leaving it open a crack behind me.

I went to the front of the shed and stood looking out. It was a mild, still, clear day. Water from the melting snow dripped steadily from the sodden roof. Peckham was leaving us. I dwelt sadly on this. I thought how my father, with no one to check him from now on, would be—would be unbearable. Peckham had been the one bright spot in my existence. And I rebelled. It was a mighty poor kind of Christmas.

AS I look back it seems to me that, at this time, my father's mind could not have been right. My dread was undoubtedly justified. I can see no method nor motive in his conduct; it must have sprung from a sort of crazy jealousy. He had always been a hard, careless taskmaster, but never one to pride himself on pointless cruelty. Formerly there had been a stiff-necked, righteous dignity about the man, which had now vanished utterly.

I suppose it must have been half an hour before I heard voices again in the room. I went to the shed door. But unable to see them from here, I took up my old stand in the kitchen.

Peckham stood right at the foot of the stairs. He had one of those cheap telescope bags, held together with straps, which he had put down on the floor beside him. My mother had stationed herself between him and the door.

"It's best that I should, Ma'am," he was saying. "Besides, I've got to. You heard him. I got my money and I'm fired."

"He needs you," she urged, "as Tom told him. He'll hire you back." She took a step toward him. "We all need you—Hubbard Peckham."

He groped blindly behind him for the wall, tripping slightly over his bag.

"I need you," she pleaded.

"Yes'm."

I could see that he was powerfully disturbed.

"Yes'm. I'm plumb crazy thinkin' how much you need me—and how much I need you."

All at once she had gone close to him and put her hands up against his chest. For a moment he covered them with his own, then tried to lift them away.

"Good-by," he said.

But she, clung to him and cried despairingly.

"Take me with you—Hubbard Peckham."

He shook his head.

"Don't you want me?"

He nodded gravely. "Yes'm. Like I might want a shining star."

She let her hands drop away from him. She said, half to herself.

"It was bad before. But I didn't know—I didn't know all what you've come to teach me—what livin' could be. I didn't know how I hated it—and him. With you gone—gone forever—I don't know how I'm agoin' to bring myself to stan' it."

Suddenly she looked up at him fiercely.

"And Tom's no better. He was asittin' there this morning—lookin', on—out of those eyes of his, as hard as flintstones; and he never raised a finger." She seemed to gather together all her remaining strength. "Take me with you—me and Nelson. Take us away—where the sun shines—where we can all live." She hesitated—looked at him beseechingly. "What if folks did call us wicked for it. Seems to me God would know."

Suddenly this conversation had gripped my real, personal interest. My heart began to beat rapidly—almost audibly. To exchange my father for Peckham! To be taken far, far off! To know happiness—laughter! I saw visions of paradise.

For a second only. I heard Peckham's low, steady voice:

"No, Ma'am. It ain't that way. God gives us these here sufferin's, I reckon, to kind of test us. Some folks kin slide out from under, mebbe, and still hold their heads up; but you ain't that kind—nor me."

He reached over and picked up his bag. My mother watched him. When he held out his hand this time she took it, and held it—while they stood silently looking at each other.

Then he was gone, and my mother was watching him through the parted curtains.

THE past faded. I was back in the sleigh again. I had been waked from my reverie by a prod from Tom.

"Been asleep?" he asked.

I shook my head. "No. But I was dreaming back over old happenings."

"Same here," he admitted.

"Say," he continued, after a pause, "You know, I've never been home since."

I nodded.

"I always meant to." His tone was half apology. "But I just never got round to it."

"I've been—every year," I told him.

"There's the upper end of the pond," he commented. "Remember the day father was drowned?"

"Naturally," I said, turning to look at him.

"I've been thinking of your story-writing," he went on. "Wondering why you didn't write that up. Different names, of course—and all that."

I debated a moment. "The thing would sound cooked up in fiction," I pointed out. "You have to be careful of that. The way father happened to drown himself the very day Peckham left. It wouldn't go."

Again silence fell between us. And my thoughts began to drift once more—back to that Christmas night, after Peckham had gone, and before he came back—when Tom had entered the kitchen and told us—as unmoved as ever—that he had found my father's body in the pond.

"You remember, the night before, we had left the sled, loaded heavy with ice, half-way up the bank?"

It seemed funny that Tom should be going over these familiar details.

"Yes," I said, a little impatiently. "You broke a trace. You were going back for the sled the next day."

"And father had wandered down there—" Tom was enumerating the details of the old story. "Out on the new black ice—which had froze overnight. And somehow the sled had got loose and come sliding down on him and broken through—taking him under with it."

"That was your theory," I reminded him.

When he spoke again his mind seemed to have skipped.

"How's ma?" he asked, repeating his earlier question. "How is she—after these years? Happy with Peckham?"

"You know what a hell her life had been before!" He nodded. "How she suffered? Well, she told me—only last year—that her first month with Peckham—she didn't know but it was the first hour—as his wife—had wiped out all the old misery. Every minute since, she said, had been to the good. Does that answer you?"

Again he nodded. He turned to me with a sort of repressed eagerness—quite unlike him.

"I hoped it would be like that."

A long way ahead, we could see, now, a light shining, and the dim outline of the two black spruces in the moonlight.

Tom said, dropping his voice.

"Your comment—that what brought all this about would sound cooked—! Maybe. But can't you think—think of ways that maybe wouldn't?"

He paused. I saw on his profile a queer smile.

"Look here," he said. "Now suppose—you or I—" His supposition evidently amused him. "Suppose you or I had gone down to the pond that afternoon and seen him out there on the thin ice—slowly toward dusk. There was the sled—piled heavy. And we might have paused there, behind it, peering at him—hating him for all he'd done. Call it me," he suggested, "because I'm known to be hard—hard living and hard hating—and practical."

I was staring at Tom, trying to make out what he was driving at.

"I might have sat down on the pole," he went on. "Mebbe I felt the sled quiver a little. All the time it was getting darker. His back was toward me. Remember, that very morning, I'd seen him throw ma's book in the stove. Perhaps I thought of Peckham—going—Peckham, who might have meant salvation for her."

Tom laughed.

"You would never have done it, Nelson. You'd have seen it, likely, but you'd never have been quite up to it. While I—I might have given that pole a twitch—I might have given it a twitch—then braced myself and pushed."

He had been speaking more and more softly. With the jingle of the bells, I had been obliged to lean close to him, to hear. When he stopped I turned my head and found him observing me intently.

"I could have done just that," he said. "You—you never could have, Nelson. You never could drown a rat, even—tho you could write it all out enough to give one the shivers. Funny about people, ain't it? Well, here we are."

The sleigh had swung in under the tall, familiar spruces. Out on the shoveled doorstep, in a cheered pattern of moonlight, stood my mother and Peckham, waving and calling to us cheerily.

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DO YOU WORRY?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

England for the treatment of victims of "shell-shock," and from these hospitals some remarkable cures have been reported. Shock victims inclined to melancholia were kept in wards papered and decorated in blues, greens, and yellows, "to create a cheerful, springlike atmosphere most suggestive of confidence and hope." Over-excited patients, on the contrary, were put into rooms in which the predominant color was a deep purple. The effect of this was found to be so quieting that, in at least one case, a maniacal soldier passed into a state of depression so severe that he had to be transferred to a blue-and-green room to be brought back to normal cheerfulness!

Worriers, acting on this hint, should avoid purple as a color for household decoration or wearing-apparel. Also they should be chary in their use of black and gray, both of which are colors of gloom-provoking suggestiveness. Especially should they avoid these colors if they lead solitary or semisolitary lives; tho to lead such lives is itself, by the way, a cardinal error that may directly or indirectly contribute to the creation of a worrying habit. Certainly there are worriers who need only obey the injunction, "Mix with other people," to find themselves free from the worry that has been tormenting them. To illustrate by the citation of a case from real life.

There came to an English physician, Dr. A. E. Bridger, a man afflicted with an obsessive and most extraordinary worry. He was convinced that, in some way, an infected clot of blood had got into his system and was certain to cause his death soon or late. His own view was that the end would come soon rather than late, and in consequence he was in a veritable panic. He had resigned the business position he held, and spent much of his time wandering from one specialist to another, from hospital to hospital. When not thus engaged he shut himself up in his home, reading medical works, thinking about his ailment, and writing about it. He had composed a long treatise on this, which he implored Doctor Bridger to read.

The latter did not make the fatal error of dismissing the poor fellow with a curt, "You are foolishly worrying yourself about an imaginary malady: Forget it." Instead he listened patiently, gave the worried one a careful examination, in an assured him impressively that he could be cured.

"However," he added, "there are certain things you must promise on your honor to do while I am treating you. You must not go near another doctor or a hospital, you must not look inside a medical book, and you must get out and mingle with people.

"As you can see for yourself, your illness is not such as to incapacitate you. For a sick man you are wonderfully active. Go back to work, see your friends, stop leading the life of a recluse. Until I permit you to do so, avoid spending either your days or your evenings alone. Adopt this program, and I promise you a complete cure."

The prediction was borne out by the event. Within a few weeks the whilom worrier was not merely in the best of spirits, but was wondering how he had ever come to be so strangely deluded about his health. Yet the explanation was perfectly simple.

At some time or other he had felt slightly out of sorts, as everybody does. In his case, however, this feeling had coincided with his hearing or reading some statement regarding germ-infection and its possible effects upon the blood-supply. Reacting with abnormal suggestibility, he had wondered if this might be what was the matter with him. He had then taken the unfortunate step, not merely of beginning to study himself and watch his sensations, but of ceasing work and withdrawing from society. This gave him increased opportunity for self-study, and, since it is a fact that all body organs function badly when close attention is paid to them, he soon had additional reason to believe himself seriously ill, hence to give more credence to his blood-clot delusion. His cure resulted chiefly from the change in the current of his thinking effected when he obeyed his doctor's order to mix with other people and to "get busy" at his usual occupation.

MANY a worrier, in fact, needs but to turn to work to find peace of mind. Idling or working half-heartedly, there is, as one specialist has well put it, a short-circuiting of mental energy, whereby the mind tends to concentrate itself instead of being objectively active. Besides which, failure to be usefully employed is essentially a repressing of a basic human instinct—the gregarious instinct that impels men to render service for the common good. The penalty for such repression is at the least boredom, discontent, unhappiness. Relief can then be obtained only by obeying the instinctive mandate. This is the psychology of the "work cure," which time and again effects marvels for worriers. Carlyle voiced a profounder truth than perhaps even he appreciated when he declared, "In idleness alone is there perpetual despair."

Of course, absorption in work does not of itself guarantee immunity against worry. There are very hard and enthusiastic workers who are prodigious worriers. Sometimes this is because, in their enthusiasm, they disregard first principles in personal hygiene—undereexercising, undereating, undersleeping, etc. A lowering of the whole bodily tone results, with worry as an accompaniment for reasons already mentioned. Or hard workers may unwittingly invite worry by a ceaseless and wholly unnecessary dissipation of nervous energy, as in the typical case of a brisk young business woman who visited her physician because of symptoms which she feared betokened an impending nervous breakdown.

"I have no reason to feel worried," she told the medical man, "but I feel worried all the time. There seems to be something dreadful hanging over me—an impending calamity. It is all very vague, but terribly unpleasant. My nerves are on edge, and I have all I can do to keep from crying."

"Worry," explained the physician, who had long been acquainted with his patient, "has a twin sister named hurry. When hurry takes possession of a person, worry soon takes possession too. Now, frankly, you are the most inveterate hurrier I know. Daily I see you hurrying to and from the street-car. Whenever I meet you in the street you are in a hurry. I am certain you hurry through your meals, hurry at your work, and hurry even when you are at play.

"ALSO you waste energy in little ways to which you may never have given a moment's thought, but which use up a great deal of energy when long continued. Look how you are tapping the floor with your foot at this very moment. And while we have been talking you have clasped and unclasped your hand-bag a dozen times. What you ought to do is to cultivate repose of manner, and slow down a little whenever you catch yourself hurrying. Arrange your days so you won't feel you have to rush through them. Certainly if you wish to emancipate yourself from worry you must emancipate yourself from hurry first."

Or, further, patient worry may bring upon themselves the affliction of worry by being fully as self-centered in their aims and purposes as those who glory in their idleness or work with next to no zeal for work. Here again worry results from repression of the gregarious instinct. It is important, not simply to occupy oneself in useful work, but to work with the ideal of rendering service. Not "How much can I get?" but "How much can I give?" must be the worker's motto. Thus alone can self-forgetfulness be insured, and unless self-forgetfulness is won, self-absorption, passing perhaps into outright selfishness, will come. Then the door will be thrown wide open to worry—the self-absorbed and selfish being predisposed to worry if only because they are unduly interested in everything affecting themselves.

A person's work, to be sure, may be such that it is difficult, if not impossible, for him to find in it full satisfaction for either the gregarious instinct or the creative instinct—another instinct the frustration and repression of which are responsible for a great deal of worry. In that case he should make it a point to develop an interest in some useful hobby for his leisure hours. And, indeed, the "hobby cure" is to-day a medically recognized and widely employed remedy for worry. Almost any hobby that gives truly satisfying occupation to the mind will do, but preferably one that is of a distinctly service-rendering character. This is why nerve-specialists of particularly keen psychological insight often prescribe what may be called the "charity cure" concerning which one specialist aptly comments.

"Charity in one form or another satisfies the emotions as well as creates interest and gives varied occupation. For women particularly some charity that brings them much into contact with children is the surest preventive of overoccupation with themselves and overemphasis on their feelings and sufferings. Many a woman in our large cities owes her freedom from the neurotic symptoms to which her sisters are subject to her interest in tuberculous children. And, in general, for patients who think they have much to suffer, yet whose complaints are all of subjective feelings of oppression and depression, there is no better remedy than to come in touch with real suffering.

"Nor is this phase of occupation suitable for women only. There are many men of whom one may well say that they need more human sympathy in their lives, and that if they had it their supposed ills would drop from them, or seem so slight as to be negligible. Over and over again I have seen men who had become too occupied with themselves lose their pains and aches in an interest in some real charity. Charity however, not philanthropy, is the secret. The sitting on a board of trustees of a charitable institution may mean little, tho even this usually has its good effect; but close contact with the poor, intimate personal relations with other human beings who are suffering, are quite as necessary for men overoccupied with themselves as for women."

To get away from self—that, in a word, is the prime need of a multitude of worriers. More than this, it may be said in closing that, however beneficial and necessary other cures for worry may be to different worriers, if they supplement these by charitable or other activities tending to make them less self-centered, the surer will they be to profit from the special cures—the "posture cure," the "balancing cure," the "smiling cure," the "personal hygiene cure," etc.—that they perchance also need.

The Strange Story of an Arab Merchant

There is a tale in the Arabian Nights of an Arab merchant who, returning from a pilgrimage, seats himself by a spring in the desert to eat dates, the stones of which he throws in the air.

It so happens that one of these stones kills the son of a genie, and when the poor merchant is charged with the crime, he is overwhelmed. He had not imagined one could do so much harm with a date stone. This story, weird as it is, illustrates an every-day truth.

How few of us give sufficient thought to the consequences of our acts.

For instance, how many housewives realize the danger there may eventually be for husbands, children and themselves in the tea or coffee they serve at meal-time?

Any doctor can tell you that tea and coffee contain drug properties whose influence is to stimulate nerves, often producing sleeplessness, nervous irritation, and a general slowing down of efficiency.

Yet people are not dependent on tea or coffee for their meal-time drink. Thousands of former tea and coffee drinkers now use Instant Postum. They like the rich, full-bodied flavor of this pure cereal beverage and its freedom from harm, and they can make it in a moment in the cup by simply adding boiling water.

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GETTING RID OF THE BUGBEAR

A Dish-Washer Makes Light Work of the Heaviest Job of the Day

By MAE SAVELL CROY

THE dish-washing machine has had to fight its own battles! Altho housewives for many years had yearned for something mechanical to take off their hands—and minds—that meanest job in all housework, dish-washing, yet when at last it came it had so many limitations that a strong prejudice was stored up against it, and to-day, when it has reached the improved stage where it really will save hours of time daily in the average family, the housewife too often will stand by and say, "You will have to prove it to me."

For the woman who has no other aim than to provide food for her family and to clean up after them, this attitude may suffice, but the woman who has interests beyond cooking and cleaning can not afford to let pass a chance to have the dish-washer prove itself—and prove itself it does.

There is nothing complicated about the machinery of the dish-washer, and the process of using it is simple in the extreme, yet, like all other branches of housework, time is shortened and labor eliminated only by following a system.

Pick a Good Machine

IN SELECTING a machine look closely into its merits. A good machine is well worth the price, while a poor one will shortly be relegated to the junk-pile. Make sure that the motor is manufactured by a reliable firm, and when ordering be sure to state whether you have alternating or direct current, and the voltage, all of which information will be furnished you gladly by your electric company. The motor for a dish-washer is so small that no special wiring is required, as it can be attached to a light-socket.

The cost of the machine lies in the original purchase only, and if a woman's time and services are worth anything at all the cost is soon repaid. The cost of *using* the machine is too slight to be considered. With a ten-cent electric rate, only three or four cents per hour, at the most, will be the charge, and since it requires less than half an hour of actual operation to wash dishes three times a day, the cost is a little over a cent's worth of electric current daily.

With reasonable care a good machine will last practically a lifetime, and even the motor will not require overhauling for years if kept cleaned and oiled—as any motor, for any purpose, should be kept.

There are hand dish-washers as well as electric, and they will do the work in almost as little time, but if possible decide upon the electric, as it eliminates the work of operating the handle, necessary with the hand machine.

The space required for installing the round type of machine is nearly always to be found, even in a small kitchen, where, if necessary, it can be placed under a hinged drain-board which swings upward and hooks to the wall when the dish-washer is in operation. Another type of machine, the table type, may stand in the middle of the floor and serve the purpose of both a table and a dish-washer. Then there is still another type, the portable machine, which may be rolled from the kitchen to the dining-room table to gather up the dishes. This portable type, however, does not have the advantage of being connected with the plumbing, and instead of running the water directly into the machine, it will have to be poured in from the teakettle, and drained off into a pail. To install a machine permanently doubles its value. In installing a machine the drain should be as steep as possible in order that it may drain quickly. Of course it takes little time to drain eight quarts of water, but when standing waiting to run in the rinsing water moments seem long

Straight from Table to Washer

IN ORDER to make dish-washing the shortest possible piece of work, the dishes should be placed in the trays of the machine as they are brought from the table. After this practice has become a fixed habit, there will be no noticeable delay in the table service. Scrape the refuse from the dishes as you would for washing in the dishpan, and after all dishes, glassware, and silver have been placed in the trays, turn on the hot water, add soap, close the lid, and turn on the current for about ten minutes.

In communities where water is excessively hard, it is necessary to use something to soften the water, otherwise there is likely to be a scum left on the dishes, as well as on the inside of the machine, which is more difficult to clean off than the food itself.

If liquid soap is used, or a fine soap-powder which dissolves readily, the soap can be placed in the bottom of the machine before turning on the hot water. Most dish-washer manufacturers, however, are now recommending an alkaline cleansing-powder which may be mixed with the water as it is poured into the machine. The lid being closed will prevent steam from rising and settling on walls and ceiling as well as prevent the water from cooling. Be careful not to use too much water nor too much soda, as an excess of either will prevent the water being splashed with enough force to clean the dishes, and there also may be a possibility of overloading the motor from too much water being used. Hot water, but not boiling hot, should be used for washing the dishes. If the water is too hot such food as cream sauces and egg will harden on the dishes, and fine china and glassware which were cold before being placed in the machine may possibly be cracked, tho this is a rare occurrence since the steam will nearly always warm them enough to prevent sudden change in temperature.

Egg-dishes and dishes containing flour or starch sauces may need to be soaked in cold water before washing, or left to steam after the hot water has been run into the machine and before the washing begins.

After washing the dishes drain off the water and run in boiling-hot water for rinsing, and turn on the electric current for a few minutes. After rinsing give the steam a little time to condense with the lid closed, then open the lid and allow the dishes to air-dry. By taking a little precaution with the steam there will not be the disagreeable heat in the room which is occasioned when washing dishes in an open dishpan.

China will dry with a beautiful luster, without streaks, and without the aid of a cloth, but silver and glassware must be dried and polished if one would retain the brilliancy of both.

The machine itself will not have to be cleaned often unless the water is exceedingly hard, in which case it should be scoured with a brush at least weekly. The lid of the machine should be wiped dry after using merely to prevent it from appearing water-spotted.

Pitchers, bowls, milk-bottles, and various pieces of kitchen crockery are successfully washed in the machine, but don't count on the dish-washer doing all your pots. It is a dish-washer, not a pot-washer, tho small pots can be washed in it, and in the average family three out of the usual five pots are always washed in the machine.

Dishes for a family of six, for a five-course dinner, can be washed at one time in the family-size machine. The dinner dishes for a small family can be stored in the machine overnight and washed with the breakfast dishes. Since the dishes are packed away in the machine, the kitchen will not be unsightly, and a busy mother need feel no compunction about "leaving the dishes over" while she is giving the time to a happy bedtime hour with the kiddies or getting that surely much-needed rest or recreation.

No Careless Breakage

ONE might sometimes think that it requires more handling of the dishes when using a machine than when working by hand, but this is not the case, since the same motion which puts them into the dishpan will put them into the machine, and the housework er has the further advantage of not having to stand from half an hour to an hour or more over the hot, steaming pan of water. It is a rare thing to break a dish in the machine, and it is never done unless the machine is loaded carelessly, so your dishes will last much longer if you use a machine.

About eight quarts of water are used for washing dishes with the machine, and this is usually the amount used when washing dishes with a pan, tho often when dishes are washed and rinsed by hand they are held under the hot-water faucet for rinsing and an unlimited supply of water goes to waste.

Another feature of the dish-washer, which is a most welcome one, is the elimination of the dirty dish-cloth, slimy and greasy, to be washed after the dishes are finished, for one needs no cloth when washing dishes with the machine. After a dish-washer has been used the sanitary advantages make an strong an appeal that the woman who is concerned as to the health of her family never again will be satisfied to have her dishes handled in the old way, with smelly, disagreeable odors emanating from dirty dish-cloths.

Red Hands Disappear

NOT to be discounted is the fact that there is no strain on spine, muscles, and feet from standing so long "doing the dishes," since the machine does an hour's work in a few minutes, and there are no red, rough, water-soaked hands, with the flesh becoming brunette and prominent veins developing, nor during the hot Summer days is the worker made uncomfortable for such a long period after each meal. If there are guests and mother "does the dishes," she can join them in the living-room, cool and comfortable and smiling in reality instead of forcing her cheerfulness and secretly wishing her friends would depart at an early hour.

While the dish-washer is classed more particularly among labor-savers than among money-savers, as are some labor-saving devices, if *time* is worth money, then certainly it is a money-saver as well, and if the two to three hours' time saved per day is utilized for making one's own clothing, or in some other way to save money, the actual money saved can readily be reckoned.

With the electrical dish-washer, that most disagreeable task, which comes three times a day, 365 days a year, is no longer a bugbear.

The Up-to-Date Home-maker's Resolution

Interpreted by The Society for Electrical Development

REALIZING that the modern electrical home saves time, labor, and annoyance and offers more rest, recreation, and leisure for the home-maker, I hereby resolve that during the year 1922 I will so arrange my family budget that I may start to place my home upon a better electrical basis and begin a plan whereby I can as soon as possible install:

Electric labor-saving appliances in my laundry,
Electric table appliances in my dining-room,
An electric dish-washer to do the scullery work,
An electric cleaner for a dustless home,
An electric sewing-machine to ease the work of sewing,
Electric portable lamps for a better, brighter home,
Electric youth-and-beauty aids to preserve the comeliness of my countenance,
A movable electric heater for chilly nights and mornings,

To the end that my home may be not only a shelter from the outside cold, but that it may offer rest to the tired worker, a well-cooked meal, a cozy chair, a shaded light, a warm hearth, an inspiring atmosphere—that it may be indeed a place of comfort and encouragement!

ARE you just the right weight? Do you know what *not* to eat in order to keep off those unwanted pounds? Do you know what to eat to fill in the hollows and cover up the bony angles? Have you ever studied foods with the idea of "figure-control" so that you know just how to take off and put on pounds at will?

Look for the new food series, beginning on page 47, which will tell you how to do this. This new kind of food and health article combines the scientific reasons for sensible diets with sound advice on how to use them.

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Dolly Dingle, Bobby Blake, and The Story of Little Mary

LITTLE Mary's so plump and so cute and so sweet
From the top of her head to the soles of her feet.
And how she loves goodies and how she loves pies!

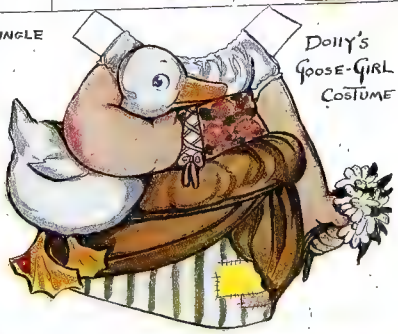
She thinks that her tummy's as big as her eyes.
But you ne'er saw a child so obedient and good—
Little Mary loves all that is wholesome in food.
She never says, "No, I can't eat this or that,"
And this is the reason she's rosy and fat.
Her soup and her chops and her spinach and bread—
She eats with a relish whatever she's fed.
And then she enjoys what comes last as a treat.

A delicious, sweet goody that can not be beat.
The children who love little Mary, I'm told,
Will soon weigh their weight in the purest of gold.

PICTURES FOR GREETINGS

OR A SCRAP-BOOK.

DOLLY DINGLE

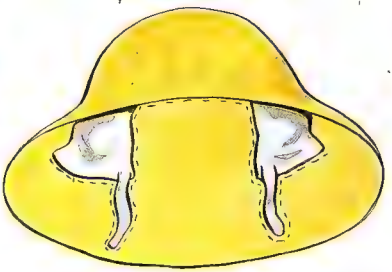


DOLLY'S GOOSE-GIRL COSTUME

G. DRAYTON ©

BOBBY BLAKE DRESSED UP LIKE A LITTLE FIELD-MOUSE

DOLLY'S HAT—CUT ON DOTTED LINE.



Drawings by GRACE G. DRAYTON

DOLLY DINGLE and Bobby Blake were asked to go to a fancy-dress party. They were so excited they could not sit still. Their mothers got busy with needle and thread and made them such cunning costumes that cost next to nothing and were too sweet for words. Dolly went as a goose-girl—with a patched petticoat and a flowered bodice laced over a white blouse. She carried a big rag goosey-gander. Bobby went as a field-mouse in a funny little suit made out of Canton flannel, with little round ears sewed on the sides of his head. I wish we could go to a party like that; don't you?

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Charm and Talent Contribute to the Striking Success of the Season's Foremost Plays

Photographed by White Studio

Photographed by Victor Georg

Photographed by Edward Thayer Monroe

AN EXQUISITE interlude in a lovely setting is supplied by the dancing of Burtress Dietch (above) in "Blossom Time." This musical comedy (produced by the Shuberts) proves that even Broadway recognizes the genius of Franz Schubert, around whose lyrics and melodies the score is woven. The plot, too, owes its origin to him, for the musician forms its central figure.

JULIA MARLOWE (below) so adequately fills the part of Portia that to many of her audience the two are synonymous. In no other part, perhaps, do her genius, her beauty, dignity, and magnetism show to better advantage.

THE Shuberts' stage version of the "best seller," "Main Street," is true to the original. The part of Carol Kennicott is convincingly played by Alma Tell (above) and McKay Morris gives a superb performance as Doc Kennicott.

A NIECE from Paris and a small-town clergyman, underpaid and eking out his living through donations from the parishioners, these are the leading parts in "Thank You," that delightful comedy by Winchell Smith and Tom Cushing, produced by John Golden. Edith King (below) is very charming and evenly good as the niece; Harry Davenport is excellent as the clergyman

Photographed by Ira D. Schwarz

"THE Intimate Strangers," a whimsical comedy from the pen of Booth Tarkington, produced by Flo Ziegfeld, provides Billie Burke (above) with a vehicle for her return to the speaking stage. This return is the more welcome in that she brings to the stage a new understanding and an increased charm.

A NEW record breaker seems to have loomed on the horizon in the shape of Irving Berlin's "The Music Box Revue," that delightful combination of all the delightful things that go to make up a revue of the best type. Wilda Bennett (below) is numbered among the all-star cast.

Photographed by White Studio

Photographed by Apeda Studio

Photographed by Nicholas Murray

AT THE left is shown Blanche Yurka, now playing in "The Wife with a Smile." As the wife she plays her part with force and distinction. The play promises to be another Theatre Guild success.

UNFAILING in her charm and magnetism is Julia Sanderson, at right, and she is this season contributing to the success of "Tangerine," a most tuneful and attractive musical comedy.

Photographed by Lewis-Smith

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A Beauty Secret 3,000 Years Old

The use of palm and olive oils to keep the skin fresh and smooth is nothing new, but a secret known to pretty girls since Cleopatra's time. Her Palmolive came in vessels and jars, and she had to do her own mixing. But the beautifying cleanser she achieved was the inspiration of the mild, soothing blend science produces today.

Take a lesson from Cleopatra, who kept her youthful beauty long after girlhood's days had passed. She used cosmetics to embellish and enhance her charm, just as women do today. But the foundation was a skin thoroughly and healthfully cleansed from all clogging and dangerous accumulations.

Perfected for washing faces

Palmolive is blended from the same palm and olive oils Cleopatra used—they are the mildest, most soothing ingredients science has been able to discover.

The scientific combination of these rare oils produces a smooth, creamy, lotion-like lather. Palmolive soothes and beautifies while it cleanses. It keeps the skin of the face and body beautifully soft and smooth.

The importance of thorough cleansing

It is absolutely essential to complexion beauty to wash your face thoroughly once a day. Palmolive makes this cleansing doubly beneficial by its mildness.

The profuse, creamy lather penetrates each tiny pore, removing the deposits of dirt, oil and perspiration which cause clogging and enlargement. Such cleansing is the secret of fresh, smooth skins, as results prove. It stimulates circulation, keeps the texture fine, smooth and youthful.

The woman who fears that washing will age her skin has used the wrong soap. She will change her mind once she tries Palmolive.

Don't neglect the body

Care of the complexion only begins with the face. Your neck is just as noticeable for beauty, or the lack of it. Arms and shoulders should be kept white and smooth.

Use Palmolive for bathing and these results are accomplished. It does for your body what it does for the face.

If this seems an extravagance, remember the modest price. The firm, long-wearing cake of generous size costs but ten cents.

Our price secret

If Palmolive were made in small quantities it would be a very expensive soap. Palm and Olive oils are most costly soap ingredients, and come from overseas.

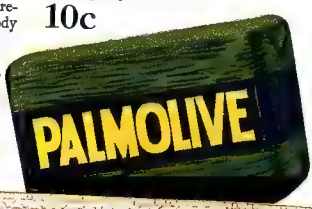
But the popularity which requires enormous production has reduced the price to that of ordinary soaps. The Palmolive factories work day and night. The rare oils are imported in such vast volume that the manufacturing costs are reduced.

Thus Palmolive, which, if priced according to quality, would cost at least 25 cents, is yours for a modest 10 cents. You can afford this greatest of all luxuries for every toilet purpose.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Milwaukee, U. S. A.
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited
Toronto, Ontario
Makers of a complete line of toilet articles

Volume and efficiency produce 25-cent quality for

10c



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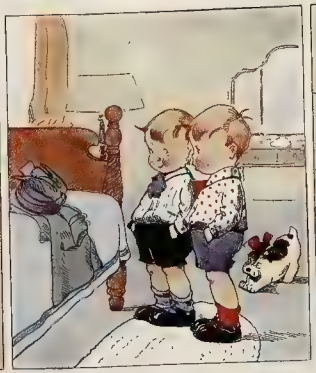
Alec and Al

Drawings by C. H. TWELVETREES

Every month the laughable adventures of Alec and Al and the Nibbler Boys appear in Pictorial Review exclusively—

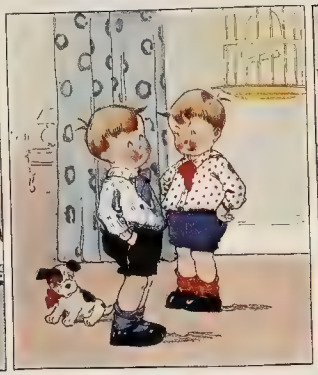
"Say, Alec, there's that grouchy snoop
Who always tells on us;
I'd like to bet the mean old goop
Is here to make a fuss."



"I'll tell you what will leave her flat
And give her such a scare—
Let's snip that bird right off her hat
And stick old Polly there."

"Be sure we tie old Poll on tight.
Oh, Al, won't it be fun?
When she puts on her hat—*good night!*
You'll see old Snoopy run."

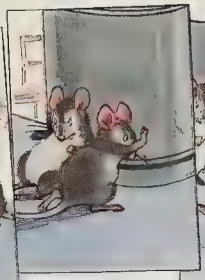
"I didn't know that thing could fly!
I thought her wings were clipped."
But Poll just squawked a fond good-by,
And out the window slipped.



"Gee! Mother mustn't hear a word,
Or she'll get in a rage.
We'd better catch another bird
To put in Polly's cage."

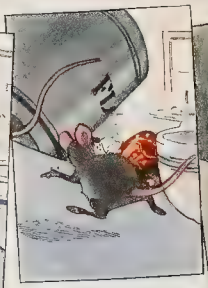
"I wish this bird would hold his jaw,
I'm scared they'll hear him squeak.
And now let's find a lobster's claw
To make a parrot's beak."

"Say, let's upset that can of flour
And give the cook a snow-white shower."



"Together, now, with all our might,
In union there is strength, all right."

"Ssh! here she comes, now give a shove
And let her have it with our love."



"She's underneath now—let it go—
Whee! here's where cook gets pure as snow."

"She's smeared with flour and hopping mad,
While puss as usual gets in bad."

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and the Nibbler Boys

Verses by PERCY WAXMAN

a double page, in full color, of charming drawings and amusing verses—the finest comic feature ever published

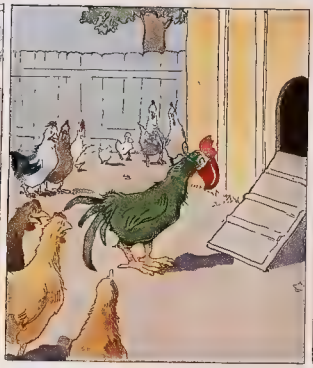
COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

They clipped, they painted, glued and dyed,
And gave that rooster tints
That made him *him*, the barnyard pride—
Look like a piece of chintz.

"His beak looks like a big red light—
Oh, Al! Just take a peek!"
But Rumpus couldn't stand the sight
And beat it like a streak.

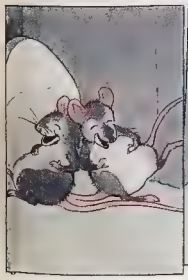
"Just let me peep and see what's on;
Ooh! hear that rooster crow!
They've found the cage with Polly gone—
It's time for us to go."

"Ye rid-nosed divil, out of this;
This ain't no masquerade.
Go back to all them woives of yiz
And count the eggs they've laid."

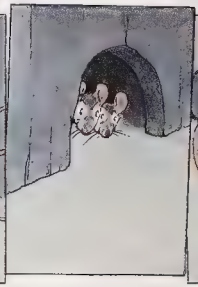


The hens stand rooted to the spot,
They peer at him and quiz—
For most of them can't make out what
A lobsterooster is.

"Al, Father's coming right this way;
I think we'd better hide."
But Rumpus looks as if to say,
"Why leave poor *me* outside?"

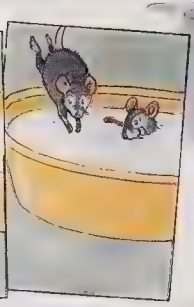


"That cat's a scream whatever s done
They put that dumb-bell on the run."



"Is this a dream or do I see
The cat's milk right in front of me?"

"I've drunk so much, my tummy's tight;
I wish we had it every night."



"Aw! come on in, the milk's just fine;
They say it makes complexions shine."

Alec and Al will give a show
Next month to which you all must go;
While the Nibblers in a boudoir do
Some very funny stunts for you.

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The Luscious Way

to "*Better Days*" —Millions Follow It

A FRESH, ripe, delicious orange to start the breakfast right!

Cut it open. The glistening juice—the mere appearance of it—entices even jaded palates to enjoy.

Then taste! The tang and zest created by organic salts and acids immediately whet *real* appetite *and help digest* the entire *meal*.

You'll have a more *efficient* breakfast, and it's the day's most important meal.

Whole days, weeks, *months*, are made "more regular," more healthful, more productive for millions in this delightful way.

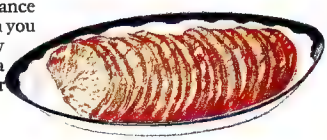
Start with an orange daily for a ten-day trial, and see.

Here, too, is the most attractive way to insure a healthful vitamine supply. For oranges are acknowledged by physicians, scientists and chemists to be one of the greatest carriers of this newly recognized vital element in food.

If some foods lack vitamine content entirely, or lose in cooking, or processing, you are assured that oranges contain them in abundance —*fresh, potent* vitamines, which you can add to any meal by simply adding *luscious oranges* in a dainty salad, orange dessert, or breakfast dish.

"Drink an orange" for breakfast. The right way to start the day.

Lemons and oranges, although known as "acid fruit," have an alkaline reaction when taken into the system and are, therefore, valuable in offsetting excess acidity due to acid-producing foods.



Sliced oranges for the noon-day meal are as refreshing as they are delicious.

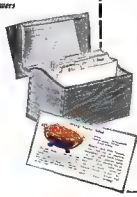
Sunkist

Uniformly Good Oranges

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
A Non-Profit Co-operative Organization of 10,500 Growers
DEPT. 463, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Sunkist Oranges are tender, juicy, practically seedless. Best for breakfast, and for all salads and desserts. Get them in Sunkist wrappers at any store.

See Our Offer to Women



Mail This Send 10c with this coupon and we will send you a set of 24 beautifully illustrated Sunkist recipe cards. Each dish pictured in colors. Shows how to serve oranges and lemons in the most attractive ways. Just right size for recipe-card box.

For 75c we will send the set of Sunkist recipe cards, neat oak box without any advertising on it, 100 blank cards and 23 index cards, all prepaid.

This set would cost $1.25 in retail stores.

Check the offer you wish to accept and forward with stamps or coins. Offer is good at these prices in both United States and Canada.

☐ 24 Sunkist Recipe Cards—10c
☐ Complete Box and File—75c
(Including above 24 cards)

Address: **California Fruit Growers Exchange**
Dept. 463, Los Angeles, Cal.

Name.....
Address.....
.....

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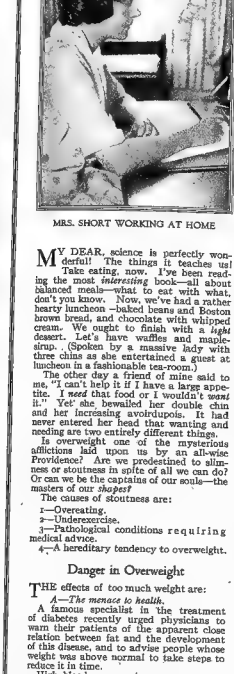


MRS. SHORT WORKING AT HOME

EATING TO STAY SLENDER

Count Your Calories and Control Your Figure

By JENOISE B. SHORT *and* HARRIET T. BARTO

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON "EAT AND BE HEALTHY"

MISS BARTO IN HER LABORATORY

MY DEAR, science is perfectly wonderful! The things it teaches us! Take eating, now. I've been reading the most *interesting* book—all about balanced meals—what to eat with what, don't you know. Now, we've had a rather hearty luncheon—baked beans and Boston brown bread, and chocolate with whipped cream. We ought to finish with a *light* dessert. Let's have waffles and maple-sirup. (Spoken by a massive lady with three chins as she entertained a guest at luncheon in a fashionable tea-room.)

The other day a friend of mine said to me, "I can't help it if I have a large appetite. I *need* that food or I wouldn't *want* it." Yet! she bewailed her double chin and her increasing avoirdupois. It had never entered her head that wanting and needing are two entirely different things.

Is overweight one of the mysterious afflictions laid upon us by an all-wise Providence? Are we predestined to slimness or stoutness in spite of all we can do? Or can we be the captains of our souls—the masters of our *shapes*?

The causes of stoutness are:

1—Overeating.
2—Underexercise.
3—Pathological conditions requiring medical advice.
4—A hereditary tendency to overweight.

Danger in Overweight

THE effects of too much weight are:

A—The menace to health.

A famous specialist in the treatment of diabetes recently urged physicians to warn their patients of the apparent close relation between fat and the development of this disease, and to advise people whose weight was above normal to take steps to reduce it in time.

High blood-pressure is a very common accompaniment to excessive body fat. Fatty heart and a tendency toward apoplexy may follow. A lowered resistance to infections because of the strain on the heart, lungs, and other organs is a natural result. The susceptibility of fat people to pneumonia is proverbial.

B—The discomfort of being fat.

"Nobody loves a fat man." Nobody loves to be fat either. *She* may be resigned—outwardly—but, oh, the humiliation, the yearnings she suffers inwardly! Who wants to be classed among the "stylish stouts," to wilt at the first sign of hot weather, to puff and fan and know that her nose is growing shiner, her skin moister, and her hair stringier with each lump of the thermometer?

"Can I control my weight?" Under ordinary conditions, yes. Except in the case of some organic abnormality, one can not only check increasing weight but reduce an overfat body. Therefore we say unto you—Watch your weight! Consult the tables and know what is the normal weight for your height and age. Five to ten pounds over the normal average need cause you no concern unless you are steadily gaining, in which case remember this. It is easier to keep from getting fat than it is to reduce after you are overfat.

In the majority of cases an increase in weight is due to eating more than you need for your present activity. Your appetite may be no larger than it has always been, but if you work less and eat as much the chances are that you will grow fat. Witness the retired business man and the housewife who once did all her own work and with the coming of prosperity has "retired" to the parlor and her cushioned electric.

As to methods of reducing, you have three possibilities from which to choose. You can increase your activity—consistently, and not sporadically; or you can reduce the quantity of food you eat; or you can do both of these things. This last is the most fruitful of results.

Certain foods are in bad repute for fat people because of their supposed "fattening" qualities.

I overheard the following conversation between two plump matrons recently. "Well, you may not believe it, my dear, but it's true. I just eat a potato every day and see if you don't gain five pounds before you know it. I did, and now I never touch them."

Any food is fattening if you eat more than you need. For example, when women are advised to use more milk their almost invariable reply is, "It will make me fat." If milk is used in place of other foods and not in addition to an already rich diet, it will not produce fat any more than beefsteak or eggs or any other food will. In other words, it is not a specific quality of any particular food which is at fault, but the total quantity of food which you eat.

Remember this: Food serves three purposes: It builds new tissues and repairs tissues worn out by daily use of muscle and nerve; it furnishes energy to do muscular work; it regulates the internal activities of the body, making muscles, nerves, and glands act in harmony.

We need a certain amount of protein and fat and carbohydrate food to supply our bodies with the necessary energy, according to the kind of work we do, a greater amount for the muscularly active, a smaller for the sedentary; and if we eat more than enough for the body's immediate needs, the extra, be it fat, carbohydrate, or protein, goes to produce body fat.

It is true, however, that certain foods are concentrated sources of energy, and hence are called "fattening." These should be used sparingly if at all in reducing diets. Such foods are sugar, candy, rich cake, butter and sugar sauces, cream, ice-cream, pastry, butter, gravies, salad dressings, fat meats, and fish.

Fit Your Food to Your Work

ONE ounce of pure fat yields 255 calories, one ounce of sugar yields 113 calories; one full-sized lump of sugar supplies 25 calories; one pat of butter 50 calories; one level tablespoonful of mayonnaise dressing 100 calories. A woman of average size—about 125 pounds—requires 1,800—2,000 calories a day if she leads a quiet life; 2,400—2,600 calories if she is moderately active; 2,800—3,000 calories or more if she does hard physical work. Going without one potato a day will not make you thin if in its place you put an extra slice or two of bread, asparagus covered with Hollandaise sauce, or a sundae oozing chocolate, marahmallow, and nuts.

She who is fat may ask, "What is there left for me to eat?" There is still something to live for, and on: clear soups (bouillon and consommé); green vegetables, either plain boiled, delicately seasoned to taste, but served without butter or white sauce; or in salads with a little French dressing (less fattening than mayonnaise or "boiled" dressings); fresh fruits of all kinds (except bananas, which are fairly concentrated carbohydrate); milk, especially skimmed; lean meats and fish. Most of the ready-to-eat cereals are "filling" without furnishing many calories, but you must remember to count the cream and sugar added. The main object is to satisfy the appetite with "bulky" foods, such as watery vegetables and fruits and fluids which are filling but not fattening.

And, speaking of fattening foods, forget not the extra calories (noted below) which may be added outside of the regular meals, in such attractive forms as candy, sodas, sundaes, soft drinks, etc.

1 Caramel	50 Calories
1 Piece Fudge (½ oz.)	75 Calories
1 Chocolate-covered Almond	13 Calories
1 Chocolate-covered Peppermint	50 Calories
1 Chocolate Cream .	35 Calories
1 Marshmallow . .	13 Calories
1 Salted Almond . .	10 Calories
1 Salted Peanut . .	6 Calories
1 Ounce Milk Chocolate	180 Calories
1 Ounce Nut Milk Chocolate	190 Calories
Ice-Cream Cone	80—130 Calories
Sundaes (Without Nuts) . .	225—500 Calories
Ice-cream Sodas	300 Calories
1 Doughnut . .	150—250 Calories
1 Olive	10 Calories
1 Glass Ginger Ale	40—65 Calories

Afternoon Tea Risks

HOW few women realize the amount of energy they stow away when they "drop in for a cup of tea!"

Here are some popular combinations taken from a menu-card of a well-known New York tea-room:

Tea Biscuits (3 to a Portion)	150 Calories
Butter (1 Pat) . . .	50 Calories
Marmalade or Jelly .	100 Calories
Tea	Calories
Cream (1 Tablespoonful) and Sugar (2 Lumps)	100 Calories
Total,	400 Calories
Chicken and Vegetable Sandwich . .	250 Calories
Prune Whip	100 Calories
Tea	Calories
Cream and Sugar . .	100 Calories
Total,	450 Calories
Fruit Salad with Mayonnaise Dressing .	300 Calories
Tea Biscuits (3) with 1 Pat Butter . . .	200 Calories
Chocolate Ice-cream .	300 Calories
Cake	300 Calories
Tea	Calories
Cream and Sugar .	100 Calories
Total,	1,200 Calories

Twelve hundred calories—more than half a day's requirement for a woman leading the average sedentary life—supplied thus in the way of an extra or "light refreshment"!

The tea itself, excluding cream and sugar, has no food value, and is, without doubt, mildly stimulating and refreshing. A cup of tea with lemon and a thin wafer is never fattening. It is the sandwiches or cake, or sometimes both, for which the tea is often an excuse, which do the damage. As many as 400 calories may be concealed in a large piece of cake. A lettuce sandwich with mayonnaise dressing easily furnishes about 150 calories; a chicken salad sandwich, that tea-room favorite, as much as 250; a club sandwich correspondingly more. If chocolate is the beverage instead of tea, add approximately 300 calories to this repast.

Assuming that you *are* overweight and earnestly desire to reduce the surplus, and have chosen to do so by curtailing your diet, and are wondering how you are going to satisfy the "inner man" and not tip the scales more each time you weigh, try this.

1. Eat *bulky* foods, such as spinach, cabbage, and lettuce. It is a cheering thought that one large head of lettuce will give at most only 50 calories, or as much as one pat of butter, and that it would take five cupfuls of shredded cabbage to supply as many calories as two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and two cupfuls of boiled spinach to furnish as much energy as one tablespoonful of mayonnaise. Bran muffins, too, are satisfying.

2. Try drinking a glass or two of water before each meal. It will give you a "full" feeling before you begin to eat.

3. Chew each mouthful of food thoroughly to derive more satisfaction from less food. Incidentally you'll get tired of eating and want to stop.

4. Eat dry foods like toast. Omit beverages with your meals, and notice how much less you eat when there is neither tea, coffee, nor even water to make things tasty. 'Tis said that "many an unpalatable meal has been washed down with a cup of coffee." Conversely, minus the fluid, even a tempting meal won't go as well.

5. Highly spiced foods—peppered and pickled and otherwise seasoned—go farther because one tends to eat less than of the blander dishes.

6. Use will-power. Make up your mind that you are going to eat just so much and no more and *stop*. We are said to dig our graves with our teeth. People can increase or diminish body-weight if they will. It is far more difficult, however, to make a stout man thin than to make a thin man stout, because the stout man does not *want* to give up his butter and he *will* keep on eating a little more than he needs. Otherwise it would be as easy to reduce as to fatten an individual.

7. Lastly, count your calories. For this you need a reference-book of foods and their energy values; such books as "Feeding the Family," by Mary Swartz Rose (Macmillan), and "Diet and Health," by Lulu Hunt Peters (Reilly & Lee).

Reducing Menus

FURNISHING about 1,500 calories, and planned for a sedentary woman who normally requires 2,000 calories.

BREAKFAST

Orange—1 Medium
Puffed Cereal—¾ Cupful (1)
Bread—1 Slice
Skim-milk—¼ Cupful
Coffee (2)

1. An extra slice of bread may be substituted for the cereal.

2. Two level teaspoonfuls of sugar add about 33 calories.

LUNCHEON

Vegetable Soup—½ Cupful, Made with Milk
Fresh Greens and Egg Salad with French Dressing—Large Serving
Crisp Roll
Butter—½ Tablespoonful

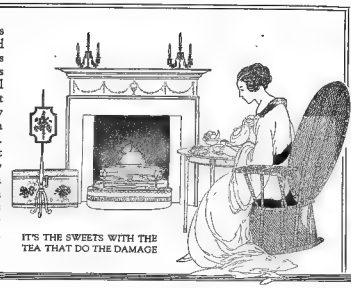
AFTERNOON TEA

Tea with Lemon—No Sugar
Saltine—1

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101

THE article on this page begins an unusual series on foods and health by Mrs. Short and Miss Barto. These two food experts will collaborate in giving Pictorial Review readers not only the best scientific facts from the laboratory but the practical application of them to every-day eating and well-being.

Miss Barto, of the Department of Home Economics, University of Illinois, is constantly in touch with the latest developments in food research, and Mrs. Short is applying the best of these new facts to her own housekeeping and in her Red Cross nutrition classes.



IT'S THE SWEETS WITH THE TEA THAT DO THE DAMAGE

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Table talks

By Mrs. Knox

If you're tired of the same old things

SOMEONE remarked to me at the tea table that she was tired of canned fruits and did not know how to give them an original touch. I was sure I could help her, and together we went through my booklet, "Dainty Desserts."

"Why, Mrs. Knox," she exclaimed "I never knew there were so many different desserts in the world. I had no idea you could combine canned fruits with Knox Sparkling Gelatine in so many unusual ways—not only in deserts but in salads as well! I'm going to try this Cherry Sponge Dessert for dinner."

I learned afterwards that she and her family were so pleased with it that I am publishing the recipe here.

CHERRY SPONGE

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water
1½ cups canned cherries
1 tablespoonful lemon juice
½ cup sugar
1 cup canned cherry juice
Whites of 2 eggs

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in hot cherry juice. Add cherries, stoned and cut in halves, sugar and lemon juice. When mixture begins to set, add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Garnish with whipped cream, sweetened, and flavored with vanilla, and chopped cherries. *Other canned, "put up" or dried fruits may be substituted for the cherries.*

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IT'S SAUSAGE SEASON

HOW MANY WAYS DO YOU KNOW TO SERVE IT?

BY GRACE VIALL GRAY

SAUSAGE has always been something of a mystery to housekeepers. Many do not know just what goes into it, just how it is made, or how it is handled before it reaches their kitchens. A tour through "Packing Town," however, would assure the most skeptical and the most finicky women that sausage is as clean and wholesome as roast beef or pork-chops. Up-to-date methods and standards and modern equipment have made it a product of the highest quality. Only choice meats, not discarded ones as so many have supposed, and the best of herbs and spices are used. Buy a standard brand of sausage and you will know that the Government stamp of approval stands back of the product.

There are really only two classes of sausage, the fresh sausage, which the housewife usually designates as "pork sausage," and the dry sausage, which comes both smoked and unsmoked. Both classes offer great possibilities to the housewife, for they demand the minimum of work to prepare them for the table, and yet can be made into most attractive dishes. It is an inexpensive meat, as there is no waste, and yet it is a highly concentrated food.

In the fresh-sausage line, besides the pork sausage, which you can buy either in links or bulk, there are the popular frankfurters, bologna, headcheese, and scrapple. You can now purchase frankfurters in a paper carton, which insures sanitary handling at the retail butcher-shop. There is possibly no sausage that is better known or more quickly prepared than this universally popular one. Bologna gains its popularity not only from its pleasing flavor, but also from the fact that it may be made into many delightful dishes, and served either hot or cold. Headcheese and scrapple are both on the market, but are not in such great demand as the other sausages. They are both good, wholesome foods and should be used by the housewife more than they are.

Sausage should not be considered just a breakfast dish, but a dinner meat as well. If fresh pork sausage is used as the foundation of many of the casserole dishes or for fowl-dressings it adds a delicious flavor and makes an economical dish.

How It Is Made

SOME housewives hesitate about using dry sausage without first heating it or cooking it in some manner. This is because they do not understand how it is made. It is a raw product, as the process of curing and drying and in some grades smoking has produced the same chemical change in the meat as if it had been cooked the ordinary way by frying, baking, roasting, or boiling.

The most popular dry sausages are Summer sausage, "mettwurst" or meat sausage, and Lyons. Summer sausage is also known as "cervelat." This is called the king of dry sausages, for it is in this form that sausage first made its appearance. It obtains its name from the fact that consumption was formerly limited to the Summer months, since only under the climatic conditions of a long Winter could it be properly cured and dried. Now, however, with specially equipped rooms, in which both temperature and humidity can be controlled, Summer sausage is on the market throughout the year. It is a blending of pork and beef. One feature that distinguishes Summer sausage from many other dry sausages is the fact that it contains no garlic. Spices are used, but never garlic, so if you have an aversion to this strong condiment you will always be safe if you buy Summer sausage. The materials after being finely chopped and seasoned are stuffed in casings and are then smoked. The sausage then goes to the drying-rooms to hang until needed.

"Mettwurst" or meat sausage is popular, and it too contains both pork and beef. It is always stuffed in a beef-round casing, giving it a horseshoe shape, which makes it readily recognizable. Lyons sausage derives its name from the old French town of Lyons. This sausage is made from pork-loins or lean hams, and after a high seasoning with a variety of spices which include garlic, small cubes of hard, white back-fat are mixed with the meat.

Recipes for Fresh Sausage

HERE are a few of the many ways to prepare fresh pork sausage

1. *Fried.* Place the links in a frying-pan, cover with cold water, bring the water to a boil, then pour off the water, turn frequently over a slow fire until nicely browned.

2. *Larded.* Make balls of fresh pork sausage. Wrap each with a strip of bacon, and fasten it with a skewer or toothpick. Fry slowly until a golden-brown color.

3. *Breaded.* Dip links in egg-mixture, then in fine bread-crums, and fry in deep fat.

4. *Baked.* Arrange the rounds of sausage in a shallow baking-dish, pour around them a little stewed and seasoned tomato, and bake until brown.

5. *Scalloped.* Arrange half a dozen links of sausage in the bottom of a baking-dish, pile on top mashed potato which has been well seasoned with salt, pepper, and butter, and into which a cup of hot milk has been beaten; dot with bits of butter, and bake for a half-hour in a hot oven.

6. *Stuffed Baked Potatoes.* Choose medium-sized potatoes; scrub and dry. With an apple-corer make a hole through each. Stuff each potato by pressing a sausage or sausage meat into the opening, and bake in hot oven for about thirty minutes.

7. *Sausage Surprise.* Make a good baking-powder biscuit dough. Roll out and cut into biscuits a half-inch thick. Place a sausage link on each, fold over, pinching the edges together; brush the tops with milk, and bake in a hot oven for thirty minutes.

8. *With Fried Apples.* Pare and core two tart apples, and cut into quarter-inch rings. Cook half a dozen links of sausage in a frying-pan for ten minutes, turning until both sides are brown. Add the apple-rings, cover, and cook until the apples are tender. In serving, make a mound of mashed potato in the center of a hot platter, and arrange alternate rings of sausage and apple around it.

WRAPPING DRY SAUSAGE UNDER SANITARY CONDITIONS IN ONE OF THE LARGE GOVERNMENT INSPECTED PACKING PLANTS

Broiled Bologna

CUT in thin slices, sprinkle each slice with Cayenne, and broil until a delicate brown. Spread on a very thin layer of wet mustard and squeeze a bit of lemon-juice on them.

Baked Frankfurters

SIMMER frankfurters for fifteen minutes. Prepare mashed potatoes as follows: Add one egg, beaten, for each two cupfuls of mashed potatoes, mix well, and combine three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese with it. Season to taste. Place the potatoes in a baking-dish, lay the frankfurters over them, and bake for about six or seven minutes in a hot oven.

Recipes for Dry Sausage

Bread Casseroles

1 Loaf Bread
1 Tablespoonful Grated Cheese
1 Tablespoonful Butter
1 Tablespoonful Cream
Ground Dry Sausage

MAKE a paste of butter, cream, and cheese. Cut the bread into three equal portions and hollow out center. Spread inside of bread-cups with the dressing made of butter, cream, and cheese. Break a raw egg in each cup and sprinkle ground dry sausage on top and bake until rich brown.

Omelet

½ Cupful Ground Dry Sausage
Pepper and Salt to Taste
3 Eggs
3 Tablespoonfuls Milk

BREAK the eggs and mix well with milk. Add the ground sausage and seasoning and stir into buttered frying-pan. Fry to a light golden brown. Serve immediately.

Casserole of Sausage

2 Cupfuls Boiled Rice
1 Green Pepper, Chopped Fine
½ Teaspoonful Butter
1 Cupful Stewed Tomatoes
½ Cupful Ground Dry Sausage
Salt and Pepper to Taste

PUT all ingredients together and mix well. Place in casserole dish and bake till a light brown.

Scrambled Eggs

6 Eggs, Slightly Beaten
½ Cupful Milk
Few Grains Pepper
½ Teaspoonful Salt
2 Tablespoonfuls Fat
6 Tablespoonfuls Dry Sausage, Chopped Fine

MIX milk, seasonings, dry sausage, and beaten egg. Heat the fat in a smooth frying-pan and pour in the mixture. Stir constantly until the egg is of a soft, creamy consistency throughout. The last of the cooking should be done by the heat of the pan. Serve on triangles of toast.

Sandwiches

CUT thin slices of dry sausage; spread thin slices of white or rye bread with butter and place two or three slices of the sausage between the slices of bread. These sandwiches add a nice variety to the lunch-basket, automobile-hamper, or luncheon menu.

Sweet Potatoes au Gratin

6 Cold Boiled Sweet Potatoes
12 Slices Summer Sausage
1 Teaspoonful Salt
¼ Teaspoonful Pepper
4 Tablespoonfuls Sugar
2 Tablespoonfuls Fat
¼ Cupful Cracker-crums
1 Teaspoonful Butter

SLICE potatoes in lengths ¼-inch thick. Arrange alternate layers of potatoes and sausage in a greased baking-dish. Sprinkle each layer with the mixed seasonings and dot with butter. Sprinkle cracker-crums over the top. Bake in a moderate oven for forty-five minutes.

Creamed Sausage on Toast

¼ Pound Sliced Dry Sausage
2 Tablespoonfuls Chopped Onion
4 Tablespoonfuls Fat
3 Tablespoonfuls Flour
1 Pint Cream Soup
1 Teaspoonful Salt and Pepper Mixed
1 Cupful Beef Broth

COOK onion and seasonings in fat until yellow, stirring often. Stir in flour until smooth, add broth and tomato soup. Cook until creamy. Serve, when hot, on toast or on a platter with sliced sausage as a garnish.

Green-pepper Salad

6 Green Peppers
¼ Pound Dry Sausage
1 Cupful Mayonnaise
1 Cupful Finely Chopped Celery
¼ Cupful Chopped Nuts

WASH peppers, remove slice from stem-end, and take out seeds. Parboil ten minutes and chill. Mix all ingredients with mayonnaise. Fill the peppers. Arrange on lettuce-leaf.

Corn Chowder

1 Can Corn
1½-inch Cube Fat Salt Pork
1 Slice Onion
3 Tablespoonfuls Butter or Margarin
4 Cupfuls Potatoes, Cut in ¼-inch Slices
4 Cupfuls Scalded Milk
Dry Sausage
Salt and Pepper

PARBOIL potatoes for five minutes and drain. Cut pork in small pieces and try out. Add onion and cook five minutes, stirring often to prevent burning. Strain the fat into a stew-pan, add potatoes, then two cupfuls of boiling water. Cook until potatoes are soft. Add corn, a few slices of dry sausage, and milk, then heat to boiling-point. Season, add butter, and serve. The addition of a few slices of dry sausage to any cream soup, bean purée, or vegetable soup gives a distinctive flavor.

Casserole of Rice

3 Cupfuls Cold Boiled Rice
1 Cupful Brown Gravy, Well Seasoned
1 Cupful Sliced Dry Sausage
½ Cupful Chopped Sweet Peppers

ARRANGE in layers in a well-greased casserole and bake for thirty minutes. Serve this for either dinner or supper.

DRY sausage may be used in several other delicious ways: browned with kraut in fat, fried with peppers as a garnish for potato salad, served with casserole of vegetables, and in cream of hominy soup. Sausage and griddle-cakes have become a favorite dish for breakfast, but there is no reason why housewives should not use fresh sausage on many other occasions.

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Film is the teeth's great enemy. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

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Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. Those troubles have been constantly increasing. Even among careful people, very few escape.

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These two methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And the whiter, cleaner teeth you see are largely due to that.

Other new discoveries

Science also finds that starch deposits do much damage to the teeth. They gum the teeth, get between the teeth, ferment and form acids. Modern diet is very rich in starch.

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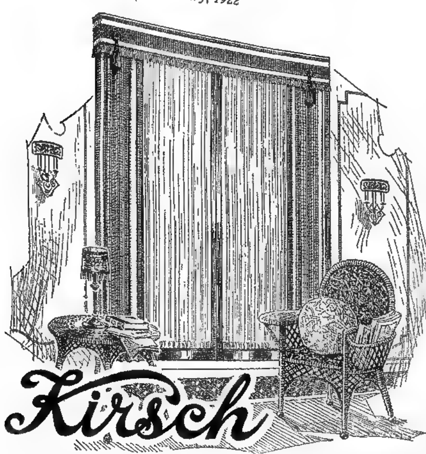

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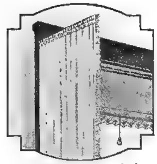

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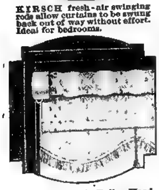

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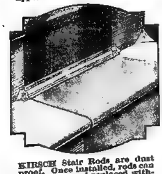

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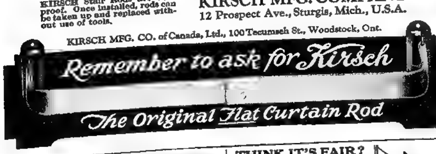

PERENNIALS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

could sense the tasty odors of his mother's cozy kitchen—or could he? He became aware of a nearer odor, sweet and heavy in his nostrils. He plucked at something about his neck and found Nuanuu's forgotten lei. He flung it to the floor and walked testily to a window. One side of his room looked toward the blue Pacific lazily lapping at Oahu's protecting coral reef. Another gave toward the mountains, mistily purple as wet pansies. A languorous, velvet air gently brushed his face and stole into all his senses. Slowly he recrossed the room and picked up the crushed roses and bruised petals, every vestige of Ohio gone out of his mind and the spell of romance and Oahu upon him.

He was intoxicated, there is no doubt about it, but romance is a heady drink after the skim-milk of commonplaceness.

THERE came a time when Nuanuu was not at the hedge to meet him. A thorn-branch had been tightly wedged in the concealed opening, and tho he listened carefully and waited long he heard no sound. He went back moodily to Honolulu and looked up Thompson, burning to talk over his affair with some one. But Thompson had an affair of his own and did all the talking. He had had a letter from California and was going over after the girl pretty soon.

"I'll put you next," he said. "The island girls are all over in the States going to school. Kanakas don't count, of course, that is, when it comes to marrying. And I tell you a fellow needs a wife away off here, one of the girls from home. I guess there's somebody back in Ohio, eh? Now, that little girl of mine——"

Carter recalled Lizzie Parsons, her hearty laugh, her rough, red cheek. He had kissed her once and forgotten about it until now. Absence had not made his memory fonder. Doggone it, he had not hunted up Thompson to talk about Lizzie Parsons. He said good-by abruptly in the midst of rhapsodies over the California girl, and went back to his room to look at the lei Nuanuu had hung upon him and the flower she had extended through the hedge.

This was June. He did not see her all Summer, tho he went to the hedge many times. In September he and Thompson went back to the office one evening after dinner to get out the monthly report. About nine o'clock the driver who had taken Carter on all his journeys to Princess Hiiaka's road appeared and handed him an envelop containing a scarlet hibiscus-blossom and a twig from the hedge. Incredible as it was that she had managed to reach him, the message certainly came from Nuanuu, and tho Thompson frowned Carter jumped for his hat and said that he would be back later.

Without waiting to be told the driver started toward Princess Hiiaka's road and stopped at the accustomed point. It was half a mile to the opening in the hedge. Carter had not gone half the distance when he saw a figure running toward him. He had scarcely assured himself that it was Nuanuu when she threw herself in his arms.

"Hiiaka!" she gasped and, catching his hand, pulled him forward.

"Nuanuu," he begged, "what is it—tell me——"

She said something in her own tongue and ran on. When she stumbled from exhaustion Carter took her in his arms.

"Honolulu, quick!" he told the driver when he reached the vehicle.

In the carriage she lay silently with her head on his shoulder, or shivering now and then, clutching him closer.

"Lak Nuanuu?" she whispered once. "Hiiaka no lak Maals."

She threw aside a silk scarf and pointed to her wrists, which in the moonlight showed welts and bruises made by cords or withes.

"Hiiaka no lak white man."

Carter held her tighter, so addled by her closeness that he gave up all attempt at considering what he should do when he got to Honolulu, and lost himself in foolish enjoyment of her hair against his cheek and her hands in his. The ride ended before he realized it. When the wheels scraped against a curb he looked about in surprize and saw that he was directly in front of the office and that a light still burned in Thompson's window.

"You old fool, you darned idiot!" he raged at the driver.

The office door opened and Thompson himself appeared.

Thompson stared.

"Thought you were not coming back," he said, walking toward the curb and backing away when he saw Carter with a girl in his arms.

"Wait a minute." Carter jumped out and took him aside.

"That's Princess Hiiaka's granddaughter. I've seen her several times. That old devil found out and locked her up. She got loose to-night and somehow got word to me."

"Leave it to them," said Thompson coolly. "Well, what are you going to do with her now that you've got her?" he sneered.

Carter bristled at the tone. Until this minute he had not been quite sure himself.

"Marry her," he answered promptly.

"Good Lord, Carter, don't be a fool. I hope you're not taken in by that princess stuff. That old Hiiaka is a cracked old nut. So get that out of your head. Anyhow, I warned you against these girls. They are all crazy for a white fellow. What the devil do you mean by getting mixed up with them?"

Carter blazed.

"That's none of your darned business!"

"Now look here, Carter; maybe I put it a little strong, but I don't want you to do anything you'll be sorry for. Send her home or some place until you have time to think it over. Use a little reason."

"To the deuce with reason!"

"Go ahead, you poor fool," said Thompson, and turned on his heel.

In the morning Carter came into Thompson's office with his resignation.

"You'd better reconsider that," said Thompson, who did not want to lose a good man. "Your private life is none of my business. Keep things hushed up. The company wouldn't stand for any open scandal."

Carter spat on the floor.

"That's what I think of your darned company."

At night he brought Nuanuu out of an obscure room where he had kept her locked for safety and boarded a dirty little boat for Maui, whose only other passengers were half a dozen Japs. In the morning they landed at Kalei—a dozen brown houses sitting on a white beach. A Jap drove them thirty miles inland to a sugar plantation on the eastern slope of Haleakala. The manager, an Irishman by the name of Dorsey, was glad enough to see another white man. He took Carter on as foreman and gave him a shack to live in. The shack sat alone on a little knoll secluded from the laborers' colony by a thick growth of bamboo and separated from the manager's house by a grove of palms. It might have been an island in a green sea for all of human habitation that could be seen from its door.

Here Carter felt secure. He never mentioned Hiiaka's name to Nuanuu, and she apparently forgot all her past terrors in her present happiness. Used to solitude, she busied herself about her household tasks, trying earnestly to learn the ways of white people, which Carter taught her. He never came home at night without bringing her something from the plantation store. It was pretty to see her delight if the gift were nothing more than a tin of tomatoes in a bright-red wrapper. She dutifully cooked and even tasted the food he taught her to prepare for him, but for herself she kept a calabash of poi and dried fish.

For all her racial differences and perhaps because of them, Carter loved her. She did not keep house for him as well as, say, Lizzie Parsons, but near enough his own customs to keep him comfortable. For the rest, her ways amused him. He had known neat, staid, housekeeping women all his life. This exotic from Oahu who mixed cooking with kisses and sweeping with singing was by comparison entrancing. From the coil of her coal-black hair to the tips of her slim brown feet she was different, and every night as he came home from the plantation he watched for the first glimpse of her through the waving cane-stalks. Long before he could see her he could hear the tinkle of her guitar, which Dorsey had ordered for him from Honolulu.

She always waited for him on the door-step, sweet in a fresh white holoku which her clever fingers had fashioned from stuff from the plantation store, flowers in her hair, and adoration in her eyes. Her shy, soft ways delighted him, and after supper when he sat in the moonlight, Nuanuu against his shoulder and the jade-green plantation sweeping away into purple distances, he told himself he had stumbled into paradise. When he thought of what he had thrown away to enter, and this was seldom, he smiled in self-congratulation. If he had the only thing in the universe he wanted, then everything else was rubbish. When he thought of his mother, which was not as often as he should, he was less cocksure. He put off writing her with the excuse that she would not understand, and he did not hear from her because he had left no trace of himself in Honolulu.

IN HAWAII days fly by like fleecy clouds and weeks melt into weeks like drowsy dreams. As for romance, it knows no season, and Carter had left off counting time except morning and night and night and morning. He had been on the plantation perhaps a year. One evening as he neared the shack the air was rent with a blood-curdling shriek. He broke into a run, and half-way up the hill saw a Japanese woman push through the bamboo and scuttle into his shack ahead of him. He was angry. He had told Nuanuu to have nothing to do with these yellow women. When he reached the door he found several others inside. The lamp threw a circle of flickering light, in and out of which the squat, grotesque figures moved silently, now to the lean-to kitchen and now to the bedside on swift, mysterious errands.

The plantation, the whole island, was almost to a man yellow-skinned, against which he had no displeasure, but Orientals familiarly under his own roof, touching his wife in her bed, assisting his child into the world, filled him with unreasonable rage. One of them, taller than the rest and with the curious habit of licking her lips, pushed him out the door with long, strong arms.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

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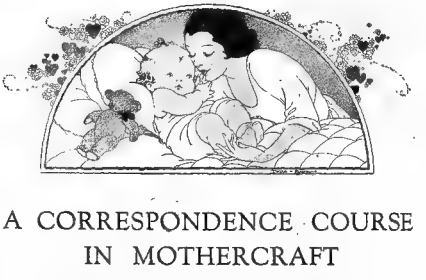

A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN MOTHERCRAFT

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician to Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

A YOUNG BABY'S DAILY SCHEDULE AND OUTING

MY DEAR MRS. N——: Your monthly report came this morning, and it is a very good one. Little Paul is keeping up with the average baby in his gain in weight; 8½ pounds at four weeks of age is what Dr. Holt gives for the normal baby.

Your questions are very sensible, and I will answer them according to number.

1. "What is a good schedule for a baby's day?"

Ans. Most mothers find the following schedule the best for a young baby:

6 A.M. First meal.

8 A.M. Water to drink or orange-juice.

8.30 A.M. Bowel-movement, followed by bath.

9 A.M. Second meal, after which the baby should take his long morning nap in open-window room or out-of-doors in his baby-carriage when weather permits.

12 M. Third meal, after which the baby may remain awake for a little while, lying in his crib by himself and having a little water to drink if he is awake at the end of the hour.

1 P.M. Afternoon nap, which lasts until 3 P.M. while the baby is so young, and should be taken out-of-doors on pleasant days.

3 P.M. Fourth meal, after which the baby may go out again until 4 or 5 P.M. unless the sun gets too low and the day is very cold at this season of the year. If he stays in the house he may be aired in the nursery until 4 P.M. at least. In warmer weather he should remain out-of-doors until 5 or 5.30 P.M.

5 P.M. He should be undressed in a warm room and allowed to take a little natural exercise with his band, shirt, and diaper on, lying on a large warm bed and kicking about as he feels inclined. Do not make the mistake of pulling him up by his arms, or forcing him to take exercises which *you* give him. Let him alone to do as he likes. He will then not strain his muscles, but will develop them as he has the strength. If he cries some at this time, it is the natural exercise his lungs need and should cause you no worry. He may have a drink of warm water at this time also.

5.30 P.M. Undress the baby entirely, sponge him off with a little warm water, and then put on his warmed night-band, shirt, stockings, diapers, and flannel night-dress. Second bowel-movement while baby is so young.

6 P.M. Fifth meal, and tuck baby in his crib for the night. Turn out the light, open the window a little from the top, and leave the baby *entirely alone* until it is time for the 10 P.M. meal.

10 P.M. Sixth meal, and change diapers and see that the baby is warm and comfortable.

2 A.M. Seventh meal, and change diapers under the blankets, if the baby is wet at this time. This seventh meal should be stopped by the time the baby is three months old.

If you are systematic and work exactly on time by this plan, your baby will not be nervous or ill-tempered. You will have plenty of time for your other duties in between times and also can take a little rest and recreation.

2. "What kind of a baby-carriage is best to buy, and when should the baby go out in it?"

Ans. The baby-carriage should be fairly large, so the baby may take his nap in it out-of-doors for the first year at least. It should be light and have good springs, rubber-tired wheels, and a brake. It should have a hood and a good wind-shield, also a safety-strap. The hood should be lined with dark green to protect the baby's eyes from the glare of the sun in Summer or snow in Winter. It should be at least two feet above the ground so the baby will not feel the chill and dampness too much.

While the baby is so young there should be a folded blanket or a large hair pillow in the bottom of the carriage, on top of this there should be a piece of rubber cloth, then a small sheet and pad. The baby should be wrapped up in a wool afghan or blanket and placed in the carriage; another wool blanket or afghan should be tucked well over him at this season of the year, and a hot-water bag should be in the carriage, but not touching the baby. Fur robes are not to be desired. The carriage hood should be pulled partly over the baby's face, but some air and sunshine should be allowed to get to the baby. Never allow the sun to shine directly in his eyes when he is awake or asleep. *Do not wheel him backward*, and never wheel him so that the wind blows directly in his face. In Winter keep in the sun and out of the wind as much as possible. Never shake or constantly move the carriage in order to keep the baby still. This is exceedingly bad for the baby. When the thermometer is below 20 degrees F., or if it rains, snows, or there is a sharp, bitter wind, do not take a young baby out, but air him in his nursery. It is not wise to attempt to harden a baby at the risk of having him contract pneumonia. The best hours for going out in Winter are after 9.30 A.M. and before 4 P.M. As the days grow longer and warmer more time may be spent out-of-doors.

3. "How shall I increase the bottle formula for next month?"

Ans. Now that the baby is one month old you will need a little stronger formula for his one meal which he takes from the bottle. Use certified whole milk, 1¾ ounce; boiled water, 2¼ ounces; milk-sugar or malt-sugar, level teaspoonfuls. Give 4 ounces of this formula. When the baby is six weeks old he will probably need 2 ounces of whole milk, 2½ ounces of boiled water, and 2 level teaspoonfuls of milk-or malt-sugar, giving 4½ ounces in the one bottle. Continue to give the other six meals from the breast as usual.

4. "Please tell me how to care for the bottle and nipple."

Ans. As soon as the baby has finished his bottle, rinse it out with cold water immediately, fill it with cold water, and let it stand with a pinch of borax or bicarbonate of soda in it. Before you prepare the formula for the next day carefully wash the bottle in hot soap-suds, using a bottle-brush; rinse well with cold water and boil the bottle for ten minutes. Turn the bottle upside down until the food is ready to put into it.

The nipple should be rinsed in cold water as soon as the baby has finished his meal, then placed in a covered glass of boric acid or bicarbonate of soda solution. Once daily the nipple should be turned inside out and scrubbed with a brush and hot soap-suds, then well rinsed in cold water and put back in a fresh solution. New nipples should be boiled, but boiling every day softens the rubber too much. Before the nipple is put on the bottle rinse it in cold, boiled water.

EVERY mother having a baby under six months of age is invited to join the Correspondence Course in Mothercraft. Send in the baby's name and age, with a self-addressed, stamped envelop, and an Admission Blank will be mailed to you. You will receive free regular monthly help until the baby is two years old. Mothers having older children up to the age of twelve may ask questions about their care, feeding, and general hygiene. Address Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review Building, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York.

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"If I Could Only Afford to Have Them"!

You Can! Let Us Tell You—

—How You Can Have These Six Smart Garments Without Cost

—How You Can Make $25 to $50 a Week in Your Own Home

—and How You Can Always Be Well Dressed at One-Half to One-Third Store Prices

"HOW much do you suppose they ask for that pretty little afternoon dress in the window? The one at the right?" asked one woman of her shopping companion.

"Oh, about $25." guessed her friend.

"Forty!" exclaimed the first. "I thought it was just what I wanted—until I priced it. It is certainly discouraging—when you have only a certain amount of money to pay for a dress—to find that the ones you would like cost ten or fifteen dollars more than you can afford. The absurd prices they get for the simplest things!"

"What can we do about it?" asked her friend wearily. "We can't make our own clothes and have them *look* like anything, can we?"

You know yourself how it is: You have a certain modest sum you can afford to spend for your Spring outfit. You go down-town, expecting to get a dress, or suit, or blouse, at a certain price. The ones you really like cost more. If you pay the price, you must go without the hat or shoes you need too. You "shop around" in vain—and probably end by paying the price. Then you have to skimp on underwear, and other "invisibles" the rest of the season.

And yet there *is* a way to solve this perplexing clothes problem:—a way to have all the pretty, stylish clothes you want—for only the bare cost of the materials. Let us tell you how you can have clothes, made of even better materials than you would get in ready-made dresses. Clothes with all the smart Fifth Avenue look, and all the perfection of finish that is only obtainable by the most improved methods of clothes construction. And last of all, clothes at one-half to one-third the prices you know by experience the stores would charge.

Let us tell you the answer to the tired shopper's petulant question.

"What can we do about it? We can't make our own clothes—and have them look like anything, can we?"

Certainly You Can

To all women who are troubled and perplexed about dressing suitably and stylishly on limited incomes, The School of Modern Dress has come with both the promise and the fulfillment of better clothes at much smaller cost.

The School of Modern Dress is all that its name implies. It is an institution founded for the purpose of teaching the simplest, most practical, most up-to-date methods of clothes-making to the woman in the home—the woman who has no time or money to waste. Expert dressmakers and designers have finally, after much experiment, research and practical tests, reduced all the important principles of *professional* dressmaking to their simplest possible form and arranged them in easy-to-follow steps. Through this simplified method even the woman who never sewed before can quickly learn how to make pretty clothes at home.

It teaches you the quickest, easiest and most satisfactory methods of cutting, fitting and finishing fashionable clothes. It teaches you new rapid ways of accomplishing in one hour what formerly took a whole evening!

Please do not confuse this course with any other because it differs in many important essentials. It teaches the hand method and the machine method. It teaches you how to tuck, ruffle, shirr and plait ten yards of material more quickly than you would perhaps think possible, how to cut clothes quickly and without trouble, how to obtain a perfect, tailored fit that defies any suggestion of a "home-made" look. It does not teach machine sewing alone, or hand sewing alone; it does not teach style-creating or clothes-construction alone; but it teaches all of them in a simple, understandable, interesting way that you will thoroughly enjoy.

Find Out How To Get This Modiste's Outfit

FREE

Make Money at Home

And in addition to quickly teaching you professional methods of designing, cutting and finishing stylish clothes for yourself, The School of Modern Dress also provides you the opportunity to become financially independent—to have an income of your own to do with as you want. How fine it would be to make $25 to $50 a week in your own home—and experience shows that this is not too much to expect. What others have done you can attempt with confidence—with the help of The School of Modern Dress. Let us tell you all about the money-making possibilities it offers you.

How to Get the Six Smart Garments FREE

Not only does The School of Modern Dress teach the newest, most up-to-date and rapid methods of sewing, but it is the only school that rewards its students for their co-operation by giving them absolutely free the materials and trimmings necessary to make garments taught in the course. You receive sufficient material and trimming during the course to make a smart collar-and-cuff set, a dainty chemise, a handsome blouse, a useful house dress and a stylish afternoon frock. These are the same six handsome garments illustrated above in the show window.

You know from your shopping experience that these articles would cost you many dollars if bought ready-made in the stores. The School of Modern Dress shows you how to make them all yourself—without a cent of expense for material of any kind. You get the garments absolutely FREE with the course.

Also, a Free Modiste's Outfit

You will receive also, a free dress form and a handsome Oriental sewing basket containing all the sewing equipment you require—a real modiste's outfit.

It costs you nothing to find out all about this wonderful way to make clothes—and to make money. We would like to tell you how we teach you to find your perfect silhouette, how to design becoming clothes that suit your figure and personality, how to combine lines and colors into an artistic interpretation of yourself. But there is not enough space here, and we want to send you this important information so that you can read it at leasure in your own home.

Mail Coupon Now for Full Information. It's FREE

Do not hesitate. Mail the coupon below now, this very minute, for the free information you want to read. It costs you nothing. You want to know all about this remarkable course in clothes-making that enables you to make a pretty dress in from one-half to one-third the time it ordinarily takes. Remember that when you know how to make clothes this new, quick way you will be able to have two or three dresses instead of one—and dresses that are prettier, finer, better-fitting than any you could buy ready-made at two or three times what they cost you. Remember that you will learn also how to get the six illustrated garments FREE.

There's no obligation. We want to send you this free information so that you can see for yourself what this wonderful course in new-way clothes-making will mean to you. Clip the coupon NOW, fill it in and get it into the mail-box at once. Address the

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The delicious flavor won millions of homes in America. Then we sent it abroad. Gradually oat lovers all the world over were won by these flavory flakes.

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You get this grade at any store when you ask for Quaker Oats. It costs no fancy price.

It helps to foster the love of oats, and that is what you want.

The oat is supreme food for children—almost the ideal food. Each pound of Quaker Oats supplies 1810 calories of 16 needed food elements.

Make this dish doubly inviting. Serve these fragrant, flavory flakes.

Quaker Oats

Just the cream of the oats—in flakes

5 dishes 2½c

The large package of Quaker Oats—the family package — makes 60 liberal dishes.

The price is 30 cents, save in distant sections. In such economical foods, why serve less than the best?

Packed in sealed round packages with removable covers

PERENNIALS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

He would have resisted except for another cry from the bed which turned him coward. He flung himself in the grass. The thing going on inside made him sick. When his brain had begun to reel between agonizing cries and more agonizing silences there arose a great chattering, and the chattering was pierced by a little wail. After a time he heard the women go away one by one. When he thought the last had gone he went into the shack. Except for Nuanuu's gentle breathing there was not a sound. He lay down on the floor and slept until morning.

At daylight he opened his eyes and saw the woman who had pushed him out the door sitting by the bed straight in her chair but fast asleep, with her mouth hideously open. Again he was angered unreasonably by the sight of her yellow face. He jumped up and strode toward her. She was awake on the instant and intercepted him before he reached the bed. She pushed him into the kitchen, telling him, to his surprize, in English that Nuanuu must sleep. She stood on guard licking her lips until he left for the fields. He came home early in the evening and found her gone. Nuanuu lay watching the door and waiting for him. Carter looked down on the spent childish form in humble pity.

"Nuanuu!" he cried, and knelt beside her.

Nuanuu was fumbling with trembling fingers inside a cover. She raised a small bundle a trifle higher on her shoulder and uncovered its face with ineffable pride. She smiled weakly into Carter's eyes.

"See? Small Maals."

Carter looked and saw his son, as mahogany-colored as koa-wood.

A tremor ran all through him. The blood of his white forefathers rose like a gorge within him. He turned to Nuanuu. Blinded by youth, she had been to him the embodiment of romance, without color, race, or creed. For the first time since his great adventure he realized that this princess of the scarlet flower was merely a woman with a brown skin.

By THE time Small Miles was two months old he had bleached out somewhat, and at the end of six he was no darker than his mother's olive. Except for his skin he was the image of his father. Tho Carter had recovered from the first shock of having a brown son he was not fond of the child, but he pitied him. Thompson's stories about half-breeds recurred to him again and again, and he imagined that the child's sober eyes were constantly accusing him. He rarely held him, leaving caresses to Nuanuu, whose love for Small Miles was little short of idolatry. She arose in the night to look at him. She waited upon him all day, and in the evenings when Carter sat on the door-step she no longer leaned on his shoulder and sang to him, but sat apart, brooding over Small Miles in her [illegible]

At these times she looked covertly at Carter. He was kind to her, but kindness and love may be far aloof. If Carter had seen himself he would have been astonished to find how much he resembled that side of his grandfather's picture as seen from his mother's hall door, stern and forbidding. The sternness began to creep into his manner. One evening Nuanuu sat crooning to Small Miles. She always spoke to Carter in her limping pidgin-English, but to the child she reverted entirely to her own tongue. What had charmed the lover now angered the father.

"Nuanuu," he said sternly, "I told you to speak English."

She hushed her song until the child began to stir fretfully. Unconsciously she began her Hawaiian lullaby and stopped as instantly.

"No can do," her chin quivered.

"I'll take him."

The child kicked and screamed for his mother. Nuanuu stretched out her arms tearfully, but Carter held him firmly. He could not think of a lullaby. All he had ever had sung to him were hymns. He began to hum aimlessly, and presently found his father's favorite hymn on his tongue, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains to India's Coral Strand." His voice was deep and resonant, and after a time the child hushed his fretting and lay looking into his father's face. If one of old Miles's converts had seen this descendant administering a Christian hymn to a brown baby he would have cried aloud at the old missionary's shade. As for young Miles the mantle of his grandfather had fallen heavily upon him. He must snatch this brand from the burning.

In his romantic days he slept easily if only Nuanuu lay in his arms. These disturbed nights he lay awake long, considering the future of his son. If he allowed him to grow up on the plantation he would be an Oriental. If he sent him away he would be an outcast half-breed in a strange land and, besides, Nuanuu's heart would be broken.

Without calling it that, he came to the conclusion that for the present there was nothing for him to do but enter upon a little missionary work in his own shack. He began the next morning. He took away a bowl of poi which Nuanuu was feeding the child and asked her not to give it to him again. He went to the plantation store and asked Dorsey to order ready-made American clothes from Honolulu for Nuanuu and the child. Among other things he ordered picture-books, and every evening, tho the child could not understand a word, read to him as man to man and showed him the pictures. He recited to him all the jingles he had ever known and concluded the evening lesson with a hymn from the large store he himself had been taught to memorize.

Nuanuu, sitting stiff and awkward in her new clothes, watched them silently. She recalled her own first lessons and wondered if Carter had forgotten. The days which had used to fly so joyously for her now dragged lonesomely. Even Small Miles was getting too big to be hugged and kissed all the time. He insisted on creeping about the floor, and finally began to toddle around the door-step.

ONE day he ran away down the path and found his way to the Jap colony beyond the bamboo. He crowed with glee to find little boys like himself rolling and playing in the grass, and promptly joined them After a terrifying search Nuanuu found him, and when the women who were gathered sociably before their doors beckoned her to sit with them she disobeyed Carter's command out of pure enjoyment of kindly faces and friendly voices. She did not mention it to Carter, but she enjoyed the little excursion so much that she allowed Small Miles to run away again next day and prolonged her visit when she went after him. It was so pleasant laughing with the women over the children's antics that she stayed longer than she knew. They had long been curious about her.

Flattered by their interest, she told them the story of her acquaintance and flight with Carter in her limping English, the lip-licker interpreting it to the rest. While she was in the midst of showing how Hiiaka had lashed her and tied her up with willow-withes she looked up and saw Carter standing by the bamboo-brake. The women, all but one, ducked their heads, snickered, and shuffled inside their own doors. The lip-licker eyed him impassively. Nuanuu went uneasily toward him, plucking Small Miles from a knot of squirming little yellow bodies as she went.

"I told you never to talk to any one. Do you want Hiiaka to find you? And I mean it when I say that Small Miles must be kept away from the Japs."

Carter looked at her so solemn and stern all evening that she slipped away terrified to bed.

Two weeks later when he came home one evening he saw standing at the foot of the lane the same carryall which had brought him and Nuanuu to the plantation. The same driver sat in the seat, and when Carter asked him what he wanted pretended he did not understand. Carter hurried his steps with a feeling of uneasiness. He had not gone far when he saw the lip-licker disappearing through the bamboo, and beyond her an old woman walking with a cane and supported on either side by a henchman coming down the path. He did not have to be told that it was Hiiaka. She had found them at last. She was incredibly old and was dressed in a long white holoku. Her face, dark to blackness, was so netted with wrinkles that the features were all but obscured. Her eyes alone were alive, and glistening like a snake's. To his amazement she spoke to him in English when he came within a few paces of her.

"You see I have found you. You fool, you don't know Hiiaka, but Hiiaka knows you and your breed."

She came closer, speaking with unbelievable ferocity.

"Hymn-singing liars, soft-spoken hypocrites, love-making robbers! There was one devil of them all, with the same look of you!"

She lifted her cane as if to strike him in the face, but in her rage it dropped from her shaking fingers. Her wrinkled countenance cracked into a wicked smile more terrible than her glare.

"I came to take my late granddaughter home with me, but she prefers your pigpen to my palace. May you have much pleasure of her and your brat!

"Ha, ha! He, he!" she croaked impiously, and tottered forward between her attendants.

Carter rushed past them and up the path to his shack. As he came near he heard moans, and when he burst into his door he saw the room in great confusion, Nuanuu lying in a heap on the floor and Small Miles playing with a bloody cane-knife which he had left at home that morning to sharpen.

As he lifted Nuanuu in his arms she gasped.

"Hiiaka! Hiiaka tak Nuanuu. Me no go. Me cut."

She motioned feebly at the gash in her throat.

"Nuanuu lak Maals. Lak Small Maals."

BEYOND the bamboo-brake the Jap women hid fearfully behind their doors. Carter burst into the lip-licker's shack and found it as empty as a shell. He came home and took off the ugly American clothes and dressed Nuanuu's little brown body in a white holoku. He dug a grave on Haleakala's side and laid her with her face toward the shack so she could look down on Small Miles and not be lonely.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 59

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for body tone

WINTER blasts hold little terror for the body toned up to meet them. And body tone and body balance spring from a single source—food!

At no season of the year is fruit so essential to the diet. Winter fare usually means "heavy" fare—meat, eggs, cereals and other "high protein" foods. Hence the warning cry of doctors and dietitians for "More fruit in the diet!" Fruit is the food-balance-wheel of the body. It helps to keep your system on an even keel.

In Sunsweet Prunes and Apricots Nature has given you two natural body-builders and body-regulators. Quick-to-use *energy* comes to you from their rich fruit sugar. Body *tone* comes to you from their tonic iron and other mineral and "vitamine" elements.

Nor should you forget that prunes especially are a *natural corrective*—a laxative made in Nature's own pharmacy. Thus these fine fruit-foods—the pick of California's pack—serve your palate and your body, too!

Here, for example, are three uncommon dishes taken from our new recipe packet—"Sunsweet Surprises for 1922." It will show you how to open up new avenues of taste-and-health in your daily menu. And it's free! Address California Prune and Apricot Growers Inc., 289 Market St., San Jose, California • 11,000 growers.

SUNSWEET
CALIFORNIA'S NATURE-FLAVORED
prunes & apricots

Sunsweet Prune Steam Pudding

One cup bread crumbs; 1 cup chopped suet; 1 cup chopped apples; ½ cup brown sugar; 1 cup chopped, uncooked Sunsweet Prunes; ¼ cup shredded citron; 1 cup flour sifted with ½ teaspoon each of salt, soda, nutmeg, cinnamon, cloves and allspice; ¼ cup molasses; 3 eggs, beaten separately. Mix in the order given, folding in the beaten white of eggs last. Grease a pudding mold, pour in mixture, having mold only two-thirds filled. Adjust cover, place on rack in kettle of boiling water; steam about 3 hours, with water boiling constantly.

Sunsweet Apricot Jelly Roll

Two cups cooked Sunsweet [Dried] Apricots, drained and mashed; 3 eggs; 1 cup sugar; 1 cup sifted flour; 1 teaspoon baking powder; 2 tablespoons cold water; 1 tablespoon melted shortening; 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat eggs until very light; add sugar gradually, beating with egg beater; add water, vanilla and shortening; sift flour and baking powder and fold into batter. Have a shallow baking pan well greased and bottom covered with greased paper. Pour in cake batter and bake in hot oven about twelve minutes. Turn on a napkin, cut off edges and cover with cooked Sunsweet [Dried] Apricots rubbed through a coarse sieve. Turn the top edge of cake down, pressing firmly. Then pick up the corners of napkin and bring toward you. The cake will roll perfectly. Sprinkle with powdered sugar; slice and serve.

Sunsweet Prune Custard Pie

Line a deep pie plate with pastry. Cover the bottom with pitted cooked Sunsweet Prunes. Beat 3 eggs, add ¾ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla and 1½ cups scalded milk. Pour this over the prunes and bake in a medium hot oven until custard is quite firm.

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"IT IS TO LAUGH!"

Good Stories for Every Occasion

HOW many times in a year do you say in desperation, "I wish I could remember a good story"! At that last club-meeting you realized your speech was deadly dull just because you could think of no funny little anecdotes to start your listeners laughing. At that big dinner you attended, don't you remember how embarrassed you were when they called on you for a few words and you could think of nothing but some cut-and-dried platitudes? Yet we all know that the man or woman who tells a good story is always a welcome guest—always a bright spot on a dull afternoon or evening.

One of the most brilliant after-dinner speakers of his time—a man of international reputation—had a system which is well worth passing on. It was in reality the system that made his reputation. He had a story that fitted every occasion, and this is how he did it: When he saw or heard good stories he preserved them and pasted them on slips of white card of uniform size. A good, comfortable size that can be held unconsciously in the hand is 4¼ by 2½ inches. These he carefully filed in a card-index box under separate subject-heads. For instance, "servant problems"—"bridegrooms"—"mothers-in-law"—"babies and children"—"débutantes"—"lawyers," and so on. Then when he was invited to a dinner (say, given to a group of railroad men) he looked up all the railroad and train and colored-porter jokes he could find, and that night at the dinner he told these pertinent stories, thereby making the hit of the evening. If he were invited to address a group of suffrage workers he looked up all the jokes he had on the woman and the vote, and again his speech would scintillate with the funniest stories in the world—every one appropriate to the meeting.

So we pass this suggestion along. Start your file to-day, and in a few months you will be well rewarded when you are acclaimed the best story-teller for miles around. Please let it be understood that we make no claim that these are original jokes. Sometimes the old ones are best, and we loudly acclaim that all of them are "stolen from thieves!"

A Musical Marriage

BROWN and Black were arguing at their club on the question as to who should be the head of the house—the man or the woman.

"I'm the bread-winner," Black said, firmly, "and therefore I rule in my house."

"Well," Brown replied, "before we were married my wife and I made an agreement that I should make the rulings in all the major things and she in all the minor ones."

"And how has it worked?" Black inquired.

Brown smiled wanly. "So far," he replied, "there have been no major matters."

Youthful Satire

KITTY, aged six, had been naughty, and her father had had to administer vigorous correction before going to business.

That an impression had been made was apparent when, on his return from business in the evening, Kitty called up-stairs with frigid politeness:

"Mother, your husband's home."

More Than a Fighting Chance

"WHAT are the chances of my recovering, Doctor?"

"One hundred per cent. Medical records show that nine out of every ten die of the disease you have. Yours is the tenth case I've treated. Others all died. You're bound to get well. Statistics are statistics."

Not That He Cared

A STOUT woman always took two theater seats for herself so as to be more comfortable. On one occasion the attendant said: "Excuse me, Madam, but who is going to use your second ticket?"

"I am going to occupy both seats," replied the woman.

"Just as you like, Madam, only they happen to be on opposite sides of the aisle."

One Among So Many

FRIEND—"My, vot a rotten cigar you giff me."

Storekeeper—"You should worry. You got vun. I got five hundred!"

Ready for Anything

IT WAS a very small country hotel, built of wood and pretty flimsy. But it was all the town afforded, and Tompkins had to stop there. When he was shown his room he said to the colored boy who was "page":

"I am glad they've got a rope here in case of fire. But why a Bible?"

"That, suh," said the boy, "in in case de fire am too far gone for you to make yo' escape, suh."

Mending the Church

A SMALL church was sadly in want of general repairs, and a meeting was being held to raise funds for that purpose.

The minister having said that to do the work $500 would be required, a very wealthy (and equally stingy) member of the congregation rose and said he would give one dollar. Just as he sat down a lump of plaster fell from the ceiling and hit him upon the head, whereupon he rose hastily and called out that he had made a mistake—he would give fifty dollars. That was too much for an enthusiast present who, forgetful of everything, called out fervently: "O Lord, hit him again!"

A Test of Friendship

SUFFERER—"I have a terrible toothache and want something to cure it."

Friend—"Now, you don't need any medicine. I had toothache yesterday and I went home and my loving wife kissed me and so consoled me that the pain soon passed away. Why don't you try the same?"

Sufferer—"I think I will. Is your wife at home now?"

What Is Circumstantial Evidence?

AN OLD darky had been in trouble for stealing chickens, and was convicted on circumstantial evidence.

"What's circumstantial evidence?" he was asked.

"Well," he said, "as near as I kin 'splain it, f'um de way it has ben 'splained to me, circumstantial evidence is de feathers dat you leaves lyin' around after you has done with de chicken."

Scotch Thrift

DONALD MacTAVISH lay adying. He had been all day about it, and his wife, who had watched with patient expectancy since early morn, began to feel the call of her neglected household duties.

"Aweel, Don," she said, as she moved the light to the table by his bed, "I mus' gang along to the kitchen the noo. Ye'll no be takin' yer departure afore I come back. But if ye should, ye'll not forget to blow out the candle afore ye dee, will ye?"

Poor Old Philadelphia

A PHILADELPHIAN was in New York for the first time, determined to see the sights and test every novelty, even in the gastronomic line.

The sign "Snail Soup" outside a Broadway restaurant caught his eye; he entered. "What's this snail soup?" he queried. "Have you really got it?"

"Sure." The waitress questioned him with her eyes.

"I'll take a chance on a plate," he ordered.

He ate with gusto—down to the last morsel—and smacked his lips over the new luxury. "Is it really *snail* soup?" he asked. "Made from snails?"

The waitress nodded. "Didn't you ever eat it before?"

"Never heard of it."

She glanced at him pityingly. "Where are you from, anyway?" she asked, some country village in her mind's eye.

"Philadelphia—the City of Brotherly Love, Liberty Bell, and John Wanamaker."

"Don't you have snails there?"

"Certainly we do," he replied, reaching for his hat. "We do—but we can't catch them."

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Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"

The label is red and white

Oyster Stew—1 pt. oysters, 3 cups water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, pepper, ½ tbsp. salt, 2 tbsp. butter. Clean and drain oysters. Add butter and seasonings to scalded milk. Bring to the boiling point, add oysters and serve. This recipe serves six people.

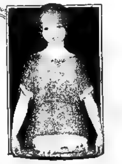
Chicken Croquettes—Seasoning, 2 cups cold cooked chicken, 1 tsp. parsley, 1½ cups Thick White Sauce. Grind or chop chicken fine. Lemon juice, onion juice and celery salt may be used for seasoning if desired. Add chicken to Thick White Sauce, cool and shape. Roll in bread crumbs, then in slightly beaten egg and again in crumbs and fry in deep fat. Drain and garnish with parsley. This recipe serves six people.

Spice Cakes—2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, ¼ cup water, ½ cup molasses, ¼ cup Carnation Milk, ½ cup butter or substitute, 1 tsp. soda, 2½ cups flour, ¼ tsp. allspice, ¼ tsp. nutmeg, 1 tsp. cinnamon, 1 tsp. baking powder. Cream the butter or substitute, add sugar, well beaten eggs, molasses and milk. Mix and sift the flour, soda, baking powder, and spices. Add to mixture and bake in muffin pans in a moderately hot oven. This recipe makes sixteen cakes.

The Carnation Cook Book contains more than 100 tested, economical recipes. You will find many helpful suggestions in it. It will be sent free at your request.

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

LITTLE COOK-BOOK



BY EDITH M. BARBER

DO YOU have "good luck" with cake? Every day will be a lucky day if you follow a few general rules for mixing and baking cake No more failures, no more soggy or tough cake if you follow the directions under "C" in the food primer.

"C" FOR CAKE

EVERYBODY loves cake. Altho I was taught as you were when I went to school the fact that "one can not love an inanimate object" I am sure there is no rule of English more often broken, for everybody loves cake—*good* cake. Yet everybody does not make good cake. How often have I heard a woman say, "I had bad luck with my cake to-day"! I suspect, however, that luck was not to blame; that the knowledge of a few of the essentials of cake-making would make it unnecessary to use poor old Luck as a scapegoat.

Use pastry flour when possible. In case bread flour is used decrease the amount of flour slightly (one tablespoonful to a cup). Sift flour before measuring.

Cream the butter and sugar thoroughly to make the texture of the cake fine.

As eggs differ in size and as flour differs in power to take up liquid it is not possible for a recipe to be absolutely accurate as far as liquid is concerned. It may be necessary to add more liquid to make a batter the proper thickness. To test a cake-batter for thickness: If the batter breaks at the edge of the spoon when held above the bowl it is too thick. If it runs all the way down without breaking it is too thin. If it breaks half-way between the spoon and the bowl it is just the right thickness.

If yolks and whites of eggs are beaten separately, the texture of the cake will be light. If they are beaten together, the texture will be closer, but the cake will keep moist longer. If only the whites of the eggs are used, the cake will be fluffy and delicate. If only the yolks are used, the cake will be rich and moist.

While the use of generous quantities of butter and eggs produces a rich cake with good keeping qualities, the amounts may be lessened if the cake is to be eaten at once.

One-egg Cake

¼ Cupful Butter
½ Cupful Sugar
1 Egg
½ Cupful Milk
2½ Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
½ Teaspoonful Flavoring
1½ Cupful Flour

CREAM the butter, add the sugar and the egg. Beat thoroughly, and add the milk alternately with the flour and baking-powder sifted together. Flavor, and bake twenty-five to thirty minutes in a shallow pan, or forty minutes in a loaf-cake pan, in a moderate oven. This cake should be eaten while it is fresh, and makes a good foundation for cottage pudding.

Golden Cake

½ Cupful Butter
1 Cupful Sugar
4 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
1 Teaspoonful Lemon-rind
½ Cupful Milk
1¾ Cupful Flour
8 Egg Yolks

CREAM the butter, add the sugar gradually, add the well-beaten yolks, add the flour sifted with the baking-powder, the milk, and lemon-rind. Bake in two shallow layers in a moderate oven.

Lady Baltimore Cake

1 Cupful Butter
2 Cupfuls Sugar
1 Cupful Milk
3 Cupfuls Flour
4½ Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
6 Egg Whites
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla

CREAM together the butter and sugar. Add the milk and the flour, sifted with the baking-powder, alternately. Add the vanilla. Fold in the egg whites, and bake in three layers thirty to thirty-five minutes in a moderately hot oven.

Layer-cake

¾ Cupful Butter
1½ Cupful Sugar
3 Eggs
¾ Cupful Milk
2½ Cupfuls Flour
3½ Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
¾ Teaspoonful Vanilla

CREAM together the butter and sugar, and add the beaten egg yolks. Add the milk alternately with the flour and the baking-powder sifted together. Fold in the beaten egg whites, flavor, and bake in two layers or in a loaf in a moderate oven. The yolks and whites may be beaten together and added with the milk.

THE baking is as important as the mixing, and to have good results you must know your oven. The general rules for baking in the preceding instalment of the "Little Cook-Book" apply to cake.

SPECIAL CAKE MIXTURES

THERE are a few special recipes which belong in the food primer. A real devil's food is more than a white cake flavored with chocolate, and sponge-cake and angel-food are in a class by themselves.

Devil's Food

1 Cupful Fat
¾ Cupful White Sugar
2 Cupfuls Brown Sugar
3 Egg Yolks
3 Whole Eggs
2 Cupfuls Flour
1 Teaspoonful Baking-powder
1 Teaspoonful Soda
1 Cupful Sour Milk
2 Cupfuls Coconut
6 Squares Chocolate, Melted

CREAM the fat and sugar together, add the egg yolks. Beat well, and add one-fourth of the mixed flour, soda, and baking-powder. Add the unbeaten eggs, beat well, and add the rest of the flour alternately with the sour milk. Add the coconut and the chocolate, and bake in three layers or in loaf-cake pans. This cake will keep moist a week.

Eggless, Milkless Spice-cake

1 Cupful Brown Sugar
1¼ Cupful Water
1 Cupful Raisins
⅓ Cupful Fat
1 Teaspoonful Nutmeg
1 Teaspoonful Cinnamon
½ Teaspoonful Salt
5 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
2 Cupfuls Flour

BOIL the sugar, water, fat, raisins, spices, and salt together in a saucepan two minutes. When cool, add the flour and baking-powder, which have been sifted together. Mix well, and bake in a shallow pan in a moderate oven about forty-five minutes.

Ginger-cake

4 Tablespoonfuls Fat
½ Cupful Sugar
1 Egg
½ Cupful Sweet or Sour Milk
½ Cupful Molasses
1 Teaspoonful Cinnamon
1 Teaspoonful Ginger
½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Teaspoonful Soda
1¾ Cupful Flour

CREAM the fat, add the sugar gradually, add the egg, and beat well. Mix the molasses and the milk. Mix and sift the dry ingredients, add alternately with the liquid to the creamed fat and sugar. Bake in a moderate oven thirty to forty-five minutes.

Gingerbread

2¼ Cupfuls Flour
1 Teaspoonful Ginger
1 Teaspoonful Soda
1 Cupful Molasses
½ Cupful Cold or Boiling Water
3 Tablespoonfuls Melted Fat

MIX and sift the dry ingredients, mix the liquid ingredients, and pour into the dry. Beat thoroughly and bake in a shallow greased pan for about twenty minutes in a moderate oven. The use of boiling water makes a moist while the use of cold water makes a dry cake.

Sponge-cake

3 Eggs
1 Cupful Sugar
1 Cupful Flour
1 Teaspoonful Baking-powder
Salt
¼ Cupful Cold Water

BREAK the eggs into a bowl, add the sugar, and beat together ten minutes. Add the dry ingredients, which have been sifted together, and the cold water. Bake in a moderate oven forty to fifty minutes. This is especially good served with ice-cream or whipped cream.

Fondant Sponge-cake

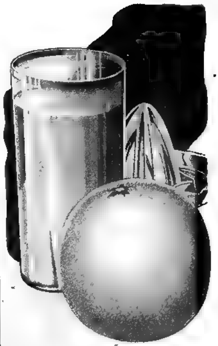
1½ Cupful Sugar
¾ Cupful Water
6 Eggs, Separated
1 Lemon (Juice and Rind)
1 Cupful Flour

BOIL the sugar and water to a thread. Beat the eggs separately. Combine the whites and yolks. Add the sirup and beat well. Add the flour; then the lemon. Bake in a slow oven in an angel-food pan forty to fifty minutes.

Angel-food

8 Egg Whites
1 Teaspoonful Cream of Tartar
¾ Cupful Sugar
¾ Cupful Flour
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla

BEAT the whites of the eggs slightly, add the cream of tartar, and continue beating until the eggs are stiff. Add the sugar gradually, and fold in the flour mixed with the salt and sifted several times. Flavor, and bake about fifty minutes in an ungreased angel-food pan in a slow oven.



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PERENNIALS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

The first night Small Miles would not be comforted. Carter sat on the door-step with him on walked up and down the path before the shack until dawn. His eyes had no desire for sleep. They were too busy looking upon pictures which his brain insisted on presenting. What had old Hilaka meant by "that devil of them all, with the look of you"? Had a long finger reached out of his grandfather's past and linked an ancient romance with his own? He preferred to believe with Thompson that Hilaka was a cracked old fool, and mused instead over his own history.

Opportunity which he had despaired of had plucked him out of Ohio and handed him over to romance in Oahu. His idyl had come to an end and left behind as reminders remorse and a brown baby. He became aware of a tug on his thumb. He looked down and perceived that Small Miles, bereft of his mother, had now taken him for his own, gripping him with his chubby fist. Small Miles clutched deeper than he knew. There swept over Carter an unbelievable tenderness. He gathered the child to him, no longer a mere missionary doing good to him, but a father awakened to love for his first-born.

REMORSE can be sat with in a corner but not a brown baby, at least not for long. After taking him away from the plantation and the islands, a plan which not long ago seemed so desirable, he could not as yet bring himself to do it. His genuine grief for Nuanuu chained him to the shack which would forever hold the fondest memories of his life. He set about his new existence, getting up early to do whatever housekeeping was necessary and taking Small Miles out into the plantation with him. In the evenings after supper he continued his lessons in Mother Goose and hymns.

Now that secrecy was no longer necessary he sent Thompson his address, and a long-delayed cablegram was forwarded to him. The same driver who had brought him and Nuanuu and Hilaka to the plantation now brought the message. It said his father was fatally ill and to come at once. There was no boat for two days. He spent the last night on the island by Nuanuu on Haleakala's side. In the morning he came down and locked the shack, pretending that it still held home and not his lost romance. He climbed in the carriage and told the driver to hurry. Dorsey chewed a sugar-cane lonesomely and thought of his old home in Iowa. Small Miles laughed and clapped his hands and told the horse to get up.

IT WAS a raw March night when Carter returned to Millersburg. To his travel-worn eyes the town squatting on the prairie was the picture of desolation. A cold sky overhead, frozen ground beneath, and sickly lights in dim windows. It was Millersburg's bedtime and there was not a soul on the street. He carried Small Miles and walked along the familiar ways of his boyhood, already grown strange. There was light in his mother's kitchen. He whistled as he walked along the path at the side of the house. He stamped loudly on the porch. He heard the kitchen door into the entry open, and finally the entry door and Lizzie Parsons, a little plumper, a little older, stood before him. Behind her his mother, half-risen from her chair beside the stove, cried aloud, "My boy! My boy! Where have you been? Your father's been gone two months!"

Carter, late favorite of romance in Oahu, now back to plain life in Ohio, took his mother in his arms. He was shocked that this frail old woman was his mother and that this cramped, dingy kitchen was the great cheery one of his boyhood. The his caresses were tender and his words gentle his mother divined him

"You've changed, Son," she said, looking into his lined face. "Who's this?"

Carter had all but forgotten Small Miles. Lizzie, up to her old tricks of cuddling other women's babies, was holding him by the stove, unbuttoning his coat and taking off his shoes so he could hold his feet up to the fire.

"That's my boy, Mother."

Small Miles's face was dirty and he had that forlorn air which motherless babies with the best of fathers have. Carter had fitted him out in San Francisco with the effect of a little old man.

His mother went toward the child.

"My!" she started. "Ain't he dark! Is he a——?"

She saw her son's face and stopped.

"Where's his mother?" she finished lamely.

"She's dead."

"He ain't dark, Gran'ma," cried Lizzie, hugging Small Miles to her. "He's jest got a dirty face!"

Carter looked at her in eternal gratitude.

"Yes, yes," agreed his mother hastily. "He's a fine boy," and gingerly patted his head.

But Small Miles knew his best friend. He looked at her solemnly, then ducked into Lizzie's shoulder as he used to hide in his mother's. His grandmother turned away.

"You didn't tell me you was married," she reproached her son.

"It was rather sudden, and I was busy, and then I lost her."

Carter's eyes fell beneath his mother's scrutiny.

"She was a princess," he extenuated.

Instantly he was ashamed of the advantage he had taken. His mother sat up revivified, her eyes sparkling. She had never been out of the county, and the nearest approach to greatness she had ever made was standing on the station platform while the express whisked a waving, bowing Presidential candidate through Millersburg.

"My lan' Miles!" she beamed while Lizzie's eyes grew big as saucers. "a princess in the family! Ain't it too bad she died? I'm sorry for you, Son. Well, that boy looks every inch a prince. I reckon the sun in them countries is hard on the skin, but he'll soon get bleached out here. An' gran'ma'll make him some buckwheat-cakes for breakfast, she will, an' if he's anything like his father he'll keep her busy bakin'."

She bustled over to the batter-jar.

"I ain't been so happy since you went away," she said as she stirred in more flour. "With your poor father gone an' all it's been terrible lonesome. I don't know what I'd 'a' done if it hadn't been for Lizzie. Her folks was took off with typhoid an' she come to live with me when your father died. You'll find your room just like it was. I've been savin' it for you. Old man Woodward is poorly, an' he's lookin' for some one to look after things for him. He ain't had nobody he could depend on since you went away, has he, Lizzie?"

"No, indeedy," Lizzie corroborated.

SHE WAS rocking happily back and forth, back and forth, and Small Miles, with one brown hand on her bosom, lay asleep as peacefully as if he were on his mother's breast.

"He's sure some sweet baby," she smiled at Carter. Her placid eyes rested upon him, and Carter, home from finding his fortune, noticed, what he had not taken time to see when he went away seeking it, that their pale blue was misty.

"He's sure some little prince," corrected old Mrs. Carter as she stirred the batter briskly. "My, what'll ev'rybody say?"

She came over and passed her knotty old hand across her son's forehead.

"Thank the Lord, Son, you're home again. You'll never leave me no more, will you? I've been awful lonesome."

Carter, more lonesome than he had ever been in his life, followed her over the house as she showed him what she had done with the money he had sent her: lace curtains which she had coveted a lifetime, a mammoth base-burner which "turned Winter into Summer," and a new carpet for the parlor floor.

"An' I got the roof mended an' the organ fixed up. The mice had got into it pretty bad. It sounds like new, and Lizzie plays it real sweet. An' there's your gran'father hangin' in his same old place. Your poor father would turn in his grave if I ever touched it."

Carter looked at the picture, baffling as ever with its two-sided gaze. The question of his childhood puzzled him again as he stared at the old man's whimsical smile. What was the joke and who was it on?

"Well, I declare, Miles," he heard his mother saying, "if you ain't the image of your gran'father!"

WITH Small Miles in his arms he climbed the steep, crooked stair to the room he had slept in when he was a boy. Everything was just as he had left it, the same nails on the wall, the same rag carpet on the floor. Small Miles did not awaken while he undressed him, but smiled in his dreams, knowing no difference between Oahu and Ohio, but his father lay long staring at the cold Ohio sky which glimmered through the window. An awful homesickness for the soft, velvet one of Oahu overwhelmed him. He could have cried aloud for Nuanuu, timid thing, lying lonely on Haleakala's side, and for the shack against the taboo and its closed door.

From the kitchen below came the sound of his mother's and Lizzie's voices, eager and happy. It was all over, his romance. A staid, peaceful future with Lizzie might be awaiting him, but gone were scarlet blossoms, beaming eyes, and throbbing hearts.

"No, no," he rebelled, and flung himself about upon the bed. His hand touched Small Miles. He drew himself up on his elbow and looked at him in the moonlight. He smiled whimsically. Gathered there in that little body was the fulfilment of all his own dreams, adventure, and romance. Velvet breezes, misty mountains, scarlet flowers. His gaze grew stern. This exotic from the islands had better be planted deep in Ohio corn-fields. He would buy out old man Woodward's store for him, and the parsonage, still called parsonage tho the parson was gone, would be his homestead, old Joshua having paid for it with painful ekings from his small salary. He lay thinking of him growing up where he himself had grown, walking down the road to Woodward's, coming home to dinner, winding his grandfather's clock at night. The midnight train whistled half a mile down the track. It came rushing, rushing toward the Far West and the isle-dotted ocean. As it rumbled through the town it shook the tiny parsonage to its foundations. Carter put his hands over the child's ears so he might not hear and awaken.

Baron de Meyer Photo

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You can form no idea of how quick and easy Cutex has made manicuring until you have given it a trial. This very minute, before you forget, send for the new Cutex Introductory Set. In it you will find everything you need for manicuring this new way, with a book of instructions. Follow the directions and give yourself a complete Cutex manicure. It will seem like a miracle to you. Perhaps you may have made the cuticle at the base of the nails coarse and ragged by clipping it with the cuticle scissors. Cutex Cuticle Remover will leave it beautifully smooth and even.

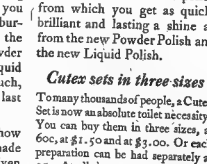
And you will agree that you have never used a nail polish from which you get as quick, brilliant and lasting a shine as from the new Powder Polish and the new Liquid Polish.

Cutex sets in three sizes

To many thousands of people, a Cutex Set is now an absolute toilet necessity. You can buy them in three sizes, at 60c, at $1.50 and at $3.00. Or each preparation can be had separately at 35c. At all department stores in the United States and Canada.

Introductory Set now only 15c

Contains samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Cream, the new Powder Polish and the new Liquid Polish, with orange stick and emery board. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York. Or, if you live in Canada, Dept. 202, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.



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SHORT SKIRTS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

"And didn't anybody ever tell you, Father, that the reason the price of everything was so high and is so high was because of the War? Didn't you know that, Father dear?"

I am sure I flushed. I do not mean I was angry, but I am sure I flushed. That sarcastic tone was not the tone for a daughter to use in speaking to her father.

"Th' lumber an' steel an' bricks an' all bein' used for th' War," explained Mrs. Biddle, "for makin' cannon an' all."

"Cannon are not made of bricks and lumber," I said. "*Of* steel, yes! But I hope, Mrs. Biddle, you are not making my daughter a steel skirt."

Mrs. Biddle seemed puzzled and at a loss just what to reply to this.

"It's th' buildin'," she said, vaguely. "Nobody buildin' homes or flats or dwellin's durin' th' War, sir."

"Rents," said Emily scornfully. "Father need not pretend he does not understand. He knows as well as I do how the landlords profiteered during the War."

"Ain't it th' truth?" exclaimed Mrs. Biddle. "I don't know for th' love of me how some folks get along at all! I was telliin' my boy Joe only last night he was a fool to think of gettin' married, th' way things are and rent what it is."

Emily wiped her eyes.

"But he is going to, isn't he, Mrs. Biddle?" she asked sweetly.

"Sure, nothin' can stop him!" said Mrs. Biddle, and added, "Not but what Annie is a nice girl enough, in a way."

"Of course she is," said Emily. "I know just what sort of girl she is, Mrs. Biddle. She is one of those nice, old-fashioned girls, with neat black skirts that come below her shoe-tops, isn't she?"

"She is not!" said Mrs. Biddle promptly. "Catch my Joe lookin' at one of them old-fashioned kind twice! My, my! Th' silk stockings that girl wears and th' way she lets folks know she wears them!"

"Short skirts?" Emily asked.

"None shorter," said Mrs. Biddle flatly, and, I thought, a little grimly. "Not that they look so bad on them, and her but a slip of a girl, like. I do say she's a sweet thing, with her nice ways and her little low pumps the dew would destroy, almost, and her stockings so thin you'd hardly know she was wearin' them at all. And to think of th' clothes I wore at her age! Lord love us!"

"The sort of clothes you wore at her age did well enough then," said Emily. "The louder appeal was not necessary then. Rents were low."

"HENRY," Jane said to me then, "I have asked you not to interfere in this discussion. It is something you need not know anything about, and I again ask you to go away and let me settle this with Emily."

"My dear," I said, "there are times when a father must——"

"Emily," Jane said, "I hope you will say no more. I do not say your father is old-fashioned, but it is not necessary to shock him. He has ideals of girlhood that you need not destroy."

"Oh, fudge, Mother!" Emily exclaimed petulantly. "One would think father was an old grandmother. I may as well say a thing as think it. It's just this, Father—when mother and Mrs. Biddle were girls they simply did not have to advertise as we girls do. Men were not afraid to marry a girl then. But now! How much do you think Bob says the simplest sort of flat fit for us to live in will cost? One hundred and fifty dollars a month, and nothing much at that! What did your son and father pay for the first flat you lived in?"

It seemed such a shameful price that I blushed when I said we had paid twenty dollars a month.

"That's it!" Emily declared triumphantly. "You see! A girl did not have to advertise her superior attractions in those days, Father. If she had a nice face and a pretty hand and a respectable ankle a man married her. Mother did not have to make a naked show-window of herself as we girls have to. The rents simply make a man gasp nowadays. We girls have to make the men gasp twice and forget the rents or we are all going to be old maids. That is all there is to it, Father."

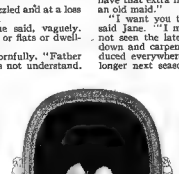
"My dear child!" I exclaimed. "What nonsense! Do you mean to say that when rents go up skirts go up and when rents come down skirts come down? That is utter nonsense!"

"Henry," said Jane then, "I have asked you a number of times *not* to interfere in this discussion. I think I am quite capable of settling with Emily what the length of her skirts should be. If, however, you insist, let me beg you not to argue about economic matters, of which you know nothing, and of their results, of which you know even less. You only show your ignorance. Emily is right. The high rents due to the War the Kaiser brought on to protect himself against the advances being made by the disciples of Karl Marx make the young men afraid of marriage, and while rents remain high it is quite necessary for our young girls to be doubly appealing to the—at least, I mean to say, in one way and another."

"Horrors!" I exclaimed.

"I don't see why you say that," Emily objected. "I'm sure I'm no worse than roses and violets and lilies. They advertise. They have to show the bees. The scarcer the bees the showier the flowers have to be, no matter how much honey they have. It is a simple economic problem of creating a desire that will be greater than a fear. And mother won't let me have that extra inch! She wants me to be an old maid."

"I want you to be attractive, Emily," said Jane. "I merely say that you have not seen the latest statistics. Lumber is down and carpenters' wages are being reduced everywhere. Skirts are sure to be longer next season."



"But, Emily, and you, Jane, too," I said. "Pray listen to me. This is all quite useless. Let us admit, if you choose, that skirts follow the rents. Emily does not need absurdly short skirts. She is already engaged to Bob. She has, may I say, already attracted her bee?"

"Huh!" said Emily instantly. "That has nothing to do with it. You can catch them, but you've got to keep them caught. I notice most of the married women are wearing them just as short as we are. Shorter! I don't blame them. In this world it is as necessary to keep a husband as to catch one. The trouble with mother is she takes every rumor she hears for a fact. Somebody told her rents were going to be cheaper, and she believes it. I know they're not."

At that moment there came to me a thought that I felt sure was nothing less than an inspiration. I saw that Emily and Jane, quite ignoring me, were about to begin wrangling again, and that they would never reach an agreement, since neither was in possession of absolute data regarding the trend of building costs and rent. I knew that from just such little quarrels family estrangements often arose which time itself could not heal. I felt that it was necessary for me to act with vigor and with promptness, and I knew exactly what to do.

It may occur to you that what I meant to do was to go to Emily's Bob and ask him frankly, "Do you prefer Emily in medium-short skirts or short skirts or skirts that are too short?" but this was not what I had in mind. I knew only too well that he would say, "However Em rigs up she looks absolutely spiffy to me."

No, I had a better thought.

"Jane," I said, "will you excuse me for a few minutes while you continue this discussion?"

I was glad then that I frequently looked into the more sedate reviews. I remembered having seen in one of them, while waiting a few minutes at my club, an article entitled, "Is the Cost of Living Rising or Falling?" It looked like a solid and convincing article and, as nearly as I could remember, it was in the current number of the *Overlook*. I had not read the article, but I recalled that it was copiously illustrated with diagrams or charts and that the black line on each chart, while it climbed steadily upward through most of the little squares, made a satisfactory downward hook at the far end in every instance. I was sure that one of these charts told the story of Rents. If, as I seemed to recall, the chart did prove that rents had reached their highest point and were now trending downward, Emily's contention would prove to be a false one, and she would have to permit Mrs. Biddle to put aside her shears and take up her needle and thread.

I HURRIED from the sewing-room and into the hall and donned my coat and hat hastily. I was out of the door and running rapidly down the street a moment later, bound for the Westcote News Company's shop. I made all the haste I could, for I feared Jane would say something that might alienate Emily's daughterly affection forever, or weakly give in to her and let her have a skirt such as I wished no daughter of mine ever to wear.

I burst into the news-store rather suddenly, I admit, and when I panted that I wanted a copy of the latest number of the *Overlook* the newsman laughed and said he thought a house was afire, at least, but he brought me a copy of the review I wanted. It had no charts in it, nor any article of the kind I sought. I then remembered that the article must have been in the *Modern Day*. The shop had no copy of the *Modern Day* on hand.

It would be of no interest to tell how I dashed from shop to shop asking for the *Modern Day* nor how, by a lucky chance, I thought of the Westcote Public Library. It was open—it remains open until nine at night—and when the librarian recovered

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

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MAKE THE BIG SUPPER PAY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

Choose new potatoes of rather small size, steam them over salted water, and just before sending to table pour over them melted butter or margarin, to which pepper and a little salt have been added, and sprinkle with finely chopped parsley.

Chicken Salad

25 Pounds Dressed Fowl or Fowl and Veal
6 Quarts Cut Celery or Cucumber, or Both
1 Cupful Vinegar
2 Quarts Salad Dressing
2 Cupfuls Salad Oil or Melted Butter
2 Teaspoonfuls Paprika
4 Teaspoonfuls Salt

CLEAN and cook fowl or fowl and veal until tender in salted boiling water, using as little water as possible. Cool, remove meat from bones, and cut in inch cubes or small neat pieces. Mix with oil, vinegar, salt, and paprika, and keep in cool place until needed. Wash tender celery, cut in inch pieces, chill in cold water, and dry thoroughly on cheese-cloth before using. If celery is not available, pare cucumbers, remove seeds unless very small, and cut in small pieces; chill and dry. Mix chicken, celery, and half the mayonnaise or other salad dressing. If served on individual plates, arrange lettuce-leaves with chicken piled on top, and a spoonful of dressing on each serving. If served from a bowl mix some shredded lettuce with chicken before the dressing is added.

There should be about twelve quarts of the mixture before the mayonnaise is added, thus allowing a cupful to a serving. If there is not enough, add some well-drained canned peas to make the required quantity.

Pompadour Rice

1 Quart Raw Rice
1 Quart Heavy Cream
2 No. 3 Cans Pineapple
2 Cupfuls Powdered Sugar
3 Tablespoonfuls Salt
7 Quarts Boiling Water

ADD three tablespoonfuls of salt to seven quarts of boiling water; stir in gradually the rice, which has been picked over and washed in cold water. Boil twenty minutes or until soft, but be sure not to overcook it, as the kernels should not be broken. Drain, rinse with cold water to prevent packing while cooling. Use shredded pineapple or cut in small pieces. Beat cream until stiff. Fold cream and pineapple into rice. Put a few shreds of candied cherry on top of each serving.

MENU No. V

CHICKEN À LA KING BOILED OR STEAMED RICE
BUTTERED PEAS
JELLIED CRANBERRIES AND CELERY
MOCK SHERBET WITH COOKIES OR CAKE

Chicken à la King

25 Pounds Dressed Fowl
2½ Cupfuls Flour
2½ Cupfuls Fat
2½ Quarts Chicken Stock
2 Quarts Cut Celery
1 Pint Cut Green Peppers
½ Cupful Chopped Parsley
2 Teaspoonfuls Paprika
Salt to Taste

CLEAN and cook fowl, without cutting, in salted water until tender; remove from liquor, and let get cold. Remove meat carefully from bones, and cut in two-inch pieces; they need not be regular in shape, but should be neatly cut. Return bones to stock, and simmer an hour or two; strain, cool, and remove fat. For the sauce use some of this fat or butterin. Cream together fat and flour, add four quarts of boiling stock, stirring constantly. Boil five minutes, add paprika and salt to taste, and turn meat carefully into boiling sauce. Keep hot over steam; hot water, or an asbestos mat, so as to avoid stirring.

Cut celery in inch pieces, boil thirty minutes in salted water, drain, and add to first mixture

Wash peppers, remove seeds, parboil fifteen minutes; drain, cut in small pieces, and add. Stir mixture carefully once to distribute ingredients uniformly. Serve very hot. Sprinkle with parsley.

Jellied Cranberries and Celery

PREPARE and cook cranberries as for molded cranberries, adding the juice of three lemons. Be sure to cook them until juice jellies. Wash tender, crisp celery, and dry thoroughly with cheese-cloth. Cut in half-inch pieces, and add two quarts to cranberries when partly cooled. Turn into molds to chill.

Mock Sherbet

3 Cupfuls Minute Tapioca
6 Cupfuls Sugar
12 Large Lemons
3 Quarts Boiling Water
14 Egg Whites
2 Teaspoonfuls Salt

PUT tapioca, sugar, salt, and water into double boiler, and cook until clear, stirring frequently. Stir in the juice of lemons five minutes before removing from fire. Turn mixture into large shallow agate pan to cool. When it begins to jelly at the edges, add the well-beaten whites of eggs, whipping until very light. Sometimes a little lemon-extract improves the flavor. Chill. Serve with a spoonful of whipped cream piled on top.

Why My Husband Calls Me "The Best-dressed Woman in Town"

How I solved the clothes problem in our family and found an easy, fascinating way to earn money at home. A personal narrative.

By MARY ELIZABETH RAWLINGS

A LITTLE while ago, my husband and I woke up to the fact that we were getting nowhere on his salary. At the end of each year we found we had saved nothing—absolutely nothing.

We could not afford amusements and we were drifting into a dry, monotonous existence.

We managed to keep out of debt only by going without many of the things we wanted and really needed—particularly in the way of clothes.

The thing that hurt me most was that I discovered that my husband was ashamed to go any place with me because I had no pretty clothes to wear.

Then one night, as if in answer to my prayers and heartaches, a wonderful thing happened! I had gone to my room so that no one would know how terribly unhappy I felt.

After a while, just to divert my thoughts, I opened a magazine and my glance fell on a story that attracted me. It told of a woman just like myself, who had won happiness, solved her clothes problem and found an easy, fascinating way to earn money at home.

Almost wild with hope, I read every word of the story. It seemed so real—so convincing—that I wrote that very night for full information.

In just a few days a beautiful book arrived, telling all about the Woman's Institute and the new method it has developed by which any woman or girl can easily and quickly learn at home, in spare time, to make attractive, becoming clothes at half the usual cost.

I made up my mind that if other women could do it, I could do it, too. So I enrolled for a course in dressmaking.

When my first lesson came, I seized it as eagerly as a love-letter and ran up to my room to devour its contents undisturbed. What a delightful way to study!

"Best of all, my husband has fallen in love with me all over again."

THE instruction begins with stitches and seams, taking nothing for granted, and proceeds by easy, logical steps until you can design and make attractive and becoming dresses, suits and wraps.

The lessons are written in language that even a child could understand, and every step is not only fully explained in words but also by pictures. There are hundreds of actual photographs which show you exactly what to do. You can easily imagine what a big help that is.

Almost from the beginning you work on practical garments for yourself. I think that is one of the finest things about the Institute's course. You start right in. There are no tedious preliminaries.

Why, right after finishing only the fourth lesson I made three unusually attractive house-dresses.

I bought 15 yards of gingham at 35c a yard, three dozen buttons at 20c a dozen and a pattern for 20c—or a total of $6.05. Similar dresses were selling in the stores for $4.85, making a total of $14.55 for the three. So you see, the saving was over eight dollars. And mine were prettier dresses, too.

I also made a coat for my little girl. The goods, lining and trimming cost only $7.35. The coat ready-made would have cost me $15.50. Here again I saved more than eight dollars.

Then one day, in a shop window, I saw a beautifully printed georgette crepe dress, combined with val lace. I wanted it very badly, but the price ticket was marked $48 and, of course, I couldn't afford that. But I knew I could copy it!

So I purchased all the necessary material and made myself the most wonderful dress I have ever had for only $24.50. I had saved nearly $25. Best of all, the dress fitted me far better than if I had purchased it ready-made. And I was sure of the material, for the Institute had taught me how to make the professional tests that prove whether fabrics are all they are represented to be—how to detect shoddy, false surfacing; how to test dyed fabrics for durability of color; how to judge mercerized fabrics; how to know real linen from processed linen.

I don't think I shall ever forget the look on my husband's face when I stood before him in my first dress. "Mary," he said, "where in the world did you get that dress? Why, it's the most becoming one you have ever had. It makes you look ten years younger."

That Sunday afternoon, for the first time in months, my husband and I took a walk together. I could tell by the look in his eyes that he was proud of me.

Soon the neighbors began noticing my clothes and asking who made them and how I managed to do it on my husband's salary. When I told them that I made them all myself, they were just as surprised as my husband was. Sometimes I was even surprised myself at what I was able to do.

THEN a happy thought came to me. If I could make such attractive and well-fitting clothes for myself, at such great savings, why not make them for other people, and thus add to the family income? It seemed reasonable to suppose that I could, so I let it be known that I would welcome outside sewing.

The first garments I made were three blouses, one skirt and two camisoles for my sister-in-law.

Then one of my neighbors asked me to make over a wrap for her. It was about a day's work and I charged her $5.50. Everybody thought it was a new wrap. And when she told them it was a two-year-old one that I had made over, why it seemed as if every one in town wanted me to do their sewing.

That very first month I made $61. In addition to remodeling the wrap, I made a silk blouse, three one-piece percale dresses, a baby petticoat and a baby dress, a tinted voile dress with decorative stitching, and two other very dainty afternoon dresses.

During the last six and a half months I earned $384 in actual money, in addition to making all of my own and my children's clothes.

Today I have a bank account of my own and we have the little luxuries and comforts we always wanted. Best of all, my husband has fallen in love with me all over again. He often says I am "the best-dressed woman in town."

WOULDN'T you like to have more and prettier dresses for yourself and your children? Wouldn't you like to be able to add sopething to the family income—to have a bank account of your own—to feel secure regarding the future?

You can do it easily and quickly through fascinating spare-time study with the Woman's Institute. More than 125,000 women and girls in city, town and country have proved it.

It makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy much of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you desire and whenever it is convenient.

Among the members are housewives, mothers, business women, girls at home and in school, and girls in stores, shops, and offices.

You will learn the secrets of distinctive dress; how to design and create original dresses; how to copy garments you see in shop windows, on the street, or in fashion magazines; or how to adapt and combine features that make clothes distinctively becoming.

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☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

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(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)
Address.....

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SHORT SKIRTS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

from her hurt dignity at being ordered so peremptorily to produce the *Modern Day*, I found in that magazine the article I wanted. I had quite a quarrel with the librarian then, but she was firm and stood on the rules of the library and would not let me take the magazine home with me.

I DID the only thing that could be done. I read the article slowly, in order to be able to repeat its essentials, and made a chart as nearly like the one in the magazine as I could.

The chart was all I could have desired; it showed a markedly perceptible decline in the rental values of every sort of property, with a dotted line to prove that there would be a corresponding decline for several years to come. After thanking the librarian somewhat sarcastically for her efforts to meet the needs of the public, I hurried home as rapidly as possible.

I found Emily sitting on the veranda with her Bob. Dinner, I opined, had been over quite a while.

"Emily," I said, "if you will come into the house a moment I think we can settle the short skirt matter amicably and to the satisfaction of all. I have here a chart——"

"Oh, that's all settled!" Emily exclaimed lightly. "It's all right now. Mother gave in. I won. She took off the inch."

"But, my dear——"

"Henry, will you please come in?" Jane called to me. "We waited dinner as long as we could; I've saved you some, but I do wish you would try to be more prompt."

I went in. It was Marjatta's night out, so Jane herself put my food on the table and poured my coffee.

"Jane," I said, "I have a chart here. It was to get this chart I left the house. If you will look at it you will see you were entirely right about the decline in rents. Emily was quite wrong. I am sorry you gave in to her so prematurely."

"Oh, no matter!" said Jane carelessly. "I had my way. Her skirt will be an inch longer than those she has been wearing."

"But, my dear," I said, "Emily has told me, not a minute ago, that you have yielded the inch to her."

"Henry, dear," that admirable woman, my wife, said with just a touch of resignation, "I told you in the beginning not to bother about that inch. You did not understand the matter at all. I decided long ago that Emily's new skirt should be an inch longer than those she has been wearing, and the moment she mentioned length I set my foot down firmly and said it must be two inches longer. I think I understand Emily and the new styles. The child is quite normal and disagrees with everything her mother says."

THERE was nothing more for me to say. Jane had won the inch she wanted and Emily had won the inch she thought it her duty to wrest from her mother. I ate a while in silence, thinking that Jane became more wonderful every day I lived with her.

"I hope," I said, to change the subject gracefully, "this Bob of Emily's does not stay too late."

"I don't believe he will," said Jane. "I think he will go at eleven; I told Emily she must positively send him home at ten o'clock."

THE PRAIRIE CHILD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

try to make him see it in a more reasonable light. But I have now given up that intention. There's a fantasmal something that holds me back.

Dinkydunk asked me pointblank to-day if I'd consider the sale of *Casa Grande*, provided he got the right price for the ranch. I felt, for a moment, as tho the bottom had been knocked out of my world. But it showed me the direction in which my husband's thoughts have been running of late. And I just as pointedly retorted that I'd never consent to the sale of *Casa Grande*.

It's not merely because it's our one and only home. It's more because of the little knoll where the four Manitoba maples have been set and the row of prairie-roses have been planted along the little iron fence, the little iron fence which twice a year I paint a virginal white with my own hands. For that's where my Pee-Wee sleeps, and that lonely little grave must never pass out of my care, to be forgotten and neglected and tarnished with time. It's not a place of sorrow now, but more an altar, duly tended, the flower-covered bed of my Pee-Wee, of my poor little Pee-Wee who was so brimming with life and love. But my laddie is gone. And I must not be morbid. As Peter once said, misery loves company, but the company is apt to seek more convivial quarters.

Yet something has gone out of my life, and that something drives me back to my Dinkie and my Poppsy with a sort of fierceness in my hunger to love them, to make the most of them.

GERSHOM, who has been giving Poppsy a daily lesson at home, has just inquired why she shouldn't be sent to school along with Dinkie. And her father has agreed. It gave me the wretched feeling, for a moment or two, that they were conspiring to take my last baby away from me. But I have to bow to the fact that I no longer possess one, since Poppsy announced her preference, the other day, for a doll "with real livings in it." She begins to show a fixed aversion to baby-talk. She is not as quick-tongued as her brother Dinkie, but she has a natural fastidiousness which makes her long for alinement with the proprieties. She is, in fact, a conformist, a sedate and dignified little lady who will never be greatly given to the spilling of beans and the upsetting of apple-carts.

She is, in many ways, amazingly like her pater. She will, I know, be a *nice* girl when she grows up, without very much of that irresponsibility which seems to have been the bugbear of her maternal parent. I'm even beginning to believe there's something in the old tradition about ancestral traits so often skipping a generation. At any rate, that crazy-hearted old Irish grandmother of mine passed on to me a muckle o' her wildness, the mad County Clare girl who swore at the vicar and rode to hounds and could take a seven-barred gate without turning a hair and was apt to be always in love or in debt or in hot water. She died too young to be tamed, I'm told, for say what you will, life tames us all in the end. Even Lady Hamilton took to wearing red-flannel petticoats before she died, and Buffalo Bill faded down into plain Mr. William Cody, and the abducted Helen of Troy gave many a day up to her needlework, we are told, and doubtless had trouble with both her teeth and her waist-measurement.

Dinkydunk is proud of his Poppsy and has announced that it's about time we tucked the "Poppsy" away with her baby-clothes and resorted to the use of the proper and official "Pauline Augusta." So Pauline we shall try to have it after this. There are several things, I think, which draw Dinkydunk and his Poppsy—I mean his Pauline—together. One is her likeness to himself. Another is her tractability, tho I hate to hitch so big a word onto so small a lady. And still another is the fact that she is a girl.

THERE'S a subliminal play of sex-attraction about it, I suppose, just as there probably is between Dinkie and me. And there's something very admirable in Pauline Augusta's staid adoration of her dad. She plays up to him, I can see, without quite knowing she's doing it. She's hungry for his approval, and happiest, always, in his presence.

Then, too, she makes him forget, for the time at least, his disappointment in a soul-mate who hasn't quite measured up to expectations! And I devoutly thank the Master of Life and Love that my solemn old Dinkydunk can thus care for his one and only daughter. It softens him, and keeps the sordid worries of the moment from vitrifying his heart. It puts a rainbow in his sky of every-day work, and gives him something to plan and plot and live for. And he needs it. We all do.

It's our human and natural hunger for companionship. And as he observed not long ago, if that hunger can't be satisfied at home we wander off and snatch what we can on the wing.

Some day when they're rich, I overheard Dinkydunk announcing the other night, Pauline Augusta and her dad are going to make the Grand Tour of Europe. And there, undoubtedly, do their best to pick up a Prince of the Royal Blood and have a château in Lombardy and a villa on the Riviera and a standing invitation to all the Embassy balls!

Well, not if I know it. None of that penny-a-liner moonshine for my daughter! And as she grows older, I feel sure, I'll have more influence over her. She'll begin to realize that the battle of life hasn't scarred up for nothing this wary-eyed old mater who's beginning to know a hawk from a hen-shaw. I've learned a thing or two in my day, and one or two of them are going to be passed on to my offspring.

Thursday the Fifteenth.

STRUTHERS and I have been house-cleaning, for this is the middle of May, and our reluctant old northern Spring seems to be here for good. It has been backward this year, but the last of the mud has gone, and I hope to have my first setting of chicks out in a couple of days. Dinkie wants to start riding Buntie to school, but his pater says otherwise. Gershom goes off every morning, with Calamity Kate hitched to the old buckboard, with my two kiddies packed in next to him and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

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To You—Women of America

"Do you know that you and I—women of America—represent the mightiest purchasing influence in the world?

"Do you realize that we women have the power to determine a standard of quality and a fairness of price which no manufacturer may overlook?

"But, how may we exercise this power?—you ask.

"By doing as I and a million other women are doing—by *uniting* in neighborhood groups, *combining* our purchases, and thus securing our needs at genuine savings."

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Your Home Benefited by the Larkin Plan

To you—a typical American wife and mother—home is the center of activity and happiness. You judge its every problem by this standard, "Will it make *our home* a better place to live in?" Home-loving women everywhere have found that Larkin Products and the Larkin Club Plan do measure up to this high standard.

There are thousands of Larkin Clubs successfully operating in the United States today. One member of each Club, known as "Secretary," conducts its simple business affairs. There is a Larkin Secretary in almost every neighborhood.

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None are better judges of quality than women. What they approve they buy a second time, and a third, and regularly. The million Larkin customers *approve* Larkin Products by purchasing, month after month, through their Larkin Clubs, their favorite foods, soaps, toilet articles, and other supplies. Money saving alone, or enjoyment of the Larkin Club Plan, could not account for the lasting popularity of Larkin Products. They are honest Products, scientifically manufactured, and pass the most rigid tests of purity and quality.

Why Larkin Prices Are Low

Here in few words is the explanation of Larkin low prices: Direct factory-to-family dealing. No fancy retail service, delivery, or clerk hire. Simple serviceable packages. Manufacturing and purchasing on a big economical scale. Forty-seven years of steady, painstaking growth in efficiency of methods and service.

Safe and Easy to Order

You are absolutely protected in buying Larkin Products by the iron-clad guarantee: "Satisfaction, or your money refunded."

The easy, convenient way to buy Larkin Products is through the Larkin Secretary in your neighborhood, who is ready and glad to serve you. Let her explain the Larkin Plan, and fill your orders.

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Our new Spring Catalog is larger and more interesting than ever.

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We sold her first story to Thomas H. Ince

Yet ELIZABETH THATCHER never dreamed she could write for the screen until we tested her story telling ability. Will you send for the same test—FREE?

ELIZABETH THATCHER is a Montana housewife. So far as she could see there was nothing that made her different from thousands of other housewives.

But she wrote a successful photoplay. And Thomas H. Ince, the great producer, was glad to buy it—the first she ever tried to write.

"I had never tried to write for publication or the screen," she said in a letter to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation. "In fact, I had no desire to write until I saw your advertisement."

This is what caught her eye in the advertisement:

"Anyone with imagination and good story ideas can learn to write photoplays"

She clipped a coupon like the one at the bottom of this page, and received a remarkable questionnaire. Through this test, she indicated that she possessed natural story-telling ability, and proved herself acceptable for the training course of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

And Thomas H. Ince bought her first attempt

Only a few weeks after her enrollment, we sold Mrs. Thatcher's first story to Mr. Ince. With Mr. Ince's check in her hands, Mrs. Thatcher wrote:

"I feel that such success as I have had is directly due to the Palmer Course and your constructive help."

Can you do what Mrs. Thatcher did? Can you, too, write a photoplay that we can sell? Offhand you will be inclined to answer No. But the question is too important to be answered offhand. Will you be fair to yourself? Will you make in your own home the simple test of creative imagination and story-telling ability which revealed Mrs. Thatcher's unsuspected talent to her?

Send for the Van Loan Questionnaire

The test is a questionnaire prepared by H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, former teacher of short-story writing at Northwestern University. If you have any story-telling instinct at all, send for this questionnaire and find out for yourself just how much talent you have.

We will be frank with you. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation exists first of all to *sell photoplays*. It trains photoplay writers in order that it may have more photoplays to sell.

With the active aid and encouragement of the leading producers, the Corporation is literally combing the country for new screen writers. Its Department of Education was organized to produce the writers who can produce the stories. The Palmer institution is the industry's accredited agent for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on—stories for which producers are glad to pay from $500 to $2,000.

Not for "born writers," but for story-tellers

The acquired art of fine writing cannot be transferred to the screen. The same producer who bought Mrs. Thatcher's first story has rejected the work of scores of famous novelists and magazine writers. They lacked the kind of talent suited for screen expression. Mrs. Thatcher, and hundreds of others who are not professional writers, have that gift.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation cannot endow you with such a gift. But we discover it, if it exists. And we can teach you how to employ it for your lasting enjoyment and profit.

We invite you to apply this free test

Clip the coupon below, and we will send you the Van Loan questionnaire. You will assume no obligation. If you pass the test, we will send you interesting material descriptive of the Palmer Course and Service, and admit you to enrollment, should you choose to develop your talent. If you cannot pass this test, we will frankly advise you to give up the idea of writing for the screen. It will be a waste of their time and ours for children to apply.

Will you give this questionnaire a little of your time? It may mean fame and fortune to you. In any event it will satisfy you as to whether or not you should attempt to enter this fascinating and highly profitable field. Just use the coupon below and do it now before you forget.

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With the questionnaire we will send you a **free** sample copy of The Photodramatist, the photo-playwright's magazine.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Dept. of Education, P. R. 2
124 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service. Also send free sample copy of the Photodramatist.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

THE PRAIRIE CHILD

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provender enough for himself and the kiddies and Calamity Kate under the seat. The house seems very empty when they are away. But some time about five, every afternoon, I see them loping back along the trail. Then comes the welcoming bark of old Bobs, and a raid on the cooky-jar, and traces of bread-and-jelly on two hungry little faces, and the familiar old tumult about the reanimated rooms of *Casa Grande*. Then Poppsy—I beg her ladyship's pardon, for I mean, of course, Pauline Augusta—has to duly inspect her dolls to assure herself that they are both well behaved and spotless as to apparel, for Pauline Augusta is a stickler as to decorum and cleanliness; and Dinkie falls to working on his airship, which he is this time making quite independent of Whinnie, whose last creation along that line betrayed a disheartening disability for flight. But even this second effort, I'm afraid, is doomed to failure, for more than once I've seen Dinkie back away and stand regarding his incompetent flier with a look of frustration on his face.

He is always working over machinery—for he loves anything with wheels—and I'm pretty well persuaded that the twentieth-century mania of us grown-ups for picking ourselves to pieces is nothing more than a development of this childish hunger to get the cover off things and see the works go round. Dinkie makes wagons and carts and water-wheels, but some common fatality of incompetence overtakes them all and they are cast aside for enterprises more novel and more promising. He announces, now, that he intends to be an engineer. To-morrow he will probably want to be an aeronaut, and the next day a cowboy, and the next an Indian scout, for I notice that his enthusiasms promptly conform to the stimuli with which he chances to be confronted. Last Sunday he asked me to read Macaulay's "Horatius" to him. I could see, after doing so, that it was going to his head exactly as a second Clover-Club cocktail goes to the head of a sub-deb. On Tuesday, when I went out about sundown to get him to help me gather the eggs, I found that he had made a sword by nailing a bit of stick across a slat from the hen-house, and also observed that he had possessed himself of my boiler-top. So I held back, slightly puzzled. But later on, hearing much shouting and clouting and banging of tin, I quietly investigated and found Dinkie in the corral-gate, holding it against all comers. So earnest was he about it, so rapt was he in that solemn business of warfare, that I decided to slip away without letting him see me. He was sixteen long centuries away from *Casa Grande* at that moment. He was afar off on the banks of the Tiber, defending the Imperial City against Lars Porsena and his footmen. All Rome was at his back, cheering him on, and every time his hen-coop slat thumped that shredded old poplar gate-post some proud son of Tuscany bit the dust.

Sunday the Twenty-fifth.

DUNCAN, it's plain to see, is still in the doldrums. He is uncommunicative and moody and goes about his work with a listlessness which is more and more disturbing to me. He surprized his wife the other day by addressing her as "Lady Selkirk," for the simple reason, he later explained, that I propose to be monarch of all I survey, with none to dispute my domain. And a little later he further intimated that I was like a miser with a pot of gold, satisfied to live anywhere so long as my precious family life could go clinking through my fingers.

That was last Sunday—a perfect prairie day—when I sat out on the end of the wagon-box, watching Poppsy and Dinkie. I sat in the warm sunlight, in a sort of trance, staring at those two children as they went about their solemn business of play. They impressed me as two husky and happy-bodied little beings, and I remembered that whatever prairie life had cost me it had not cost me the health of my family. My two bairns had been free of those illnesses and infections which come to the city child, and I was glad enough to remember it. But I was unconscious of Dinkydunk's cynic eye on me as I sat there brooding over my chicks.

So when Dinkydunk laughed at me for going into a trance over my own children, I merely smiled condoningly back at him. I felt vaguely sorry for him. He wasn't getting out of them what I was getting. He was being cheated, in some way, out of the very harvest for which he had sowed and waited. And if he had come to me, in that mood of relapse, if he had come to me with the slightest trace of humility, with the slightest touch of entreaty on his face, I'd have hugged his salt-and-peppery old head to my bosom and begged to start all over again with a clean slate.

Gershom and I get along much better than I had expected. There's nothing wrong with the boy except his ineradicable temptation to impart to you his gratuitous titbits of information. I can't object, of course, to Gershom having a college education: what I object to is his trying to give me one. I don't mind his wisdom, but I do hate to see him tear the whole tree of knowledge up by the roots and floor one with it. He has just informed me that there are estimated to be 30,000,000,000,000 red blood-corpuscles in this body of mine, and I made him blink by solemnly challenging him to prove it. Quite frequently and quite sternly, too, he essays to correct my English. He reproved me for saying, "Go to it, Gershom!" And he declared I was in error in saying, "The goose hangs high," as that was merely a vulgar corruption for "The goose whangs high," the "whanging" being the call of the geese high in the air when the weather is settled and fair. We live and learn!

But I can't help liking this pedagogic old Gershom who takes himself and me and all the rest of the world so seriously. I like him because he shares my love for Dinkie and stands beside Peter himself in the fondly foolish belief that Dinkie has somewhere the hidden germ of greatness in him. Not that my boy is one of those precocious little bounders who are so precious in the eyes of their parents and so odious to the eyes of the rest of the world. He is a large-boned boy, almost a rugged-looking boy, and it is only I, knowing him as I do, who can fathom the sensibilities housed in that husky young body. There is a misty broodiness in his eyes which leaves them indescribably lovely to me as I watch him in his moments of raptness. But that look doesn't last long, for Dinkie can be rough in play and at times rough in speech, and deep under the crust of character I imagine I see traces of his Scottish father in him. I watch with an eagle eye for any outcroppings of that Caledonian-granite strain in his make-up. I inspect him as Chinkie used to inspect his fruit-trees for San José scale, for if there is any promise of hardness or cruelty there I want it killed in the bud.

But I don't worry as I used to, on that score. He may be rough-built, but moods cluster thick about him, like butterflies on a shelf of broken rock. And he is both pliable and responsive. I can shake him, when in the humor, by the mere telling of a story. I can control his color, I can excite him and exalt him, and bring him to the verge of tears, if I care to, by the mere tone of my voice as I read him one of his favorite tales out of one of Peter's books. But I shrink, in a way, from toying with those feelings. It seems brutal, cruel, merciless. For he is, after all, a delicate instrument, to be treated with delicacy. The soul of him must be kept packed away, like a violin, in its case of reserve well padded with discretion. Two things I see in him, tenseness and beauty. And these are things which are lost with rough handling. He shrinks away from brutality. Always, when he came to the picture of Samson pulling down the pillars of the temple, in Whinstane Sandy's big old illustrated Bible, he used to cover with one small hand a certain child on the temple steps as tho to protect to the last that innocent one from the falling columns and cornices.

BUT I'm worried, at times, about Dinkydunk's attitude toward the boy. There are ways in which he demands too much from the child. His father is often unnecessarily rough in his play with him, seeming to take a morose delight in goading him to the breaking-point and then lamenting his lack of grit, edging him on to the point of exasperation and then heaping scorn on him for his weakness. More than once I've seen his father actually hurt him, altho the child was too proud to admit it. Dinkydunk, I think, really wants his boy to be a bigger figure in the world than his dad. Milord's a middle-aged man now and knows his limitations. He has realized just how high the supremest high-water mark of his life will stand. And being human, he must nurse his human regrets over his failures in life. So now he wishes to see his thwarted powers come to fuller fruit in his offspring. I'm afraid he'd even run the risk of sacrificing the boy's happiness for the sake of knowing Dinkie's wagon was to be hitched to the star of success. For I know my husband well enough to realize that he has always hankered after worldly success, that his god, if he had any, has always been the god of power. I too want to see my son a success. But I want him to be happy first. I want to see him get some of the things I've been

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"ONE AFTERNOON I TOLD THE SECRET OF MY TRANSFORMATION TO SOME FRIENDS WHO HAD DROPPED IN. WITHIN THREE WEEKS ONE OF THEM REMOVED TWENTY POUNDS THE SAME WAY, AND ANOTHER HAS MADE AN ENTHUSIASTIC START" SAYS MRS. HORCHLER, WHO IS SEEN STANDING IN THE ABOVE PHOTOGRAPH.

PLAYING OFF POUNDS

THE AMAZING STORY OF A WOMAN WHO GOT THIN TO MUSIC

If—

—you had for years been bulky of body and heavy of heart

—weighing 234 pounds and compelled to play spectator to life's activities and pleasures

—then, in four months were reduced to 164 pounds with a good figure and energies equal to the most strenuous day—

IF that happened to you, would you feel you should tell the world what caused it? Grace Horchler did, and this is her story.

I HOPE readers of PICTORIAL REVIEW will overlook my lack of literary ability in view of the important facts my stout sisters will find in what I say. If anyone had said four short months ago I would look and feel as I do today, I would have called it a wild dream of the imagination. Because I was terribly stout. I wasn't "obese" or "fleshy"—I was uncompromisingly, humorously *fat*. I am 5 feet 6 inches tall, and I weighed 234 pounds.

THE snapshot is a fair idea of how I used to be. (If I still looked like that, wild horses couldn't drag that picture away from me!) There is no diet I didn't try. I lived on milk a whole month—and gained eleven pounds. I tried walking enormous distances, until my feet called a halt. Still I remained heavy; it was a task just to get around. Then—

I READ an account of a physical director whose reduction methods I had heard about at different times. The novelty of it appealed to me, for he used phonograph records. But it was probably the fact he did not make people starve that decided me to try his way. My husband jokingly called his records "reducing wafers" and we had a lot of fun the first week. I must have been a sight doing as the voice commanded, but the music gave it all such a thrill—I felt as if I was in a play, and must do my part as directed. At the end of a week we stopped laughing, for I had lost nine pounds! The second week I lost eight pounds more. From then on, it was slower. But I steadily lost, week after week. The day a scales told me I had removed fifty whole pounds, I danced for joy—and by that time I *could* dance! Finally, after four months, I was down to 164 pounds. I am not a "sylph" now by any means. But if I say so of myself, I am well-proportioned. Since my last photograph I have taken off another four pounds.

ONE afternoon, I told the secret of my transformation to some friends who dropped in for tea. Within three weeks, one of them (she is Mrs. Wossner, at the left in the group picture) removed twenty pounds the same way, and another has made an enthusiastic start: I have told my friends all this many times. Why should I hesitate to tell it where perhaps thousands of women burdened with flesh will benefit? Credit for my new figure and new lease on life is due Wallace whose reducing records have done so much for my appearance, physical condition and altogether new interest in *living*.

MRS. HORCHLER resides in Chicago, at 4625 Indiana Avenue, but the great change which her two small pictures show was accomplished solely by mail. The Wallace course on phonograph records—set to music—has succeeded in a hundred similar instances; while loss of fifteen, twenty, or thirty pounds is mere play; innumerable women have reported reductions of these amounts. Wallace methods are sure, because founded on the discovery that food does *not* cause fat. His system lets you eat, but causes all of what you *do* eat to be used for blood, bone and sinew. *Nothing is left for making fat.* It is simple enough, now that it has been discovered.

YOU may test this remarkable method of reducing without paying a penny. Wallace will reduce you five pounds in five days, *free* to prove it is easy. You don't have to send any money, nor promise to take his course. He will send postpaid, plainly wrapped, a full-sized, regular reducing record and instructions. All he asks is to *try it*. It will then be very easy to decide whether you wish to receive the remaining lessons in this fascinating course which really reduces people to normal weight. Use the convenient coupon below.

WALLACE, 178 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago: Please send record for first reducing lesson, free and prepaid. I will either enroll or mail back your record at the end of a five-day trial. (136)

(Miss or Mrs.).....

(Address).....

.....

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THOUSANDS of discriminating guests visit the *Copley Plaza* in Boston for the tasteful delights prepared by the famous chef, JEAN JETON. The recipe printed on the left is his.

Banana Snow Whip

Slice 3 bananas. Add ½ cup of powdered sugar and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Set in cold place at least 1 hour. Mash and beat until light. Add 1 cup of cream, whipped, stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs and 1 cup of Dromedary Cocoanut. Pour into serving dish. Sprinkle with cocoanut. Serve plain or with custard

What Women of Good Taste Really Want

FLAVOR—it's the subtle something that every woman covets.

Yet very often women who are keen judges of flavor at the table, fail to insure it when the food is purchased. All too often they let the size of the package, rather than its contents influence their choice.

By its subtle, different flavor, Dromedary Cocoanut has won and kept its place in the affections of women to whom flavor means most. For Dromedary Cocoanut is always sweet, tender and juicy. The Dromedary ever-sealed method of packing keeps it that way.

Try Dromedary Cocoanut to flavor your muffins, pies and desserts and cereals. Take any every-day dish, sprinkle Dromedary Cocoanut over it and the difference is wonderful. It is not just cocoanut. It is Dromedary.

SEND *for the free Dromedary Booklet "One Hundred Delights." It tells how* DROMEDARY COCOANUT, DROMEDARY TAPIOCA *and* DROMEDARY DATES, *can bring to the commonest dishes a touch of tropical elegance. Address Department 19*

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COCOANUT that keeps fresh to the last shred;
GOLDEN DATES from the Garden of Eden.

THE PRAIRIE CHILD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

cheated out of, that I've cheated myself out of. That's the only way now I can get even with life. I can't live my own days over again. But I can catch at the trick of living them over again in my Dinkie.

Thursday the Twenty-ninth.

WE HAVE arrived at an armistice, Dinkydunk and I. It was forced on us, for things couldn't have gone on in the old intolerable manner. Dinkydunk, I fancy, began to realize that he hadn't been quite fair, and started making oblique but transparent enough efforts at appeasement. When he sat down close beside me, and I moved away, he said in a spirit of exaggerated self-accusation, "I'm afraid I've got a peach-stain on my reputation!" I retorted, at that, that she had never impressed me as much of a peach. Whereupon he merely laughed, as tho it were a joke out of a Midnight Revue. Then he clipped a luridly illustrated advertisement of a nerve-medicine out of his newspaper and pinned it on my bedroom door, after I had ignored his tentative knock thereon the night before. The picture showed an anemic and wobegone couple haggling and shaking their fists at each other, while a large caption announced that "Thousands of Married Folk Lead a Cat and Dog Life—Are Cross, Crabbed, and Grumpy!"—all of which could be obviated if they used Oxygenated Iron.

What made it funny, of course, was the ridiculousness of the drawing. Then Dinkydunk, right before the blushing Gershom, accused me of being a love-piker. I could sniff which way the wind was blowing, but I sat tight. Then, to cap the climax, my husband announced that he had something for me which was surely going to melt my mean old prairie heart. And late that afternoon he came trundling up to *Casa Grande* with nothing more nor less than an old prairie-schooner.

It startled me when I first caught sight of it. But its acquisition was not as miraculous as it might have seemed. Dinkydunk, who is a born dickerer, has been trading some of his ranch-stock for town-lots on the outskirts of Buckhorn. On the back of one of these lots stood a tumble-down wooden building, and hidden away in this building was the prairie-schooner. Something about it had caught his fancy, so he had insisted that it be included in the deal. And home he brought it, with Tithonus and Tumble-Weed yoked to its antique tongue and his own Stetsoned figure high on the driving-seat.

I've even been wondering if certain perforations in its side-boards can be bullet-holes and if certain dents and abrasions in its timbers mean the hostile arrows of skulking Apaches when women and children crouched low behind the ramparts of this tiny wooden fortress. I can't help picturing what those women and children had to endure, and how trivial, after all, are our puny hardships compared with theirs.

And I don't intend to dwell on those hardships. I'm holding out the hand of compromise to my fellow trekker. Existence is only a prairie-schooner, and we have to accommodate ourselves to it.

So I intend to be cool-headedly rational about it all. I'm going to keep Reason on her throne. I'm going to be a bitter-ender in at least one thing; I'm going to stick to my Dinkydunk to the last ditch. I'm going to patch up the old top and forget the old scars. For we're in the same schooner, and we must make the most of it.

Tuesday the Fourth

SURSUM corda is the word—so here goes! I am determined to be blithe and keep the salt of humor sprinkled thick across the butter-crock of concession. Dinkydunk watches me with a guarded and wary eye and Pauline Augusta does not always approve of me. Yesterday, when I got on Briquette and made that fire-eater jump the two rain-barrels put end to end Dinkydunk told me I was too old to be taking a chance like that. So I promptly and deliberately turned a somersault on the prairie-sod, just to show him I wasn't the old lady he was trying to make me out. Gershom, who'd just got back with the children and was unhitching Calamity Kate, retreated with his eyebrows up, toward the stable. And on the youthful face of Pauline Augusta I saw nothing but pained incredulity touched with reproof, for Poppsy is not a believer in the indecorous. She has herself staidly intimated that she'd prefer the rest of the family to address her as "Pauline Augusta" instead of "Poppsy," which still so unwittingly creeps into our talk. So hereafter we must be more careful. For Pauline Augusta can already sew a fine seam and array her seven dolls with a preciseness and neatness which is to be highly commended.

On Saturday, when we motored into Buckhorn for supplies, I escorted Pauline Augusta to Hunk Granby, the town barber, to have her hair cut Dutch. Her lip quivered and she gave every indication of an outbreak, for she was mortally afraid of that strange man and his still stranger clipping-machine.

But I spotted a concert-guitar on a bench at the back of Hunk's emporium and, as it was the noon-hour and there was no audience, I rendered a jazz *obbligato* to the snip of the scissors.

"Say, Birdie, you'll sure have me buck-and-wing dancin' if you keep that up!" remarked the man of the shears. I merely smiled and gave him "Texas Tommy" *cum gusto*, whereupon he acknowledged he was having difficulty in making his feet behave. We became quite a companionable little family, in fact, as the bobbing process went on, and when Dinkydunk called for us as he'd promised he was patently scandalized to find his superannuated old soul-mate sight-reading "When Katy Couldn't Katy Wouldn't"—it was a new one to me—in the second ragged plush shaving-chair of a none too clean barber-shop festooned with lithographs which would have made old Anthony Comstock turn in his grave. But you have to be feathered to the toes like a ptarmigan in this northern country so that rough ways and rough winds can't strike a chill into you. The barber, in fact, refused to take any money for Dutching my small daughter's hair, proclaiming that the music was more than worth it. But my husband, with a dangerous light in his eye, insisted on leaving four bits on the edge of the shelf loaded down with bottled beautifiers, and escorted us out to the muddy old devil-wagon where Dinkie sat awaiting us.

"Dinkydunk," I said with a perfectly straight face as we climbed in, "what is it gives me such a mysterious influence over men?"

Instead of answering me he merely ground his gears as tho they had been his own teeth. So I repeated my question.

"Why don't you ask that school-teacher of yours?" he demanded.

"But what," I inquired, "has Gershom got to do with it?"

HE TURNED and inspected me with such a pointed stare that we nearly ran into a Bain wagon full of bagged grain.

"You don't suppose I can't see that that bean-pole's fallen in love with you?" he rudely and raucously challenged.

"Why, I feel exactly like a mother to that poor boy," I innocently protested.

"Mother nothing!" snorted my lord and master. "Any fool could see he's going mushy on you!"

I pretended to be less surprized than I really was, but it gave me considerable to think over. My husband was wrong, in a way, but no woman feels bad at the thought that somebody is fond of her. It's nice to know there's a heart or two at which one can still warm one's outstretched hands. The short cut to ruin, with a man, is the knowledge that women are fond of him. But let a woman know that she is not unloved and she walks the streets of heaven, to say nothing of nearly breaking her neck to make herself worthy of those transporting affections.

But I soon had other things to think of, that afternoon, for Dinkie and I had a little secret shopping to do. And in the midst of it I caught the familiar tawny look which occasionally comes into my man-child's eyes. It's the look of dreaming, the look of brooding wildness where some unknown Celtic great-great-grandfather of a great-great-grandfather stirs in his moorland grave like a collie-dog in his afternoon sleep.

And it all arose out of nothing more than a blind beggar sitting on an upturned nail-keg at the edge of the sidewalk and rather miraculously playing a mouth-organ and a guitar at one and the same time. The guitar was a dog-eared old instrument that had most decidedly seen better days, stained and bruised and greasy-looking along the shank. The mouth-organ was held in position by two wires that went about the beggar's neck, to leave his hands free for strumming on the larger instrument.

The music he made was simple enough, rudimentary old waltz-tunes and plaintive old airs that I hadn't heard for years. But I could see it go straight to the head of my boy. His intent young face took on the fierce emptiness of a Barres lion overlooking some time-worn desert. He forgot me, and he forgot the shopping that had kept him awake about half the night, and he forgot Buckhorn and the fact that he was a small boy on the streets of a bald little prairie town. He was thousands of years and thousands of miles away from me. He was a king's son in Babylon, commanding the court-musicians to make sweet discourse for him. He was Saul harkening to David. He was a dreamy-eyed Pict listening to music wafted at dusk from a Roman camp about which helmeted sentries paced. He was a medieval prince, falsely imprisoned, leaning from dark and lonely towers to catch the strains of some wandering troubadour from his native Southlands. He was a Magyar chieftain listening to the mountain-side music of valleyed goat-herders with a touch of madness to it. It engulfed him and entranced him and awoke ancestral tom-toms in his blood. And I waited beside him until the afternoon sunlight grew thinner and paler and my legs grew tired, for I knew that his hungry little soul was being fed. His eyes met mine when it was all over, but he had nothing to say. I could see, however, that he had been stirred to the depths—and by a tin mouth-organ and a greasy-sided guitar!

Sunday the Second.

SUMMER is here in earnest, and the last few days have been hot and windless.

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THE PRAIRIE CHILD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

School is over for the next eight weeks, and I shall have my kiddies close beside me. Gershom, after a ten-day trip down to Minneapolis, for books and clothes, is going to come back to *Casa Grande* and help Dinkydunk on the land, as long as the holidays last. He thinks it will build him up a bit. He is also solemnly anxious to study music. He feels it would round out his accomplishments, which, he acknowledged, have threatened to become overwhelmingly scientific. So I'm to give Gershom music lessons in exchange for his tutoring Dinkie. They will be rather awful, I'm afraid, for Gershom has about as much music in his honest old soul as Calamity Kate. I may not teach him much. But all the time, I know, I will be learning a great deal from Gershom. He informed me, last night, that he had carefully computed that the Bible mentioned nineteen different precious stones, one hundred and four trees or plants, six metals, thirty-five animals, thirty-nine birds, six fishes, twenty insects, and eleven reptiles.

As I've already said, Summer is here. But it doesn't seem to mean as much to me as it used to, for my interests have been taken away from the land and more and more walled up about my family. Dinkydunk's grain, however, has come along satisfactorily, and there is every promise of a good crop. Yet this entirely fails to elate my husband. Every small mischance is a sort of music-cue nowadays to start him singing about the monotony of prairie life. Ranching, he protests, isn't the easy game it used to be, now that cattle can't be fattened on the open range and now that wheat itself is so much lower in price. One has to work for one's money, and watch every dollar.

He hasn't lo-t his strength, but he has lost his driving power. He is healthy enough, Heaven knows. Indeed, he impresses me as being a bit too much that way, for he has quite lost his old-time lean and hungry look and betrays a tendency to take on a ventral contour unmistakably aldermanic. He may be heavy, but he is hard-muscled and brown as an old meerschaum. There is a canker, however, somewhere about the core of his heart. And I can see him more clearly than I used to. He is a strong man, but he is a strong man without earnestness. And being such, I vaguely apprehend in him some splendid failure. For the wings that soar to success in this world are plumed with faith and feathered with conviction.

It did not surprize me this morning when Dinkydunk announced that he felt a trifle stale and suggested that the family take a holiday on Tuesday and trek out to Dead-Horse Lake for the day. We're to hitch Tumble-Weed and Tithonus to the old prairie-schooner—for we'll be taking side-trails where no car could venture—and pike off for a whole blessed day of care-free picnicking. So to-morrow Struthers and I will be solemnly busy in the kitchen, concocting suitable dishes to be taken along in the old grub-box, and when that is over we'll patch together something in the form of bathing-suits, for there'll be a chance for a dip in the slough-water, and our kiddies have arrived at an age imposing fit and proper apparel on their sadly pagan but chastened parents.

Wednesday the Fifth.

WE HAVE had our day at Dead-Horse Lake, but it wasn't the happy event I had anticipated.

Worldly happiness, I begin to feel, usually dies aborning; it makes me think of wisteria-bloom, for invariably one end is withering away before the other end is even in flower. At any rate, we were off early, the weather was perfect, and the sky was an inverted tureen of lazulite-blue. Dinkie drove the team part of the way, his dad smoked beside him up on the big driving-seat, and I raised my voice in song until Pauline Augusta fell asleep and had to be bedded down in the wagon-straw and covered with a blanket.

Dead-Horse Lake is really a slough, dolorously named because a near-by rancher once lost eight horses therein, the foolish animals wandering out on ice that was too thin to hold them up.

We were hungry by the time we had hobbled out our teams and gathered wood and made a fire. And after dinner Dinkydunk fell asleep and the children and I tried to weave a willow basket, which wasn't a success. Poppsy, in fact, cut her finger with her pater's pocket-knife, and because of this physical disability declined to don her bathing-suit when we made ready for the water.

The slough-water was enticingly warm, under the hot July sun, and we ventured in at the west end where a firmer lip of sand and alkali gave us footing. And I enjoyed the swim, altho Dinkydunk made fun of my improvised bathing-suit. It seemed like old times, to bask lazily in the sun and float about on my back with my fingers linked under my head. My lord and master even acknowledged that my figure wasn't as bad as he had expected, in a lady of my years. I splashed him for that, and he dove for my ankles, and nearly drowned me before I could get away.

It was all light-hearted enough, until Dinkydunk happened to notice that Dinkie wasn't enjoying the water as an able-bodied youngster ought. The child, in fact, was afraid of it—which was only natural, remembering what a land-bird he had been all his life. His father, apparently, decided to carry him out and give him a swimming-lesson.

I WAS on shore by this time, trying to sun out my sodden mop of hair, which I had fondly imagined I could keep dry. I heard Dinkie cry as his father captured him, and I called out to Dinkydunk, through my combed-out tresses, to have a heart.

Dinkydunk called back that the Indian way, after all, was the only way to teach a youngster. I didn't give much thought to the matter until the two of them were out in deeper water and I heard Dinkie's scream of stark terror. It came home to me then that the Indian method in such things was to toss the child into deep water and leave him there to struggle for his life.

Dinkydunk, I suppose, hadn't intended to do quite that. But the boy was naturally terrified at being carried out beyond his depth, and when I looked up I could see his bony little body struggling to free itself. That timidity, I take it, angered the boy's father. And he intended to cure it. He was doing his best, in fact, to fling the clutching and clawing little body away from him when I heard those repeated short screams of horror and promptly took a hand in the matter. Something snapped in my skull, and I saw red. I hated my husband for what he was doing. I hated him for the mere thought that he could do it. And I hated him for calling out that this was what people got by mollycoddling their children.

But that didn't stop me. I made for Dinkydunk like a hundredweight of wild-cats. I went through the water like a hell-diver, and without quite knowing what I was doing I got hold of him and tried to garrote him. I don't remember what I said, but I have a hazy idea it was not the most ladylike of language. He stared at me as I tore Dinkie away from him, stared at me with a hard and slightly incredulous eye. For I'm afraid I was ready to fight with my teeth and nails, if need be, and I suppose my expression wasn't altogether angelic. We were both shaking, at any rate, when we got back to dry land. Dinkydunk stood staring at us, for a silent moment or two, with a look of black disgust on his wet face. I'm even afraid it was something more than disgust. Then he strode away and proceeded to dress on the other side of the prairie-schooner, without so much as a second look at us. And then he went off for the horses, absenting himself a quite unnecessary length of time. But I took advantage of that to have a talk with Dinkie.

"Dinkie," I said, "you and I are going to walk out into that water, and this time you're not going to be afraid!"

I could see his eye searching mine, altho he did not speak.

I put one hand on the wet tangle of his hair.

"Will you come?" I asked him.

He took a deep breath. Then he looked at the slough-water. Then he looked back into my eyes.

"Yes," he said, tho I noticed his lips were not as red as usual.

So side by side and hand in hand the two of us walked out into Dead-Horse Lake. His eyes questioned me, once, as the water came up about his armpits. But he shut his teeth tight and made no effort to draw back. I could see the involuntary spasms of his chest as that terrifying flood closed in about his little body, yet he was ready

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68

"Good home-made food promotes happiness and contentment"

The Royal Baking Service

from The Royal Educational Department

EDITOR'S NOTE—Who would believe such delicious hot breads could be made so easily and quickly! It will pay you to watch the magazines for this service to users of Royal Baking Powder. Here the Royal Educational Department gives concisely much valuable information, saving you time and money. On these pages you will find tested short cuts, new recipes, and many useful suggestions which are proving so helpful to the busy housekeeper.

ROLLS called "Little Royal Dinner Loaves" abroad and closely resembling yeast rolls, but taking one-tenth the time to make—the popular *Butter Cake*, too, ten minutes from mixing bowl to table, and both made from plain biscuit dough! With a slightly different way of handling the same dough you can easily make them. "Light and little handling" is the rule for biscuits, but do not be afraid to knead the dough for rolls. Shape rolls into even, smooth pieces in any desired form, place on a baking sheet, or in muffin or gem pans, and let them rise in a warm place, just as you do for yeast rolls, only for about half the time, and then bake quickly. We have made hundreds of these rolls—

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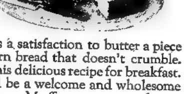
Crisp and Buttered!

they are truly delicious—the kind you cannot buy.

Baking too makes such a difference. Biscuit dough baked on a griddle, or iron frying pan, or even on an electric plate on the table, will give you light feathery butter cakes or "ovenless bread." Use muffin rings or biscuit cutter if you like, though shaping with the hands is all that is necessary; bake slowly until puffed way up and then turn and bake on the other side—ten minutes is ample. Split and butter while hot and serve immediately.



It is a satisfaction to butter a piece of corn bread that doesn't crumble. Try this delicious recipe for breakfast. It will be a welcome and wholesome change. Muffins, too, are always popular, but give your family "good" muffins with crispy crusts and feathery insides, without "tunnels." Do not always make them with ordinary white flour—try part graham, gluten, rice or corn for variety. Long beating of the batter becomes unnecessary when Royal is used and quick baking improves the muffin. Do not place the muffin pan too near the bottom of the oven but put on a shelf where the heat is more uniform.

Did you ever taste those delicious sticky and famous *Philadelphia Cinnamon Buns?* Do you want to know how to make them *easily and quickly?* Then send for the New Royal Cook Book and special sheet of Breakfast Breads. They are Free. Address—

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Cut these Out and Put in Your Cook Book

NOTE—Royal cans are always full weight indicated on cover. To avoid spilling the powder, shake down contents before opening and hold bottom of can firmly. Slowly twist off cover.

Corn Bread

1 cup corn meal
1 cup flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
3 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1½ cups milk
2 tablespoons melted shortening
1 egg

Mix and sift dry ingredients; add milk, shortening and beaten egg; beat well and pour into greased shallow pan. Bake in hot oven about 25 minutes.

Biscuits, Rolls, or Butter Cakes

2 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 tablespoon shortening
¾ cup milk

Sift together flour, salt and baking powder; rub in shortening; add milk, and mix lightly to smooth dough; turn out on floured board.

Biscuits—roll or pat out lightly, cut with biscuit cutter and bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes, or without rolling drop with spoon on greased baking sheet and bake as above.

Rolls—knead well to make smooth. Cut dough into small pieces to make rolls about 4½ inches long by two inches wide. Form each into smooth roll with square ends. Place on greased pans far apart and stand in warm place 20 minutes; brush with butter, and bake in very hot oven 10 minutes; brush again with butter. Bake 5 minutes and serve hot—or after kneading cut into small equal pieces, roll in floured hands, let rise, and bake in muffin tins as above; or divide into smaller pieces rolled into balls, place three in each muffin tin, let rise, and bake as above for Clover Leaf Rolls.

Butter Cakes—after mixing to smooth dough divide into pieces of equal size; shape lightly with floured hands and bake on greased griddle, iron frying pan or electric plate; allow to brown on bottom, rise well, and then turn, baking on other side until brown and thoroughly cooked; or bake as above in greased muffin rings; or, instead of shaping in hands, pat out on floured board, cut with biscuit cutter, and bake as above. Split while hot, butter, and serve immediately.

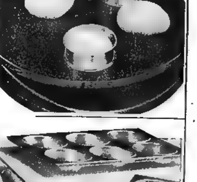
Graham Muffins

1 cup graham flour
1 cup flour
¾ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 cup milk
1 egg
2 tablespoons molasses or sugar
3 tablespoons shortening

Mix together dry ingredients; add milk, beaten egg, molasses and melted shortening. Bake in greased muffin pans in hot oven about 25 minutes.

An Unfailing Rule

For biscuit doughs—
2 level cups flour
4 level teaspoons baking powder
This proportion is standard.



"Butter Cakes" or "ovenless bread"

Rolls ready for the oven 20 minutes after mixing!

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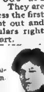

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THE PRAIRIE CHILD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

enough to show me he wasn't a coward. And when I saw that he had met and faced his ordeal I turned him about and led him quietly back to land. We were both prouder and happier for what had just happened. We didn't even need to talk about it, for each knew the other understood.

What still disturbs me, tho, is something not in my boy's make-up, but in my own. During the long and silent drive home I noticed a mark on my husband's neck. And *I* was the termagant who must have put it there, tho I have no memory of doing so. But from it I realize that I haven't the control over myself every civilized and self-respecting woman should have. I begin to see, that I can't altogether trust myself where my female-of-the-species affections are involved. I'm no better, I'm afraid, than the Bengal tigress which Dinkydunk once intimated I was, the Bengal tigress who will battle so unreasoningly for her offspring. It may be natural in mothers, whether they wear fur or feathers or lisle-thread stockings, but it worries me. I was an engine running wild. And when you run wild you are apt to run into catastrophe.

The second instalment of "The Prairie Child" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published February 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

THE LOVE OF LUCRETIA LOMBARD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

Mimi would not move, but Lucretia went back to the road again, and to the fork, light-headed, murmuring to herself as she went. Where had the fire gone? She could no longer hear it.

They were on a draggled white horse, the man and the two women and the little baby. The man—he was a decent sort of man, unmistakably Russian or Polish—would have let her join them. But they could not seem to understand what she said of Mimi, two miles away, and the women cried protestingly, and after a while their little cortège vanished up the road toward Burchisons—wherever Burchison's was.

Lucretia went back to the lake, and made no further effort to get away. Mimi was suffering from fever and chill, sunburn and exposure; water did not seem the right treatment, but she had nothing else.

The day was long and hot again; mosquitoes buzzed, and stuck to their warm faces. Dragon-flies glittered blue above the lake; Mimi was incessantly dozing, and Lucretia felt heavy and drowsy herself—unable to keep her eyes open.

Then suddenly the honk of a motor-car sounded for the first time in all the ages through the wood. Steps crashed on loose, dry branches, and there was shouting.

Lucretia roused, laid Mimi down carefully, got to her feet.

Somebody came springing toward her, men in dusty coats. Between weakness and joy and a thousand mingled and too poignant emotions she stumbled forward, and Stephen's arms were about her.

"I separated you, Steve—but now I've brought her back to you safely!" she whispered. Then all sensations, confused and distinct, merged for a while into blackness.

ABED—the delicious miracle of sheets and pillows again. Coolness, shadiness, hushed voices and feet. Far outside, birds wheeling in the sunset, and children, and the splash of water. And when she moved, a radiation of anguish through tortured muscles and bones and flesh, all bandaged now in yards of spotless white.

"You ain't going to be allowed to suffer, Mis' Lombard!" This was Ma Gunther, her dark, old face placid through tears. "He's got a pill he's going to give ye!"

It was her room—how had she gotten here? The familiar, shabby, beloved country bedroom whose wide-open windows showed the rustling pinnacles of the leafy pear-trees. She closed her eyes again. But when she opened them she was frowning anxiously, looking beyond Mrs. Gunther, and the uniformed nurse, and a peering, excited woman or two in the doorway.

"You are the heroine of the hour, Mrs. Lombard!" said the nurse, in a pleasant, soothing voice.

"Miss Warren?" Lucretia struggled to find her voice.

"Miss Warren," said the professional reassuringly, "is coming in to visit you!"

"No—but she really is all right!" Lucretia persisted incredulously.

"She is splendidly, just tired, that's all! But if you excite yourself, positively—" the nurse began warningly.

"I—at the end there, I must have fainted," Lucretia explained apologetically.

"At the end," said an unexpected voice, "some of the rest of us were there to take up the job!"

"Fred!" Lucretia turned, with a brightening face. He was seated beside her; now she stretched him a hand, even while she closed her eyes wearily again. After a while she looked up, to meet his watchful gaze. "Is Mimi really all right?" she whispered. "What—what time is it?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 69

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THE LOVE OF LUCRETIA LOMBARD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

"Seven o'clock. We picked you up about one; brought you in here an hour later. Mimi's awake, and wants to come in, but the doctor says you must have some milk first!"

"Oh, anything—!" She emptied the long glass as obediently as a child, and watched like a happy child the arrangement of a great chair, lined with pillows and comforters.

Mimi came in laughing shakily and hoarsely, carried like a baby in Stephen's big arms. When she and Lucretia saw each other both began to cry, and as Mrs. Gunther and the nurse heartily, if smilingly, joined them, and the tears communicated themselves to the women in the halls, it was some moments before the good effects of the little visit could show themselves.

But then Mimi held tight to Stephen's hand, and Fred to Lucretia's, and somehow the terrible story got itself reviewed, to a chorus of thrilled comment.

THEY had been given up for lost, of course, and the circumstances of Mimi's marriage, followed so swiftly by the old Judge's death —

Yes, Uncle Sam was gone. His loyal little niece buried her head in Stephen's shoulder for a moment when she heard that the losing fight was over.

Uncle Sam was gone; Aunt Bessy's grief had had a wholesome tonic in this terror for Mimi. For all the city, and through the press all the great world, knew now that popular and pretty Miss Warren had been married in the sick-room only a few days ago, and had gone up to the mountain cabin for various important matters, and had been trapped there, with her friend, Mrs. Allen Lombard, and was lost!

And to-morrow all the world would know that the two Winships with a hundred other fire-fighters had had news of the two women, news given sparsely by a half-demented Pole, who had gotten his own women safe through fire and storm, and that the District Attorney and his brother had torn like maniacs through the ruined woods, straight to the lakeside where the exhausted women were.

"And I told them—told three of the reporters," Mimi said, "that it was you, Lucretia—all *you!* I told them that I broke down, and that you made me go on, found water for us, dragged me—miles, Steve! down that horrible hill, to the lake, and kept bathing my face all night!"

"And the Pole told us that you wouldn't leave her, Lucretia," Stephen said, his gray eyes smiling, tho his face was wet with tears, "that you went back!"

Lucretia tried to smile, too, but her lips—blackened and split and bleeding—trembled, and as she shut her eyes the tears started from under the brown lashes, and they saw her put up her cut and swollen hand, with its criss-crossed bandages, and press it against them.

"You girls will be famous the rest of your lives!" Ma Gunther predicted, wiping her glasses. "It's going to be the making of me, reporters and dear knows what all, running round the place! We had our own scare, Mis' Lombard, and most of my folks got out! Fire came right down to the top of Dick's place, and I had my silver and Ma's bedspreads packed, I c'n tell you!"

Lucretia blinked through tears.

"To—to-morrow I'll beat you at halma!" she said.

BUT there was a look in her face that Stephen did not like, and late that night he spoke of it to one of the several doctors who had been only too anxious to serve the refugees. This was Mimi's own family doctor, Sayre, who loved all the family as if it had been his own.

"Doctor, did you think there was anything odd in the expression of those girls' eyes?"

"Fright—strain—yes, that's natural, Steve. I gave Mimi a heart stimulant; the pulse was not very strong."

"Mrs. Lombard didn't need one?"

"Oh, no. Of the two she has stood it far better than Mimi has!"

"Better! Why, Mimi was up!"

"Yes, but there was shock. Severe shock. I let her go into Mrs. Lombard's room because it was better than having her alone! I don't—" The concern in Stephen's face interrupted the doctor. "I don't anticipate anything serious, Steve," he said. "But of course the mother, and the father, too, had that same heart weakness. As I say, I've given her a sedative—a nurse is with her. But all her life, Stephen, I've watched her against strain. Never let her skate too much; a hundred times I've had your aunt stop her dancing!"

"Mimi!" Stephen said, aghast.

"My boy, I am sorry to frighten you. I know what she means to you—your wife. But you must help me in the same work—no strain, Steve. She's never had it—she's never had a serious illness, bless her heart! She never need have. But this has been a terrible experience for her!"

The doctor brushed the ashes from his cigar; drew in a great cool breath of the country night.

"You may go to Washington, Steve—keep her quiet. She'll grieve for her uncle—that's natural. There's a splendid constitution there, but no particular reserve!"

Profoundly uneasy, Stephen slipped upstair to the dimly lighted upper hall. The nurse, filled with a satisfying sense of the romance of all this, tiptoed to the door, whispered reassuringly.

"Miss Warren—but I mean Mrs. Winship, of course!—is *nicely* asleep. She had the soup, and went right off. And that's the best thing in the world for her!"

He went on, to Lucretia's door. It was late night; she had been asleep, and was awake again. The glory of her hair alone was unchanged; to him the wrapped disfigured face and puffed hands were full of exquisite appeal. The nurse, with the inevitable murmur regarding milk, slipped out; they were alone.

"I sleep, but I keep hearing that frightful crackling!" Lucretia murmured. He touched her hand lightly, over the white dressings. He could not speak.

"Steve, it's so good to be alive again, and life is so sweet—just life!" she added. "Just railway-trains and Spring and children—people to love and serve! I shall never want anything but—just breath—again. It was all burned out of me that horrible night, when I was so wet, and so cold, and yet burning up! Now I can just lie here resting, Steve—it seems to me I will never be rested enough!—and be happy knowing that you are happy, and that—I helped!"

Stephen had knelt down beside the bed, and on the fingers his own held so gently she felt the quick, hot touch of tears. The amber eyes, filled with the little golden glints and sparkles of light, were smiling at him from under the white coif; a filmy spray of gold-brown hair had escaped from the narrow bands.

"IT'S better this way," she said, "much, much better so! And for me it's enough, Steve, to love you as I do—and to have that, always, the knowledge that we found each other, just—just as George and Grace did!"

The wonderful, bell-like tones died away into silence; Stephen still looked down, his fine face grave, his mouth firm.

"Don't, dear!" he said finally, giving her his kind, keen smile. And looking at him, her eyes misted with tears, Lucretia wondered what made this particular, serious, tender man so infinitely lovable, made his silences so eloquent, and his least word so poignant and so touching. He looked tired to-night, and with good reason; she longed to put her arms about his neck, and have the smoothly brushed crest of hair rest against her cheek.

But she might never do that again. Never again. Another woman would hear the pleasant voice, and catch the kindly, quizzical smile; another woman would have the right to scold him when this familiar, dear gray suit grew just a little shabbier, and drive him to his tailor.

"You're not in pain, dear?"

"No. Just tired! Did I make a frightful fuss on the drive home?"

"Moaned now and then. Fred was holding Mimi, you know—and I had you. It just happened so!"

"I knew—that I was in your arms!" she said dreamily. And after a long silence she added, wistfully, "Steve—what is it like when it all goes right? If—if there was nothing for us to do now but—but love each other!"

He looked down at the disfigured hand; she saw the muscles of his throat move.

"Ah, don't!" he said.

There was no other word between them until the nurse came in with the milk; Lucretia drank it docilely, so rapidly that the warm liquid filmed the clear glass. Then Stephen smiled at her, and went away, envying the nurse, as he went, the privilege of those murmured words, the privilege of that golden-brown, weary smile.

He stopped at Mimi's door for a satisfactory report. Still sleeping. But Doctor Sayre did not go to bed, and Stephen kept him company on the dark porch. The moon rose late; the two men smoked and chatted quietly. They talked of the fire, the panic-stricken army of fighters, the straggling refugees. And again and again they reviewed the hideous search for their own two fire-trapped women, the fears, the almost equally terrible hope that sprang up with the first words of the escaping Pole.

"A wonderful woman, Mrs. Lombard. There is no question that she saved them both! She deserves a great deal of praise," the doctor said. Stephen did not speak. "Beautiful, too!" the doctor added.

Silence. It was after midnight; there was not a sound on the place except their own murmuring voices.

Suddenly Stephen moved, listened—the hallway light showing his perturbed face as he turned. A door had slammed up-stairs. Footsteps were running lightly down.

"Hel—loo!" the doctor said, instantly alert.

It was Mimi's nurse, breathless and frightened, who came to them.

"What is it?" the doctor asked quickly.

"Mrs. Winship, Doctor! You said to give her the stimulant at half past twelve!"

"She's still sleeping?"

"Yes, Doctor. Like a child, she hasn't stirred. But—but I can't seem to rouse her. I wish—will you come up?"

They were all three flying up-stairs even as she spoke; there was that in her voice that could not be mistaken.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

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THE LOVE OF LUCRETIA LOMBARD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

SHE had gone quietly in her sleep, as her mother had died before her, twenty years ago. There was a smile on the gipsy face they all loved; there were utter peace and rest in every line of the relaxed young figure. The fingers of one hand still touched the cheek she had turned in to the pillow; and Stephen's throat constricted bitterly when the nurse whispered to him that his wife had said drowsily only an hour or two ago that she was "so comfy!"

He had heard her use the phrase a hundred times. He stood looking down at her, his arms folded over the deep ache in his heart, and his memory busy with all the dear, confiding Mimis who had danced and chattered their way through his life. How she had lived, this silent, smiling girl, whose brown hand still wore the new wedding-ring, under his mother's diamond! Happy, protected, never knowing what sorrow or shadow was in all the adored twenty-two years, until this complication of love and doubt had entered.

This afternoon, only this afternoon, when she had seemed so well and so bright, she had kept him at her bedside for a long talk. Lucretia was lying semiconscious in her own room, then, murmuring and moaning. But Mimi had been so instantly revived, so sure of recovery!

And there in the plain country bedroom she had told him everything; of her talk with Lucretia at the cabin, of her new comprehension and understanding, of her promise for the new life.

And being Mimi, used all her life to winning whatever she wanted, she had clasped her fingers in his, at the end, and smiled at him half pleadingly and half saucily.

"Steve, how can I blame you for loving her?" she had asked. "She *is* adorable. And some day she'll come back and be our friend, and you'll see how generous I can be! We both understand you—that's what makes it so much—easier for me. We both love you because you're such a darling, blundering, oblivious sort of person, wrapped up in work, and letting—letting us manage you, Steve! And some day, when—well, I know when!" Mimi had smiled mysteriously. "You are going to love me better than any one else in the world!"

"You are very cunning; it is not hard to love you!" he had answered. This would be her attitude, this response his, forever and forever. What she would not see, and would not believe, need never hurt her. And perhaps there was always the impossible hypothesis to consider in his lawyer's mind—perhaps she was right!

And now she was gone; and they had all slipped out of the room, to leave him alone "with his grief."

When he came out, an hour later, he was white-faced, tired, composed. He must drive to Sanbridge at once, where Fred was with Mrs. Curran, and break this terrible news to his aunt. The doctor went with him, discoursing gravely but controlledly upon the long way, upon heart attack following shock or strain. Only once was Lucretia's name mentioned.

"There is a seasoned woman; she has faced emergencies before," the doctor said. "She is to have her sleep out—she has a magnificent constitution. Mrs. Gunther has promised me to tell her, as best she can —"

Stephen made no comment. In the last few days his world had fallen about his ears.

BUT after the earthquake and fire, creeping up into his emptied heart, came the word. It came months afterward; when the Curran house was long sold, when a pallid, quiet little black-veiled Aunt Bessy, who lived with Mrs. Porter, had taken the place of the rotund and complacent Mrs. Curran, and when the February snows were deep upon the two new graves. Fred, basking in Brazilian heat, had had time to send many letters, and sometimes in them was transmitted a word of Lucretia, in Paris. She was well, she was busy; her translation of the old doctor's book had been accepted—that was all that Stephen's heart had to feed upon for many long months.

And then came the word. It came on a quiet Wintry morning, with a wind whirling dry snow over the packed drifts, and a gray sky promising more snow. In the adjoining office typewriters were clicking, radiators hummed in every silence. District Attorney Winship, now Senator-elect, was extremely busy when the mail came in—the few letters marked "Personal."

He took them up; his heart hammered. The whole world turned round him dizzily as he took the familiar limp square envelop in his hand. Postmarked "Sanbridge." She was here!

"Steve dear, I arrived at the rectory last night. Hannah had everything in perfect order. Could you come to me at four o'clock for a cup of tea?"

He reached for his telephone, cleared his throat, laughed gruffly in the Winter warmth of the office. But the receiver was shaking like an aspen in his hand.

THE END

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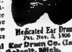

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PLANTING BY SIGNS

By LEWIS *and* MARY THEISS

IN ONE sense we gardeners are like the children of Israel—we all seek a sign. We want to know when Spring is here and when it is safe to plant. We want to know if there is anything in the heavens above or in the earth beneath that will tell us when we may safely sow our lettuce and plant our corn. Are there any such signs? Is there anything that will tell us when it is safe to make our gardens?

Since trees are permanent plants, and go through the same processes of growth year after year, observations on trees have especial value for those of us who seek a sign. The scientist Frederick Brendel made an extensive study of trees. So did Dr. Liberty H. Bailey. It has been noted that in a given locality the trees start growth in a rather definite sequence, and this sequence is fairly maintained year after year, tho the actual date for the starting of each tree may vary considerably from season to season. Why, for example, do the willows blossom and leaf out before the ash-buds swell, and why are the ash-trees under full headway before the oaks start growth? And why do they awaken in this order year after year? What is the secret of their resurrection?

Both Bailey and Brendel found it to be heat. Bailey, for instance, led into his study in Winter a portion of a climbing rose. It came in through an opening at the bottom of the window-sash and went out through another hole at the top of the sash. The portion within the room came to life and opened its buds and put forth its leaves, while the part of the branch outside in the cold remained dormant.

Brendel found not only that heat is what starts plant-growth, but that a given species of tree begins to grow when a certain total of heat has been reached. He obtained his figures by adding the daily mean temperatures after January 1, excluding the negative temperatures, or daily mean temperatures below zero. He also showed that altho the time of flowering may vary as much as twenty days in a given tree from year to year, yet the sum total of mean temperatures in each case is approximately the same. Some trees require very little heat to start them into activity. Others need a great deal. The silver maple, which in our section—central Pennsylvania—is often in flower in late January or early February, becomes active when a total of 210 degrees centigrade has been reached. The basswood, on the other hand, remains dormant until the sum of daily mean temperatures reaches the high total of 1,700.

Use the Trees as Your Thermometers

IT IS no longer necessary to hang up self-registering thermometers and add heat totals in order to know when it is safe to sow. The plants themselves tell us that. For, since more heat is required to start some plants into activity than is needed to start others, it is necessary only to know which plants start so late that frost danger is practically past, and we have a natural sign of Spring.

The Weather Bureau has published a table showing the average dates on which more than seventy species of trees come into leaf, form their flowers, ripen and drop their seeds, and retain and lose their foliage. The silver maple, for instance, which is perhaps the earliest of all forest trees to become active, is found from New Brunswick and Ontario southward to Florida. In Florida it begins to leaf out by mid-February, while it does not complete the leafing-out process in New Brunswick and Ontario until the middle of May. On the other hand the sugar-maple, which is found from Newfoundland to Georgia and Texas, does not open its leaves in the South until March 25, and has its foliage complete in Newfoundland by May 30. Covering very much the same range, the two trees vary nearly a month in the time necessary for them to leaf out.

It is interesting to note how, year after year, the same tree begins its life functions at about the same date. A black-walnut tree that was under observation at Wauseon, O., for thirty years, had its first leaf fully formed, for eleven years running, on these dates: May 27, 22, 28, 9, 20, 26, 11, 18, 12, 25, 24. Three years out of the eleven evidently saw early Springs. In eight of the eleven years the time for leafing out varied only a few days. The evidence is ample to show that, as the season progresses and one day's heat total is added to the others, the trees become active in regular rotation, and that their activities begin and end each year at very nearly the same dates.

The following table gives the ranges of certain trees and the average dates at which they begin leafing out at the southern extremity of their ranges, and complete the process at the northern.

Silver maple, Ontario to Florida, February 15 to May 15.

Red maple, Ontario to Florida, March 1 to May 15.

Sugar-maple, Newfoundland to Georgia, March 25 to May 30.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

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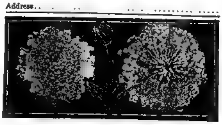

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Clusters of delicate light blue blossoms, in size and color like the Forget-me-not, borne on long slender stems. Texture resembles Queen Anne Lace. Exquisite with cut flowers.

Chinese Wool Flower, flower clusters, massive feathery balls of brilliant crimson, blooming till frost.

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Matchless Lettuce, remarkable for crispness and juicy texture. Grows somewhat like Romaine.

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All tested novelties and easy to grow. Send for big colorplate catalog **free.** Complete stocks of seeds, bulbs, window plants, perennials, fruits, berries and special novelties. Values exceptional.

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Made to build New Business. A trial will make you our permanent customer.

PRIZE COLLECTION Radish, 17 varieties, worth 15c; Lettuce, 12 kinds, worth 15c; Tomatoes, 11 the finest, worth 20c, Turnip, 7 splendid, worth 10c; Onion, 8 best varieties, worth 15c; 10 Spring Flowering Bulbs, worth 25c—65 varieties in all; worth $1.00.

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to cover postage and packing and receive this valuable collection of seeds postpaid, together with my big instructive, beautiful Seed and Plant Book, tells all about Buckbee's "Full of Life" Seeds, Plants, etc.

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PRODUCE QUICK & POSITIVE RESULTS

Buist's 1922 Garden Guide and Catalogue—now ready for mailing. Contains valuable information for the vegetable and flower garden.

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If you have a garden you should have this book. It tells you what to plant and how to cultivate.

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SEEDS Grown by a Woman

Everybody is delighted with my New Early June Asters. Largest, earliest and best. Continuous bloomers.

For 10c I will send 5 liberal packages, white, pink, lavender, crimson and purple. No better seeds grown.

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To tempt an indifferent appetite

Serve a rich, savory beverage to start the meal. Try hot Steero bouillon and see how its delightful flavor makes one want a man-sized meal. It makes the whole meal taste better.

Hot Steero bouillon is easy to make. Put a Steero cube into a cup and simply add boiling water. Steero bouillon cubes will add zest and flavor to your other soups, gravies, or scalloped dishes.

Put Steero bouillon cubes on your order list today—and insist that you get STEERO. The trade-mark STEERO is on the wrapper of every cube.

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Let us send you free samples of Steero bouillon cubes so that you may learn how good hot Steero bouillon tastes, what a wonderful flavor it has. Write today. If you enclose ten cents we will also send you the 64-page Steero Cook Book, full of practical and delicious recipes—helpful to every housewife.

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STEERO BOUILLON CUBES—the trade-mark Steero is on every wrapper—are sold in boxes of 12, 50 and 100. If not readily obtainable at your dealer's, we will mail direct upon receipt of 35 cents a box of 12. Ask for Steero bouillon cubes.

CARTERS TESTED SEEDS "They Come Up Smiling"

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of early vegetable seeds is the result of 120 years' selecting and testing. Earliness and quality combined.

SUNRISE TOMATO—The earliest, most productive, good sized, scarlet fruit, very even, of fine quality, with solid meat and few seeds.

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PERPETUAL LETTUCE—All season head lettuce.

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Try this collection at our expense. The money you send will apply on your first order. Send 25c and ask for Sunrise Collection No. 201 and we will send by return mail the 6 packets of Earliest and Best vegetable seeds, our illustrated catalog and a 25-Cent Rebate Check to apply on your first order of $1.00 or more.

Catalog Free—Our 85th annual Catalog of Carters Tested and Selected Seeds will be mailed free to anyone mentioning this paper.

CARTERS TESTED SEEDS, Inc., 53 Barclay St., N.Y. City
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Livingston's "TRUE BLUE" SEEDS

Make better gardens. All are tested for purity and vitality. Have been giving satisfaction for over 50 years. Be sure and try our

5 FINE VEGETABLES, 10c

One large packet each of Bean, Beet, Lettuce, Radish and Tomato—postpaid. All are heavy yielding and exceptionally fine in quality. Try them.

Large CATALOG FREE

Gives helpful cultural directions and offers strictly high-grade seeds at fair prices. *Write for your free copy to-day.*

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Box 238 Columbus, Ohio

SPECIAL OFFER of TESTED SEEDS

If you write now for our 1922 Catalogue, we will send the famous HENDERSON Collection of seeds—one packet each of Ponderosa Tomato, Big Boston Lettuce, White Tipped Scarlet Radish, Henderson's Invincible Asters, Henderson's Brilliant Mixture Poppies, Giant Waved Spencer Sweet Peas.

HOW TO GET THEM

Simply state where you saw this advertisement, enclose ten cents for mailing the Catalogue, "Everything for the Garden," and the seeds will be sent without extra charge.

EMPTY ENVELOPE COUNTS FOR CASH

These tested seeds come in a coupon envelope which, emptied and returned, will be accepted as a 25-cent cash payment on any order amounting to $1.00 or more. Don't delay; write at once.

1922 CATALOGUE NOW READY

Bigger and better than ever, the most beautiful and complete horticultural publication of the year, a book of

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16 color pages. Over 1000 beautiful engravings showing actual results. A mine of valuable garden information. Send today for this helpful guide to a better garden and the special seed collection.

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DINGEE ROSES On Own Roots

Dingee roses are always grown on their own roots—known as the best for 71 years. Send today for a copy of our "New Guide to Rose Culture" for 1922—it's free. It isn't a catalog—it's a practical work on rose growing. Profusely illustrated. Offers 500 Roses and other plants, bulbs and seeds, and tells how to grow them. Safe delivery guaranteed. Est. 1850. 70 greenhouses.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO. Box 255 West Grove, Pa.

64 BREEDS Most Profitable pure-bred Northern raised chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys. Fowls, eggs, incubators at reduced prices. 29th year. Largest plant. Large valuable poultry book and catalog free.

R. F. NEUBERT Co., Box 841, Mankato, Minn.

ROSES of NEW CASTLE

is the title of a beautiful book on the culture of roses and other plants, gives expert experience of a lifetime. It's free. Exquisitely illustrated in natural colors; offers and tells *how to grow* these famous plants. Write for copy today.

HELLER BROS. CO., Box 233, New Castle, Ind.

VICK'S GARDEN & FLORAL GUIDE for 1922

IT'S FREE A WORTH WHILE BOOK *WRITE TODAY*

For vegetable growers and all lovers of flowers. Lists the old stand-bys; tells of many new varieties. Valuable instructions on planting and care. Get the benefit of the experience of the oldest catalog seed house and largest growers of Asters in America. For 73 years the leading authority on vegetable, flower and farm seeds, plants, bulbs, and fruits. 12 greenhouses. 500 acres.

Vick Quality Seeds Grow the Best Crops the Earth Produces

This book, the best we have issued, is *absolutely free. Send for your copy today before you forget. A postcard is sufficient.*

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WRITE A SONG *You can do it,* experience not necessary. Write about Love, Mother, Home, Childhood, Patriotic, Comic or any subject, and *send words to me at once.* I compose Music and guarantee publication.

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BUNGALOW DESIGN NO. 621 — *Designed for the Service Dept., American Face Brick Assn.*

This airy, sunny cottage is one of the designs in our "Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans." The large porch, ample living and sleeping quarters, and the generous windows, assuring plenty of light and ventilation, combine to make this an exceptionally livable house.

Beautiful, Economical Face Brick Homes

THE joy and satisfaction of your new Face Brick house is only enhanced by the years. Time mellows its beauty, weather cannot mar it, and age does not undermine its strength. It will serve you a lifetime and be a heritage to your children.

Costing but a little more than less beautiful and less enduring materials, it becomes in a few years, the most economical house you can build; for the Face Brick house depreciates almost imperceptibly, requires no repairs and little painting around doors and windows, and saves money in fuel costs and insurance rates.

"The Story of Brick," an artistic booklet with numerous illustrations, discusses these matters in detail. It has much helpful information for all who intend to build. Sent free.

"Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans" are issued in four booklets, showing 3 to 4-room houses, 5-room houses, 6-room houses, and 7 to 8-room houses, in all sixty-four, each reversible with a different exterior design. These designs are unusual and distinctive, combined with convenient interiors and economical construction. The entire set for one dollar. Any one of the booklets, 25 cents, preferably in stamps.

We have the complete working drawings, specifications and masonry quantity estimates at nominal prices. Select from the booklets the designs you like best and order the plans, even if you are not going to build now, for their study will be not only interesting and instructive, but helpful in formulating your future plans for a home.

You may want "The Home of Beauty," fifty designs, mostly two stories, representing a wide variety of architectural styles and floor plans. Sent for 50 cents in stamps. We also distribute complete working drawings, specifications and quantity estimates for these houses at nominal prices.

Address, American Face Brick Association, 1126 Westminster Building, Chicago, Illinois.

PLANTING BY SIGNS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

Black locust, Pennsylvania to Georgia, April 1 to May 25.
Sassafras, Vermont to Florida, April 1 to May 25.
Red oak, Nova Scotia to Georgia, April 1 to May 25.
Black walnut, Ontario to Florida, April 1 to May 20.
Butternut, New Brunswick to Georgia, April 5 to May 20.
Sweet birch, Ontario to Florida, April 10 to May 30.
Chestnut, Maine to Tennessee, April 15 to May 15.
Flowering dogwood, Massachusetts to Florida, April 15 to May 25.
Scarlet haw, Newfoundland to Connecticut, April 15 to May 15.
Honey-locust, Ontario to Alabama, April 15 to June 5.
White birch, Nova Scotia to Delaware, April 25 to May 25.

The silver maple, it will be seen, starts work at its southern limit by mid-February, whereas the sweet birch, which has the same range, does not begin to leaf out until April 10, or almost two months later. The birch is done leafing out at its northern limit by May 30. One living in about the middle of its range would therefore expect the sweet birches in his vicinity to begin to leaf out about half-way between those two dates, or about May 5, and so on up or down the range.

Since trees come into activity in regular rotation, and those activities begin each year at approximately the same dates, we have only to select the proper trees (or other perennial plants) as our guides, to have signs as nearly infallible as it will probably ever be possible to have. For these are nature's signs, her own symbols, telling us that the season has advanced to certain definite stages. If we can discover what annual vegetables naturally march step by step with the trees or other perennials, we shall know just when to make our plantings.

Some folk used to smile when old farmers said that the time to sow buckwheat was when the chestnuts were in bloom. Now we know that these suggestions were science rather than superstition.

Science in the Blossoming Flowers

THE realization of this fact has come about through the efforts of the United States Bureau of Entomology to discover the best way of combating the Hessian fly, which ruins early planted wheat. It was necessary to develop planting-dates so late that the fly could not ruin the wheat, yet at the same time early enough so that the grain could make proper growth before cold weather arrived. It was established that the proper time to sow wheat is the period between the time when the tall, late goldenrod is in full bloom and the time when the white clematis-flowers are nearly all gone, or the leaves are distinctly colored on the dogwood and the hickory. This is exactly the advice Uncle Sam now gives the farmers. It is the last word in scientific agriculture. You may still class it as superstition, if you wish, but as the Agricultural Department's *Weekly News Letter* remarks, "It is the most mathematical, geographical, and biological 'superstition' you could imagine."

Peter Henderson, who in many ways was perhaps the greatest gardener that ever lived, observed and profited by similar phenomena. Among his suggestions to gardeners one finds this, "If the physiological epochs of the year be carefully studied, they will enable one to determine, among other things, when Spring in one's locality is awakening fitful and variable or in a thorough and general manner, and this should be the planting-guide. Only a few plants, trees, or shrubs should be chosen for observation, and these should be those that do not respond quickly to a few prematurely warm Spring days. Among the reliables for yearly record are apple, quince, cherry, strawberry, lilac, dogwood, grape, etc. Noting the progressive swelling of the leaf-buds and the expanding leaves of the grape has been the writer's infallible guide for several years as to when Spring had really come. It should be realized that the soil's temperature, even a few inches from the surface, seldom varies over one-third of that of the atmosphere, and the real problem with which seeds, plants, etc., have to contend is below ground."

If we examine a frost table in connection with these facts, we shall find much that is illuminating. The Weather Bureau has prepared tables showing the average dates of the last killing frost in Spring and the first killing frost in Autumn in various regions. In Pennsylvania, for instance, the average date of the last killing frost in Spring is April 5. The average date of the first killing frost in Fall is October 20. This means frosts heavy enough to kill vegetation. Light frosts will frequently occur later in Spring and earlier in Autumn, and occasionally heavy frosts will also, but these dates represent the average. In reckoning on frost formation, then, the wary gardener will allow several days at either end of the garden year. He will find it safer to count on April 15 and October 1 (in our region) as his frost limits. Then he will rarely be caught.

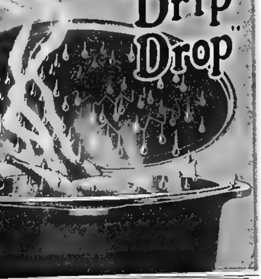
CONCLUDED IN THE MARCH NUMBER

For Tender, Juicy Roasts "Drip Drop"

THE WAGNER DRIP-DROP ROASTER in Cast Aluminum or Cast Iron means better roasts and stews, because it has all the goodness of the heavy old-fashioned Dutch Oven—combined with a wonderful self-basting feature. Fowl and meats of all kinds are cooked thoroughly, without danger of quick scorching.

Ask your dealer. Write for leaflet No. 13.

THE WAGNER MFG. CO.
15 Fair Ave., Sidney, Ohio



SAVE 50% Buy direct from grower—with 60 years' reputation—400-acre Nursery and strongest guarantee back of every sale, and where your Dollar brings real 100 cents value. Beautiful Catalog FREE Shows fruits, flowers, evergreens, all varieties in natural colors. Also planting plans. Free to all

Prices Smashed on Evergreens, Fruit Trees, Shrubs Etc.

Now is the time to plant Evergreen windbreaks. Prices down to bedrock and quality considered, lowest in 15 years. Windbreak shelters and protects. Adds $1000 or more value to farm. A few trees on city lots increase their value

100 Strawberry Plants For $1

BIG BARGAINS
20 Red or Black Raspberries $1, 10 Concord Grape Vines $1, 12 Blackberries $1, 20 Gladioli Bulbs, assorted, $1, 25 Asparagus $1. Many other Dollar bargains. Also 12 Apple Trees, 4x5 ft. popular varieties, $2.50.
Earl Ferris Nursery Co.
525 Bridge St., Hampton, Iowa

CONARD STAR ROSES — **BLOOM** *or your money back*

Did you ever hear of guaranteeing so fragile a thing as the bloom of a rose? We do it. A new plant or your money back should any Conard Star Rose not bloom. Send for big free catalog.

This celluloid Star tag labels your growing rose and is the sign of our guarantee—two exclusive C. & J. features.

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WEST GROVE, PA.
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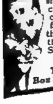
Kunderd's Wonderful New Ruffled Gladioli



Send for fine catalog of 56 pages showing 19 varieties in colors. Best cultural information is given, including directions for growing show flowers. No other Gladioli equal these, you can't afford to be without them in your garden next summer. Send today for the catalog—free.

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The Originator of The Ruffled Gladiolus
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Candy Making is Easy with a **Taylor Candy Thermometer**

Made by world's largest manufacturers of thermometers for home use. At your dealers or $2.00 and 10c postage. Booklet of Candy Recipes Free.

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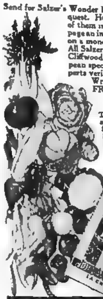
Send for Salzer's Wonder Book of Seeds—sent *free* on request. Hundreds of illustrations, many of them in colors, 134 pages and every page an inspiration. Salzer seeds are sold on a money-back guarantee.

All Salzer Seeds are tested in our great Cliffwood farms, where a famous European specialist and a corps of many experts verify and test all seeds sold.

Write for this book to-day—sent FREE.



10 Packages Finest Seeds 25c

To introduce our seeds we will send you a collection of either flower or vegetable seeds (10 packages in each assortment) for only 25c. Just enclose stamps or coin and send us your name and address when writing for catalog. John A. Salzer Seed Co. Dept. 180 La Crosse, Wis. Estab. 1868

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Burpee's Seeds Grow

Burpee's Annual is the Leading American Seed Catalog. It describes the Burpee Quality Seeds with a hundred of the finest vegetables and flowers illustrated in color. If you are interested in gardening or farming, Burpee's Annual will be mailed to you *free.*

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ONCE GROWN ALWAYS GROWN
SEED BOOK SENT FREE

Write today
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FREE CATALOG to Garden Lovers

Gives complete list of Wagner Roses, Hardy Flowers, Bulbs, Shrubs, Trees and Evergreens. Tells you how to make your home surroundings beautiful. Explains the mail service Landscape Department. *Write today for catalog 287*
Wagner Park Nurseries
Box 287, Sidney, Ohio
Nurserymen Landscape Gardeners Florists

All Your Garden Needs

There is ample variety of carefully-selected seeds, plants, trees and ornamentals in the S. & H. catalog to plant every foot of your grounds exactly as you would like it. It gives you the help of our 68 years' experience.

Write—tonight—there's a catalog ready to mail to you.

THE STORRS & HARRISON CO.
Nurserymen and Seedsmen
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YOUR mirror, more than words, will tell why you should use Garda Face Powder. Soft, delicate, fine in texture, it blends perfectly, imparting to your skin enviable smoothness and richness. It is fragrant as flower-laden breezes. And —*it clings!*

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FACE POWDER

Try it. Know the *new* Garda odor A 2c stamp will bring you a sample promptly — also the interesting story of Garda and the creation of her full line of exquisite toilet necessaries:

Face Powder	Cream
Toilet Water	Perfume
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Garda toilet necessaries—and 130 other Watkins products—are delivered direct to your home, in city or country, by more than 4000 Watkins Retailers. The convenience of Watkins Service, and the Watkins standard of quality (known over fifty years), are responsible for twenty million satisfied users today. If a Watkins Retailer has not called recently, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

How to Get a Sample

Send 2c stamp and receive a liberal supply of Garda Face Powder, perfumed with dainty new Garda odor; also attractive booklet about Garda, the mysterious Spirit of Health and Beauty.

Men and Women Wanted

to help supply the tremendous demand for Watkins quality products, sold direct to the home. Desirable territories, city and country, are available for responsible men and women. The experience of more than 4000 Watkins Retailers points the way to opportunity. Write for complete selling plan and list of 137 Watkins products.

THE J. R. WATKINS CO.
Dept. 272, Winona, Minn. (16)
Established 1868 *The Original*

THE BARBAROUS AGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

sparrows, deadly in the thickets and fleet of foot before the advance of park policemen. He achieved prodigies of marksmanship, such as killing two birds with one stone, something which is almost never done except in a proverb, and his unerring aim became almost legendary in his school and neighborhood.

Cecil's development into ruffianism soon caused scenes like the following to become a commonplace in the Barrett home:

Enter a policeman, looking official.

Mr. Barrett (with attempted jocularity)—Good evening, Officer. Have a cigar. What's the trouble now?

Policeman (in a Celto-American brogue which no system of phonetics can accurately reproduce)—That kid of yours has gone and done it again

Mr. Barrett—Who is the young thug's latest victim?

Policeman—The Goddard kid. Shot him in the forehead with that sling of his, he did. Cut him, too. The Goddards are talking about getting out a warrant.

Mr Barrett (with ill-concealed satisfaction)—That Goddard boy is a bully. He probably got what he was looking for. Well, let's have the murderer's confession, Cecil, come in here!

Enter Cecil, with a hangdog expression.

Mr. Barrett—Cecil, you are under arrest. Tell us what happened between you and young Goddard to-day.

Cecil (sulky but evidently willing to impart the truth)—Well, you see, it was this way. That big lummox of a Goddard had a big horse-syringe that he stole from his uncle, who is a vetternary. An' he was fillin' it full of water from a mud puddle in the street and was squirtin' it at everybody. An' I came along. An' I said, "Don't you squirt that dirty water on me, you big fathead." But he squirted it anyway. Well, I just happened to have my sling-shot in my hand, and it was loaded, and he stooped to fill up the syringe again. Then I fired from the hip. Just to scare him, y'u know. I didn't try to hurt him 'cause I didn't pull very hard on the sling. Just flipped the stone at him, I did, that was all. If it had been a round stone like I usually shoot, it wouldn't of hurt him at all. But it happened to be a sharp, jagged little stone. An' it hit him right in the middle of the forehead. It was a peach of a shot. He ran off hollerin', but I don't think he was hurt at all.

Policeman—His mother says the lad will bear the scar of it to his dyin' day.

Mr. Barrett—Hand over that sling, Cecil.

Cecil, having prepared himself for such a harsh demand, gloomily surrenders his third-best sling-shot, the crotch of which has never been any good anyway.

Mr. Barrett (examining the sling with interest)—What are all these notches for, Cecil? Boys you have killed?

Cecil (disgustedly)—Naw. Just birds.

Mr. Barrett (turning the sling over to the representative of the law)—There you are, Officer. Tell Mrs. Goddard I'll pay the doctor's bill, if there is one. Have another cigar.

Policeman (tucking the cigars away in his helmet)—I guess everything will be all right. (Aside to Mr. Barrett, in a stage whisper.) That Goddard kid squirted water at me, too, this afternoon. Good night, sir.

Exit the policeman, heavily.

Mr. Barrett (to Cecil, impatiently)—Why do you keep on doing these things?

Cecil (after considering the matter carefully)—To defend my honor.

Mr. Barrett (ironically)—And what do you call your honor

Cecil (with intense determination)—No one can call me Four Eyes. No one can make fun of me. No one can squirt muddy water at me.

Mr. Barrett—Would it disturb your sense of honor if I should give you a good whipping?

Cecil—Yes, sir. You can lick me if you want to. You're bigger and stronger than I am. But if I was bigger and stronger than you, and you tried to lick me, I'd lick you, even if you are my father. *Nemo me impune lacessit.*

Mr. Barrett—What's that gibberish?

Cecil—That's my motto. I got it out of the back of the dictionary.

Mr. Barrett—What does it mean?

Cecil (respectfully but firmly)—That's a secret.

Then Mr. Barrett gives him up as hopeless, sends him to bed, and furtively consults the back of the dictionary, where he learns the meaning of *Nemo me impune lacessit*, and also finds that Cecil has placed a pencil-mark ring around a flag of his revolutionary ancestors—the rattlesnake banner with the emblem, "Don't tread on me."

THE girl who had been merely a patch of red in the far corner of the schoolroom to Cecil's uncorrected vision proved to be a remarkable discovery. The world was a vivid wonder to him now, but she was the brightest thing in it. He feasted his hungry eyes upon her from nine o'clock until twelve, and from one-thirty to three-thirty, five days a week, and the freedom of Saturdays and Sundays seemed a vain thing, somehow, because it did not contain her.

She was a flamboyant little beauty, this Carrie Milchrist, as seen through Cecil's spectacles—a vision of glowing cheeks, laughing eyes, and luscious lips, always dressed in a flaming color-scheme. She was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

Vapo-Cresolene Est 1879

The Vapor Treatment for Coughs and Colds

The time for Vapo-Cresolene is at the **first indication of a cold** or **sore throat**, which are so often the warnings of dangerous complications.

Simple to use; you just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Cresolene and place it near the bed at night.

The soothing antiseptic vapor is breathed all night, making **breathing easy**, relieving the cough and easing the sore throat and congested chest.

Cresolene is recommended for **Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Influenza, Bronchitis, Coughs and Nasal Catarrh.** Its germicidal qualities make it a reliable protection when these diseases are epidemic. It gives great relief in **Asthma.**

Cresolene has been recommended and used for the past 42 years. The benefit derived from it is unquestionable.

Sold by druggists. Send for descriptive booklet 18.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York, or Leeming-Miles Bldg., Montreal, Canada.

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Superfluous Hair Roots Now Removed at Home

Glorious news for women troubled with disfiguring hairy growths! By means of an entirely new and very simple method you can now remove not only the surface hair, but the roots as well. Just get a $1. stick of Phelactine at any drug store or toilet corner, follow the easy instructions—see the hair-roots come out before your very eyes! Yes, you can hardly believe your eyes, it is done so quickly, completely, harmlessly Phelactine is non-irritating, non-odorous, non-poisonous.

DEARBORN SUPPLY CO., 5 N. LaSalle St., CHICAGO

Mrs. Vermilya before she found out about the new discovery. Weight 168 pounds. She thought her condition was hereditary, as she had relatives who weighed 200 pounds and more.

Mrs. Vermilya after she applied the new discovery to herself. Weight 128 pounds. Not only did she regain her normal weight, but she gained a beautiful complexion as well.

Doctor's Wife Loses 40 Pounds

through new discovery

Tells how she quickly reduced to normal weight and improved 100% in health without medicines, drugs, special baths, starving or any discomfort. Thousands of others are losing a pound a day and more right from the very start

"BEFORE I began following your course my weight was 168 pounds. My blood was bad, my heart was weak and I had headaches always—didn't sleep and had constantly to use laxatives. It was a standing joke among my friends about me being fat and sick.

"With your help I am now what you could call in perfect health; sleep perfectly; my blood test is 100% pure; my complexion is wonderful and my weight is 128 pounds—which is the normal weight for my height."

This is an extract from a letter written by Mrs. Hazel Vermilya, wife of Dr. J. C. Vermilya of Bloomington, Indiana.

Before she began to take on weight, Mrs. Vermilya had always been distinguished for her perfectly-proportioned figure, No matter what she wore, the simplest little summer frock or the most elaborate evening gown, she was at ease. For she knew that she made an attractive, youthful appearance.

Begins to Put on Flesh

Yet a subtle enemy was at work, preparing to destroy her youth. Slowly she began to realize that she was putting on superfluous flesh. She gained rapidly until she weighed 168 pounds, 40 pounds more than her normal weight.

She began to starve herself in an effort to reduce. She even gave up one meal a day and ate barely enough to satisfy her hunger. But it only weakened her without taking off a pound of flesh. Then she drugged herself with medicines. "I even used a special corset to reduce my hips," she writes, "but it made me look just awful."

She exercised and dieted—all in vain. She was still 40 pounds overweight, and no matter what she did she could not take off the excess flesh that was spoiling her figure and ruining her health.

Mrs. Vermilya had just about resigned herself to being fat and unattractive when she heard about a remarkable new discovery by a food specialist. She found out that he had discovered the simple natural law upon which the whole secret of weight control is based. He had actually discovered a way to reduce weight by eating. And she had been starving herself!

A Miracle Performed

She gave up all medicines, starving and expensive "treatments," and just followed the one simple new law. It meant almost no change in her daily routine. She found that she could do about as she pleased, eating many of the foods she had been denying herself, enjoying her meals as never before. And yet almost from the very beginning a change was noticeable.

"Think of it!" she writes. "I didn't have to do anything discomforting, didn't have to deny myself anything I liked—and yet my excess flesh vanished like magic. Before I realized it I had taken off the 40 pounds that I wanted to lose. My health improved 100% too; I no longer suffered from indigestion or sour stomach. And my complexion became so clear and smooth that my friends began to beg me for my beauty secret."

What is the New Discovery?

This remarkable new discovery—weight control—is the result of many years of extensive research by Eugene Christian, world-famous food specialist. It is one of the most amazing—and yet one of the most simple and inexpensive methods of weight reduction ever discovered

He found that certain everyday foods when eaten together are immediately converted into excess fat. But these very same foods, when eaten in combination with different foods, actually consume the fat which has already accumulated. It's the simplest thing in the world. It's just a matter of eating the right food combinations and avoiding the wrong ones.

This is not a starving "treatment" or a special food fad. It's entirely new and different. You can bring your weight down to where you want it, and keep it there without any trouble whatever. Instead of starving yourself, or putting yourself through any discomforts or self-denial—you actually eat off flesh!

Christian has incorporated his remarkable secret of weight control into 12 easy-to-follow lessons called "Weight Control — the Basis of Health." To make it possible for every one to profit by his discovery, he offers to send the complete course absolutely free on trial to any one sending in the coupon. No money. Just the coupon.

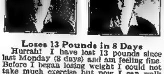
You don't starve yourself or punish yourself with strenuous exercise. You just keep on doing practically whatever you please, eating many of the delicious foods you may now be denying yourself. All you have to do is follow one simple little natural law and you can weigh exactly what you should.

Mail coupon at once. The complete 12-lesson course will be sent to you promptly. When it arrives pay the postman only $1.97 (plus postage) and the course is yours. This is absolutely all you have to pay. You have the privilege of returning it and having your money refunded if you are not absolutely delighted after a 5-day test.

Don't delay. This is a special offer and you can lose nothing—yet if you act at once you gain a valuable secret of health, beauty and normal weight that will be of value to you throughout your life. Mail the coupon NOW! The course will be mailed in a plain wrapper.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Inc.
Dept. 882, 43 West 16th St., New York City

Read What These Users Say



Loses 13 Pounds in 8 Days
Hurrah! I have lost 13 pounds since last Monday (8 days) and am feeling fine. Before I began losing weight I could not take much exercise but now I can walk four or five miles a day. I feel better than I have for months.
Mrs. Geo. Gulterman
420 E. 66th St., New York City

Loses 44 Pounds
I reduced from 187 to 143 pounds. My friends want to know my secret. I tell them Eugene Christian's method is responsible for my youthful and healthy appearance. IT IS GRAND TO HAVE A GIRLISH FIGURE AGAIN.
(Signed) Mrs. Eric Capon
Manhasset, L. I.

Loses 22 Pounds in 14 Days
I reduced from 175 pounds to 153 pounds in two weeks. Before I started I was flabby and sick. Had stomach trouble always. I feel wonderful now
Ben Naddle
New York City

Loses 74 Pounds
I weighed 240 pounds. When I started with your method I reduced 10 pounds the first week and have now reduced to 166 pounds. Before, I couldn't walk upstairs without feeling faint. Now I can *run* upstairs. I have gained a fine complexion too.
Mrs. Mary Denneny,
82 W. 9th St., Bayonne, N. J.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Inc.
Dept. 882, 43 West 16th Street, New York City

You may send me prepaid, in plain wrapper, Eugene Christian's course, "Weight Control—the Basis of Health," complete in 12 lessons. I will pay the postman only $1 97 (plus postage) in full payment on arrival. If I am not satisfied with it I have the privilege of returning the course to you within 5 days after its receipt and my money is to be refunded at once.

Name...
(Please write plainly)

Address...

City..............................State.................

Price Outside U. S. $2.16, Cash with Order

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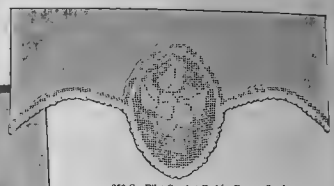
Designs for Dainty Linens that Will Appeal to Every Housekeeper

Filet Crochet Designs
by Anne Champe

252 A—Irregular Filet Crochet Edge for Scarf

THE Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No 252, A, B, and C, 20 cents, (1/-), supplies working diagram and directions for three filet designs shown for use on scarf ends or table runners. Made with No. 30 white crochet cotton and No. 10 steel crochet hook. Tassels made of same cotton.



252 C—Filet Crochet End for Dresser Scarf

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12666, A and B, blue, 25 cents, (1/3), supplies 3 yards each of two designs with scalloping for kitchen cabinet or closet shelves. The motifs may be used separately for marking towels or scarfs to be used in the kitchen.

12666 A—Design and Scalloping for Closet Shelves

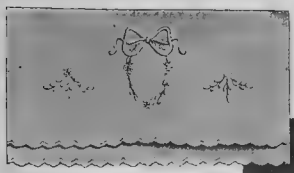
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12214, blue, 25 cents, (1/3), supplies four different designs for towels, 15 inches wide, and scalloping for both ends of the towel. The one illustrated is in raised satin and eyelet stitches. An initial 2 inches high may be used in the wreath design.

252 B -Filet Crochet End for Table Scarf

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12665, blue or yellow, 25 cents, (1/3), supplies card-table cover motifs as shown, and also single card motifs. They may be worked in cross-stitch, outline, and flat satin stitches.

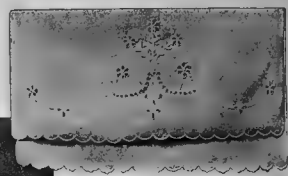
12666 B—Design and Scalloping for Closet Shelves

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12656, blue, 20 cents, (1/), supplies one pair of towel-end designs 15 inches wide and 6½ inches deep. Raised satin, outline, eyelet, and the scallop in buttonhole stitch make this towel very effective. The design is supplied for one end of the towel only, the scallop for both ends.



12214—Scallop and Design for Towel

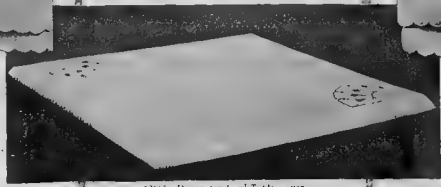
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12220, blue, 25 cents, (1/3). Very attractive is this cornflower and bow-knot design for pillow-case ends. The bow-knot is worked in Roman cut-work and the remainder of the design in solid embroidery. The design for pillow-case measures 4¾ by 20 inches. A transfer for one sheet and one pair of pillow-cases is supplied in the design. Hemstitching makes a good-looking finish for the sheet or the pillow-case, or the edge may be scalloped. No scallop is supplied.



12656—Scallop and Design for Guest Towel

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12222, blue, 25 cents, (1/3), supplies a design 8 by 36 inches for a sheet and a design 5 by 20 inches for one pair of pillow cases. Suitable for solid and eyelet embroidery.

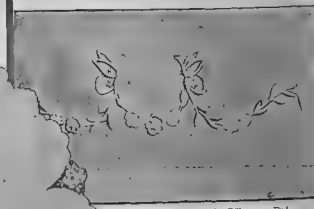
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12659, blue, 50 cents, (2/6), supplies one centerpiece 50 inches in diameter, and working diagram for filet medallions and inner border of filet crochet. The embroidery is in satin, stem, and buttonhole stitches.



12665—Design for Card-Table Cover

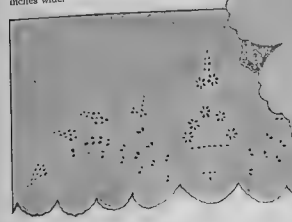
12220—Design for Pillow-case End

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12657, blue, 25 cents, (1/3), supplies design for one pair of towels or pillow-cases, with scalloped edge for both ends. The design measures 7¾ inches deep and 22 inches wide.

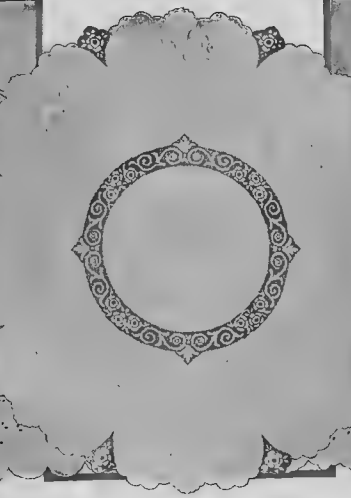


12222—Design for Pillow-case End

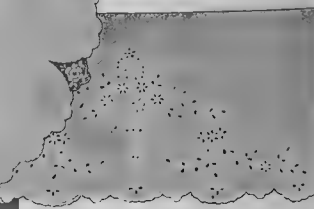
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12658, blue, 25 cents, (1/3), supplies design for one pair of towels or pillow-cases, with scalloped edge for both ends. The design measures 8 inches deep and 23 inches wide.



12657—Design for Towel or Pillow case



12659 -Embroidery and Filet Crochet for Centerpiece 50 Inches in Diameter



12658—Design for Pillow-case End

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How I Earn $2.00 to $3.00 a Day At Home in Spare Time

A Pleasant, Profitable Occupation That Helps Us Make Both Ends Meet

By Mrs. Emile Vancoillie

NOW that I am actually earning from two to three dollars a day, right at home, *in my spare time*, our trials and troubles back in the Fall of 1919 seem like a dream—a nightmare that I am glad to forget.

But I can tell you there was nothing imaginary about those days, while we were struggling along trying to make both ends meet—and never quite succeeding.

My husband worked in a mill, and made good wages, but it seemed like he couldn't earn enough money to keep up with expenses. With our two little children to clothe and care for it seemed like we were always paying bills, or planning how we could lay aside the money to pay them.

Often my husband and I would talk things over, trying to find some way out of our troubles. I was eager to help, but I couldn't leave my home and children and go to work in a factory. I didn't know any sort of work that I could do at home, to make money. It began to look like there was no answer to our problem.

AND so things went along until one day late in December the expressman drove up to our house and left a wooden box, addressed to Mr. Vancoillie. That night when my husband came home from work I showed him the box and asked what was in it.

"Oh, we'll call it a Christmas present for you," he laughed, and began taking the boards off the top. Pretty soon he lifted out some sort of a machine and set it on the floor.

"What in the world do you call that?" I asked.

"It is an Auto Knitter," he replied, "a machine to knit wool socks. I heard about it and sent for some of their literature. It looked so good that I decided to try out their plan. So I sent for one of their machines to surprise you."

Now, it isn't like my husband to make wild, reckless decisions. But for the life of me, I couldn't see the idea back of this purchase. I made up my mind that he sure had slipped up this time.

"A knitting machine!" I exclaimed. "Why, I never knit a sock in my life. I don't know the first thing about knitting."

"Of course you don't," replied that exasperating man of mine. "And you don't need to. See, we have an Instruction Book that tells just how to knit standard wool socks on the Auto Knitter. You can learn from this."

"But after the socks are knit—what then? What will we do with them?"

"Oh, that's the best part of it," my husband explained. "The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company agrees to buy every standard sock turned out on the machine. We simply bundle up the socks and send the package to them. They pay us a fixed price per dozen pairs. Also they send us yarn to take the place of that used in knitting the socks. So, you see, we always have yarn to knit more socks."

"I do the knitting without neglecting my children or household duties."

Mrs. Vancoillie

WELL, I must say I felt a lot better about the Auto Knitter after he explained it that way. If I *could* knit socks right at home, and sell them for real money, it sure would be fine. Why it was as good as going out and working for wages—and I could do the knitting in spare time without neglecting my children or household duties.

But I still had my doubts about the Auto Knitter. I was afraid I would never learn to run it. However, when I read over the Instruction Book I found it wasn't nearly as hard as I had imagined. Then I sat down to the machine and began practicing. The machine was shipped with a piece of work already started on it, and that was a big help. It took a little time, of course, but in three days I had the machine working fine, and was making one sock after another.

Of course the neighbors soon learned about the Auto Knitter. I showed them samples of the socks, and they all wanted some right away, when they saw the fine work. So I began taking orders right away, and didn't have time, at first, to knit any for the company. I found there was a good sale for ladies' stockings, too, so I knit them as well as socks.

ON March 12, 1920, I balanced up my little account book, and found that, after taking out the money to pay for the machine, I had a clear profit of $33.00—all earned in spare moments between my regular work.

I kept right on with my knitter during that Spring and Summer. When I didn't have any home trade, I sent the standard socks in to the Auto Knitter people, and I always got good treatment from them. I could plan every time on getting a check from them by return mail. And they always sent along the replacement yarn, just like they agreed to do.

But the real test of the Auto Knitter came late in the Fall. From November to January the mill where my husband was employed was closed down a good part of the time, and he didn't have regular work. There was nothing else he could find to do in a mill town like this, so at last he turned to the Auto Knitter. "I'm going to see what I can do to make money at home," he said.

Well, we both worked at the little Auto Knitter, and kept it busy during those "lean" months. And as a result they proved to be "fat" months for us. We never had to worry about "no work at the mill," as so many others were doing. If we didn't have home orders, we kept right on knitting, because we knew we could sell every standard sock to the company.

DURING this dull period the Auto Knitter just about made the living for our family of four. We hardly had to touch our little savings account. I can't imagine how in the world we would have made out without the machine, and the checks that it brought us so regularly.

After my husband went back to work at the mill full time, I kept right on knitting in my spare moments. In February, 1921, I made $59.99, and in March, $64.30. All of this was for home trade. The socks were sold to friends and neighbors without a bit of trouble.

My trade has kept growing steadily, and now I can count on making from $2.00 to $3.00 regularly every day, besides doing all my housework. And I have orders for from three to four weeks ahead. I can always knit a sock now in 10 to 12 minutes, and a lady's stocking in 15 minutes. The knitting is so easy and pleasant. It rests me from my housework. And I am making money every time I turn the handle of the Auto Knitter.

* * * * *

Make Money Right At Home Knitting Socks on the Auto Knitter

You have read here what Mrs. Vancoillie says about the Auto Knitter. There isn't a bit of guess-work in what she says. Here are actual facts, put on paper. The old problem of making both ends meet set the Vancoillies to thinking. Then came the Auto Knitter to help. And now, *in her spare time*, Mrs. Vancoillie is making from $2.00 to $3.00 a day. Just imagine $50.00 to $75.00 a month "extra" money!

We stand ready to make you the very same offer we made Mrs. Vancoillie. Our Home Work Plan is for you, too. You make standard wool socks in your own home in spare time, with the Auto Knitter. And we pay you for making them. That's the plan in a nutshell.

A Ready Market for Every Standard Stock

But, much as we like to receive shipments of standard socks from Auto Knitter owners, there is nothing at all in our Work Contract to *force* you to send your output to us. We agree to buy every standard sock sent in to us, the year around, and to pay a fixed price. We will also send replacement yarn for each lot of standard socks sent in. But you are at perfect liberty to sell these wool socks wherever you please. Local stores often are glad to get these fine wool socks and pay good prices for them. It is very likely, too, that your friends and neighbors may want a supply.

The machine itself is thoroughly substantial. Many Auto Knitters have been operated for years with perfect satisfaction. The machine weighs about 20 pounds and may be clamped to any ordinary table. It makes a sock—top, body, heel and toe—without removing the work from the machine. And it's all done in a surprisingly short time.

Previous experience with machinery is not necessary. Nor do you need to know how to knit by hand. The Instruction Book makes everything plain. With the Auto Knitter you can learn to turn out standard wool socks that have all of the strength, warmth and quality of hand-knitted ones.

Write for Full Information About Our Home Work Plan

If you have been seeking some way to turn spare moments into money, then take this chance to get the facts about the Auto Knitter. Will you spend just two minutes *now* to find out all about a new, pleasant occupation that can be conducted right at home? You aren't obligating yourself at all when you sign and mail the coupon. The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc., Dept. 22, 630-32 Genesee Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.
Dept. 22, 630-32 Genesee Street
Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose two cents postage to cover cost of mailing literature, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Pictorial Rev., 2-22

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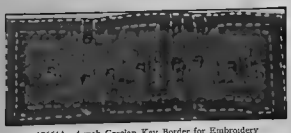
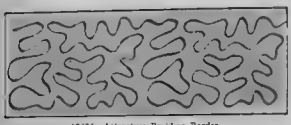
The Vogue for Embroidery and Beading Has Taken New Impetus



12664A—4-inch Grecian Key Border for Embroidery

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12664, A and B, blue or yellow, 30 cents, (1/6), supplies 3 yards each of 2 Grecian Key borders, for embroidery or cross-stitch.



12426 Attractive Braiding Border

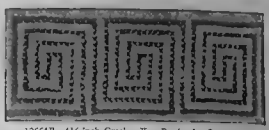
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12426, blue or yellow, 25 cents, (1/3), supplies 6 yards of 4-inch border for trimming costumes, suit

12663—Deep Border for Beading or Embroidery

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12663, blue or yellow, 35 cents, (1/6), supplies 3¾ yards border 9 inches deep for embroidery or beading. The embroidery is effective in outline and raised satin stitch

12662—Effective Design for Beading or Embroidery

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12662, blue or yellow, 25 cents, (1/3), supplies design 20 inches high and 30 inches long, as shown and a duplicate.

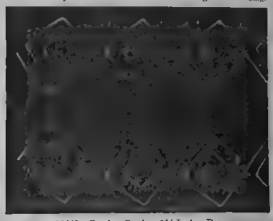


12664B—4¼-inch Grecian Key Border for Cross-stitch

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12662, blue or yellow, 20 cents, (1/–), supplies design to trim front, back, and sleeves of a dress.

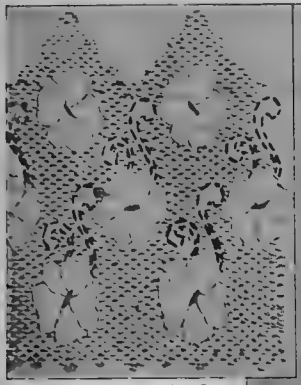
12655—Grecian Key Border, 4 Inches Deep

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12655, blue or yellow, 25 cents, (1/3), supplies 3 yards 4-inch Grecian Key border suitable for beading or braiding.



12660—Grecian Borders 3¾ Inches Deep

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12660, blue or yellow, 25 cents, (1/3), supplies 3 yards each of Grecian Key borders 3¾ inches deep. They may be carried out in beads, braid, silk or wool.

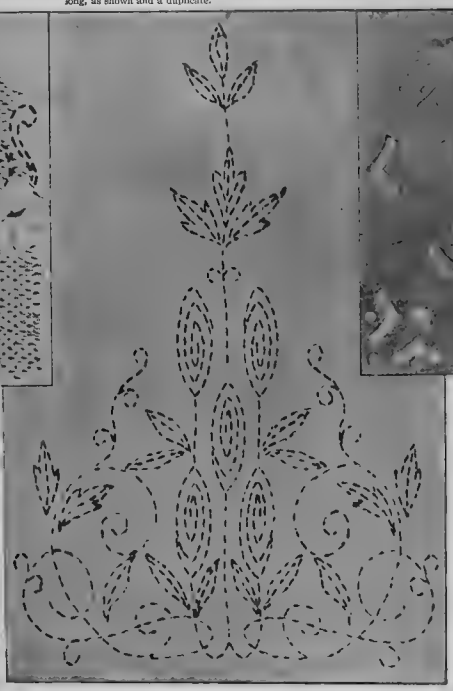


12494—Darning Satin Design 16 Inches Deep

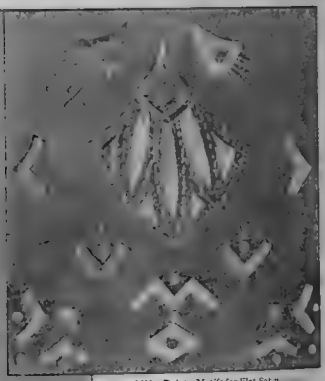
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12494, blue or yellow, 75 cents, (3/6), supplies 2½ yards of 1¾- and 16-inch borders. It is effective carried out in worsted, rope silk, metal thread or beads

12596—Effective Border in Egyptian Design

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer [illegible] 6, blue or yellow, 40 c[illegible] satin stitch.

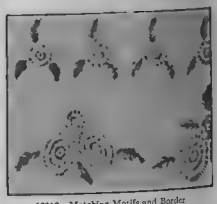


12661—Panel Motif 20 by 30 Inches



12000 Dainty Motifs for Flat Satin

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12000, blue or yellow, 30 cents, (1/6), supplies 30 motifs for darning, outline, flat and raised satin stitches. Colored silk or cotton may be used or else chenille, wool, or beads.



12312—Matching Motifs and Border

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer [illegible] 312, blue or yellow, 25 cents, (1/3), [illegible] each of the three larger motifs and 3 [illegible] in embroidery or beading.

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9871—Ladies' and Misses' Costume Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust and 16 to 20 years. No. 9873—Ladies' and Misses' Jupon Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4¼ yards 36-inch foulard—1½ yard ribbon for sash—1 yard 36-inch lining for underwaist of skirt. The lower corners of the tunic are trimmed with appliquéd fruit in design 12564. Silks of contrasting colors are used, and they are caught down with silk floss in blanket stitch.

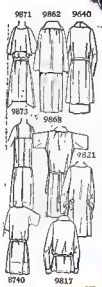
9862—Ladies' and Misses' Cape Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch checked flannel—1¾ yard 44-inch plain flannel—2⅛ yards 36-inch satin for lining cape. The upper part of the dress is of the plain, the skirt of the checked flannel. The round neck is finished with a round collar. Three-quarter length sleeves are trimmed with bias bands of the check.

9868—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 9873—Ladies' and Misses' Jupon Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 2½ yards 36-inch satin and 2¼ yards ribbon trimming for overblouse—1 yard 54-inch duvetyn for skirt—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The bottom of the overblouse is bordered in design 12608. The dots are worked in silk floss of matching or contrasting color, and are arranged in bands of differing widths.

9821—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 9873—Ladies' and Misses' Jupon Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch Canton crêpe for overblouse—1⅞ yard 36-inch dark Canton crêpe for skirt—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Wooden beads, following design 12574 on the overblouse, form an effective narrow border around the neck and lower edge.

9640—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 6 yards 36-inch satin—1 yard lace for vest. A wide border in design 12598 trims the bottom of the skirt. It is carried out in contrasting silk floss and worked with a running stitch, simple but very effective.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 92



Costume Blouse 9871
Jupon Skirt 9873
Appliqué 12564

Cape Dress 9862

Overblouse 8740
Embroidery 12663

Overblouse 9817
Beading 12319

Overblouse 9868
Jupon Skirt 9873
Embroidery 12608

Overblouse 9821
Jupon Skirt 9873
Beading 12574

Dress 9640
Embroidery 12598

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Increased Prominence Is Given to Embroidery

THE vogue for the round neck-line has more or less determined the trend of fashion in neckwear. The new name for collars of this type is "Puritan," and they are shown in almost every kind of material—dainty cotton fabrics, kid, brocades, duvetyn, real laces, and nets. The closing may be worn, Puritan fashion in front or back, or with an air of Paris, on the shoulder, to suggest the Jenny neck-line. Dainty trimmings are featured on these collars Laces, braid, and embroidery are used.

GIRDLES show variety of treatment. They may be made of the material, of wooden or metallic beads, or of combinations of leather and metal. Most of them are very narrow, and some go twice around the waist-line. Contrasting colors are usually introduced into the girdles.

Dress 9744
Embroidery 12607

Blouse 9815
Skirt 9789

Dress 9889
Beading 12574

Models Described on Page 92

Dress 9836
Beading 12598

Dress 9855
Appliqué 12689

Dress 9819
Embroidery 12549

Blouse 9823
Skirt 9774
Underskirt 8295

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Waist-Lines Continue To Be Placed Very Low

Dress 9856 Beading 12647 and 12648

Besque 9852 Skirt 9853

Blouse 9858 Skirt 9827

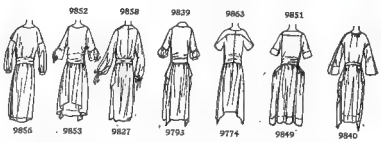
Blouse 9839 Skirt 9793 Embroidery 12607

Blouse 9863 Skirt 9774

BLOUSES always show features of interest and indicate the trend of the mode as definitely as do frocks. Over-blouses are in the majority, but are decidedly shorter than the costume blouses of last season, some of them reaching the hip-line, while others are tie-ons. Neck-lines tend to be conservative, with the Florentine line predominating, but there are a good many V-shaped neck-lines among the newer models. The imported blouses fall into two distinct groups, silk and cotton. The silk costume blouses are extensively trimmed with beads, or elaborately embroidered. The longer trend of the sleeves, and unique sleeve treatments are noticeable. Slashed sleeves and draped sleeves show interesting variety, but there are few extremes among the smartest imports. Cotton blouses are in marked contrast in their tendency toward the tailored type. They are long-sleeved, tuck-in models, for the most part. For trimming, point de Paris lace, binche, and Irish are used more than Valenciennes or filet. Double work, in white and color, with hemstitching, is a prominent style feature. Some of the domestic blouses of this type show Bulgarian embroidery.

Models Described on Page 92

Besque 9851 Skirt 9849



Dress 9840 Beading 12574

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The Straight-Line Silhouette Is Observed in Dresses and Coats

Models Described on Page 92

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Dame Fashion Designs Frocks of Individuality and Varied Charm

Modes Described on Page 92

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Slashed Fronts Tend to Give Long, Slender Lines to Large Women

9808—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for vestee. Embroidery, in design 12660, outlines the slash and the U-shaped neck of this frock. It may be worked in running stitches in silk floss or metallic thread, and the loops may be of beads. If preferred the entire design may be carried out in beads, and steel, chalk, crystal, opalescent, jet, or colored glass beads or bugles may be used.

9835—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 9523—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5¾ yards 40-inch satin crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining. Beading, in design 12601, forms a border on the upper edge of the panel and also forms large motifs at each point of the tunic. The design may be carried out in bugles, crystal, chalk, opalescent, or colored glass beads, or it may be worked in embroidery in silk floss or metallic thread.

Dress 9808
Embroidery 12660

Blouse 9835
Skirt 9523
Beading 12601

Blouse 9823
Skirt 9509
Embroidery 12612

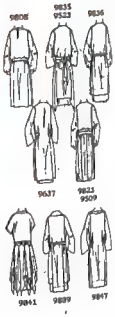
Dress 9836

Dress 9841

Dress 9637
Embroidery 12592

Dress 9889

Dress 9647



9841—Ladies' One-piece Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards 36-inch charmeuse—3¼ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. The square trimming-pieces of Georgette crêpe are stitched to the front and back of the dress just below the waist-line. The pointed ends drop below the lower edge of the skirt giving the uneven hem-line

9637—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 2 yards 54-inch Poiret twill—2⅜ yards 36-inch satin—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery, in design 12592, outlines the round neck and the front edges of the overdress. It may be worked in silk floss in flat satin stitch, or wool embroidery would also be effective.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

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Overblouses That Follow the Smartest Dictates of the New Mode

Overblouse 9817

Blouse 9755

Middy Blouse 7622

Overblouse 9812

Overblouse 8679 Embroidery 12630

Overblouse 9837 Braiding 12615

Blouse 9677 (at left) Braiding 12574

Over-blouse 8890

Over-blouse 9274

Blouse 9735 Braiding 12320

Overblouse 9837 Embroidery 11569

Blouse 9818 Braiding 12615

Blouse 9866 Skirt 9579 Braiding 12574

Blouse 9848 Skirt 9666 Braiding 12319

9817—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch krêpe-knit. The blouse slips on over the head and is slashed at center-front; the slashed edges are held together with buttons and buttonloops. The turnover collar and cuffs of organdy add a dainty finish to this blouse. A narrow sash ties at the side.

9755—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch French voile—2¾ yards lace insertion. The short sleeves are cut in one with the front and back of the blouse, and bands of lace insertion make an effective trimming.

7622—Ladies' Middy Blouse Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch white galatea—⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting for collar and cuffs. The blouse slips on over the head and is made with a deep yoke forming a point at the center-front and back.

9812—Ladies' Slip-on Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch krêpe-knit—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for cuffs and binding—2⅝ yards ribbon. Blanket stitching in contrasting color wool forms an attractive finish.

8679—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch Canton crêpe. For the embroidery that makes such an effective trimming, design 12630 is used. This consists of floral motifs and rows of wreaths. The design may be worked with embroidery silk, or the motifs may be cut in contrasting material and applied to the blouse, couched down with wool or silk floss.

9837—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires, for the blouse at upper right, 2⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Braiding in self-color soutache, in design 12615, outlines the slashed edges and forms a border on the bottom of the blouse. It is illustrated again at the center of the page, and requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅝ yard 18-inch tucked Georgette—6⅛ yards insertion—1⅛ yard lace edging. Added charm is given by the dainty sprays of embroidery, in design 11569, worked in raised satin, eyelet, and outline stitches with silk or mercerized cotton floss. This embroidery makes a pretty finish for the bottom of the blouse.

9677—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette—⅞ yard 40-inch contrasting Georgette—3⅝ yards Georgette plaiting. On the front of the blouse are beaded motifs, in design 12574, to be worked in bugle beads, seed, chalk, or glass beads in any preferred color. The collar, cuffs, and plait at center-front are made of contrasting Georgette, and are trimmed with narrow plaiting.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

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Youthful Evening Frocks Show Bouffant Effects and Straight Lines

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Smart Models for Street Wear That Will Appeal to Young Girls

Models Described on Page 93

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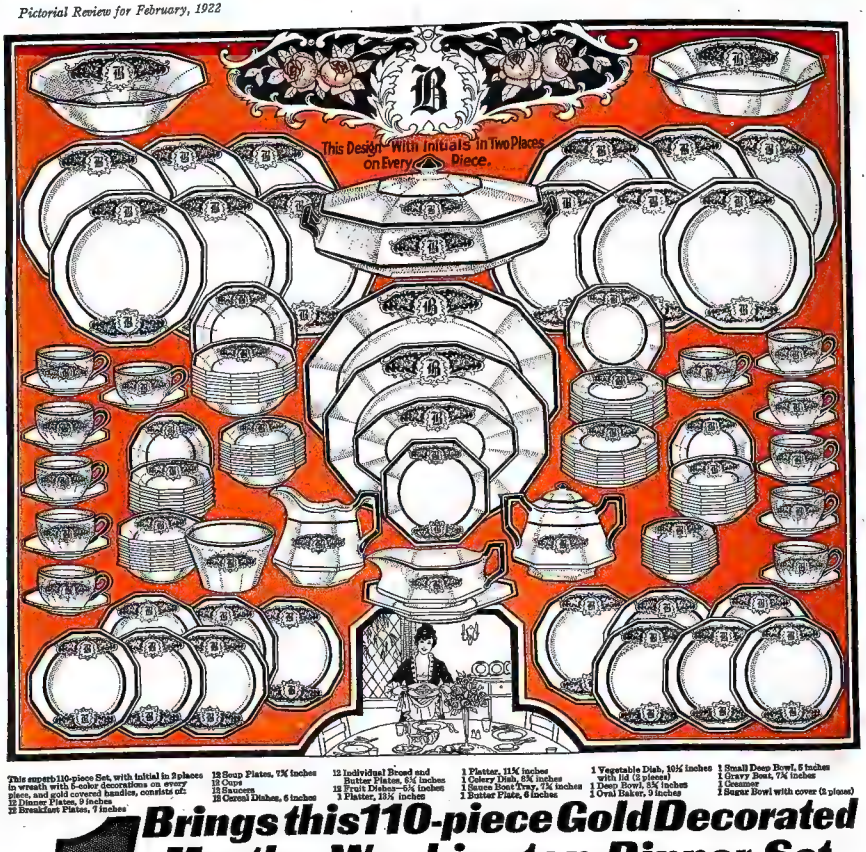

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12 Fruit Dishes—5½ inches
1 Platter, 13¾ inches
1 Platter, 11¾ inches
1 Celery Dish, 6¾ inches
1 Sauce Boat Tray, 7¾ inches
1 Butter Plate, 6 inches
1 Vegetable Dish, 10½ inches with lid (2 pieces)
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1 Oval Baker, 9 inches
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1 Creamer
1 Sugar Bowl with cover (2 pieces)

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3765—Girls' Bloomers. Designed for 2 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yard 40-inch nainsook—⅞ yard 27-inch lining for underwaist.

8387—Child's Petticoats. Designed for ½ to 4 years. Size 2 requires for petticoat at upper left, 1¾ yard 32-inch longcloth. It is embroidered in design 12175 in white floss in lazy daisy, eyelet, and running stitches. Below, this petticoat is shown in size 4, requiring 1½ yard 32-inch batiste—1⅛ yard filet lace. Embroidery in design 12206 is worked in white cotton. It consists of fine sprays in raised satin stitch and eyelets.

9228—Child's Combination. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 2 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch lonsdale cambric. The combination consists of a gathered back-closing underwaist and side-closing bloomers.

9672—Child's Bath-robe. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch eiderdown—4 yards satin ribbon for trimming.

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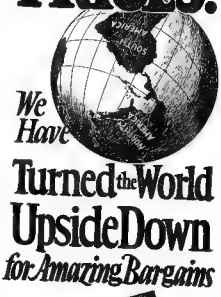

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9865—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 3 yards 27-inch chambray—⅜ yard contrasting for trimming-bands. The dress has cunning motifs appliqued in design 12564. These may be cut from chambray in contrasting color, basted on to the dress, then blanket-stitched with black wool.

Suit 9823

Bloomer Dress 9865
Appliqué 12564

9824—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 3¼ yards 27-inch chambray—¼ yard 40-inch dotted organdy. On the dress is appliqued an animal motif in design 12429. This may be cut from chambray and appliqued with cotton or wool.

Bloomer Dress 9824
Appliqué 12429

Dress 9762

Dress 9685

9762—Child's Dress. Designed for 4 to 10 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard 40-inch printed Georgette—⅞ yard 40-inch plain—12 yards frilling—2⅞ yards ribbon.

9875—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 yard 54-inch serge—1⅜ yard 32-inch pongee. Appliqued motifs in design 12564 may be cut from taffeta and blanket-stitched (at left).

Dress 9832
Scallop 11695

Jumper Dress 9875
Appliqué 12564

Coat 9877
Embroidery 12624

Dress 9875
Appliqué 12629

Dress 9790

Dress 9741

Dress 9861

Dress 9886

Dress 9616

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

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These Little Frocks Are Clearly 1922

9610 — Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch dotted swiss—½ yard 40-inch organdy. The collar has appliqued motifs in design 12564 which may be cut from chambray and appliqued down with wool or mercerized cotton.

Bloomer Dress 9865

Coat 9872

Dress 9610 Applique 12564

Dress 9574 Embroidery 12175

9865—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 3 yards 27-inch chambray—⅜ yard 27-inch contrasting for trimming-bands.

9872—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch poplin—2⅛ yards 36-inch satin lining. The coat is gathered below a round yoke that extends over the shoulders, and turn-back cuffs finish the sleeves.

9674—Child's Dress. Designed for ½ to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—8 yards lace—2 yards satin ribbon. Sprays of embroidery in design 12175 may be worked in lazy daisy, flat satin stitch, or eyelets.

9864—Girls' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires for overdress, 2⅝ yards 36-inch Canton crêpe—2⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine.

Dress 9810 Scallop 11747

Coat 9830

Dress 9819 Embroidery 12560

Dress 9773

Dress 9885

Dress 9855

Dress 9864

Dress 9881

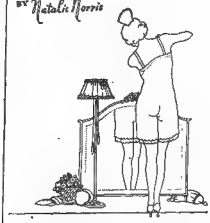
Cape Dress 9803

Cape Dress 9801

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

CONCERNING WOMEN ONLY

BY Natalie Norris



ONCE upon a time, very, very long ago, in the mid-Victorian days, Madame Grundy raised her pious hands in horror at the mere mention of the word, leg. Then, one always said limb, and blushed becomingly.

But, thank heaven, those false modesties have gone the way of the old strait-jacket corset and the hoop skirt. Today, women call a leg, a leg and display them frankly, even proudly.

Why mince matters? Man likes the change and observes shapely ankles with approval. And correct stockings have ever so much to do with setting ankles off to advantage.

Come with me for a walk down any city boulevard when the wind is playful and you will observe there are two kinds of stockings most in evidence: stockings with old-fashioned seams up the back and,—Burson.

If your eye is critical it will tell you that most stocking seams are crooked. Just notice next time you are on the street. Wind-whipped skirts catch seams and pull them all awry until they run every-which way in most unseemly disorder.

Once seams were necessary in order to make poorly shaped stockings fit a little better. But the Burson Company has done away with the old methods by perfecting wonderful machinery that fashions stockings perfectly in the knitting process. So, you see, really there is no longer any need for unsightly seams. Burson Hose follow the graceful contour of the leg perfectly. They have no ungraceful seams to pull awry. Consequently, they set off feminine ankles in a dainty, graceful fashion.

Be sure you ask for Burson Hose.

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Burson Knitting Company
Rockford, Illinois

BURSON
Fashioned Hose

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Your mirror can't tell you

THE insidious and disturbing thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the fact that in practically every case the person so afflicted is not personally aware of it.

A woman may be blessed with every feminine charm. She may be beautiful and brilliant and cultured. She may be attractive in every imaginable way to her friends and acquaintances.

Yet this one invisible trouble—and a trouble so common with people everywhere—may, unknown to her, be retarding her popularity. On this one subject her mirror is silent—as are even her most intimate friends.

Most cases of halitosis are temporary and yield quickly to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. This well known liquid antiseptic possesses deodorizing properties ideally suited to combat halitosis. Listerine arrests fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

Why be disturbed about whether your breath may or may not be just right when this simple, scientific precaution will so quickly put you at ease? Then you *know* you will not offend your friends in a matter so delicate that they would naturally not be frank with you.

If you are not familiar with Listerine and its many uses, just send us your name and address and fifteen cents and we shall be glad to forward you a generous sample of Listerine together with a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste sufficient for 10 days' brushings.

Address Lambert Pharmacal Company, 2157 Locust Street, Saint Louis, Missouri.

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

Dainty Underwear Denotes a Fastidious Woman

Combination 8012

Nightgown 8127

Dressing Sack 6706

Camisole 8555

Combination 7553

Brassière 8916 Bloomers 6877

Dressing Sack 9834

Corset Cover 7880 Drawers 8759

Undervest 9825

Pajamas 8234

Pajamas 7819

Kimono 9230

Slip 9822

Nurses' Uniform 9874

Pajamas 9451

8555—Ladies' Camisole. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires ⅞ yard 36-inch nainsook—4½ yards insertion—1¼ yard ribbon. The camisole slips on over the head.

8127—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—1⅜ yard wide insertion—1 yard narrow insertion.

9834—Ladies' Dressing Sack. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch albatross—2⅛ yards marabou—2¼ yards ribbon. The underarm edges are caught together with bows of narrow ribbon.

6706—Ladies' and Misses' Dressing Sack. Designed for 32, 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 36-inch printed crêpe de Chine—7¼ yards ribbon for ruffles. The ruffles trim the neckline, the short sleeves, and the bottom.

8012—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine—2 yards ribbon—3⅛ yards pointed trimming for upper and lower edges.

7553—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch crossbar muslin. Front is cut in one piece; the back is finished with a band.

9825—Ladies' Undervest. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 36-inch silk Jersey—1 yard ribbon for straps—1½ yard narrow ribbon. Square lace inserts make a very attractive trimming.

7880—Ladies' Corset Cover. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. No. 8759—Ladies' Drawers. Designed for 26, 30, and 34 waist. Small size requires ⅞ yard 36-inch nainsook for corset cover—1¾ yard for drawers.

9822—Ladies' and Misses' Slip. Designed for 36 and 40 bust and 16 years. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—1¼ yard edging—1⅜ yard wide insertion—1 yard narrow insertion—2½ yards ribbon.

9874—Nurses' Uniform. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch linen.

7819—Ladies' Pajamas. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch madras.

9230—Ladies' Kimono. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 7 yards 27-inch flowered cotton crêpe—3 yards 27-inch plain cotton crêpe to form band in front and sash. Long flowing sleeves are attached to dropped shoulders.

8234—Ladies' and Misses' Pajamas. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch percale—1⅞ yard 4-inch embroidered banding to trim—3½ yards ribbon. The shirred coat is slipped on over the head.

8916—Ladies' Brassière. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. No. 6877—Ladies' Bloomers. Designed for 26, 30, and 34 waist. Small size requires ½ yard 36-inch satin for brassière—2 yards 36-inch satin for bloomers.

9451—Ladies' Pajamas. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch crossbar madras—1½ yard 36-inch plain muslin for trimming band.

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.
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Simple Trimming Adds Chic to Fine Lingerie

8979—Ladies' Camisole. Designed for 36, 40, 44, and 48 bust. Size 36 requires ⅝ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine—3⅜ yards insertion for trimming and straps—1¼ yard edging.

9224—Ladies' Corset Cover. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch nainsook—3⅛ yards insertion. A dainty scallop in design 11661 outlines the neck and sleeves. It is worked in buttonhole stitch with white floss.

9123—Ladies' Chemise and Bloomers. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for chemise—1¾ yard for bloomers—3¾ yards insertion.

9556—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch nainsook—3 yards insertion—¾ yard ribbon for shoulder straps. The combination closes at the center-back.

7118—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40, 44, and 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. The nightgown is slipped on over the head.

9503—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch satin—2⅝ yards edging to trim—2¼ yards ribbon for sash.

9441—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch nainsook—3⅜ yards insertion—3¾ yards edging—1½ yard narrow ribbon.

9822—Ladies' and Misses' Slip. Designed for 36 and 40 bust and 16 years. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—5⅝ yards plaiting—2½ yards ribbon. A spray in design 11569 is embroidered in matching floss in raised satin stitch. A large scallop in design 12567 on the skirt forms a guide for the narrow plaiting.

9707—Ladies' Negligée. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch printed crêpe de Chine—⅜ yard plaiting to trim round neck.

9750—Ladies' Negligée. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5⅞ yards 27-inch challis—3¾ yards ribbon to bind collar and pockets and to make belt.

9560—Ladies' Negligée. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch satin—4⅜ yards narrow plaiting. The open neck is finished with a Tuxedo collar, stitched in silk floss to give quilted effect in design 12560.

9825—Ladies' Undervest. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 36-inch silk Jersey—3⅞ yards insertion—1⅝ yard edging—1½ yard ribbon.

9404—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch nainsook. A scallop in design 12567 is outlined on the upper part of the combination with hemstitching, and the scallops on the lower edge are bound.

9211—Ladies' Kimono Apron. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 32-inch gingham—¼ yard 32-inch plain gingham to trim sleeves and pockets.

9563—Ladies' Negligée. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch figured crêpe de Chine—1⅛ yard narrow plaiting—7⅛ yards wider plaiting.

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The wonderful way I found to pay my bills

By Mrs. John Neu

I believe I am the happiest woman in the world today and sometimes I think I could cry out of sheer joy when I think of what our new prosperity has meant to all of us. And it all came about through taking up a home occupation that was as pleasant as it was profitable.

You see, my husband's slender earnings caught us with very little money on hand and we needed many things, —oh, so badly. How to get this money and still attend to my family duties I did not know until one day I happened to see an advertisement telling how I could really work at home during **spare time** and earn a substantial sum each week. "If this is true," I thought, "what a splendid thing it will be. I can still attend to my household duties and, by good management, find lots of spare time to earn the extra money we need."

My Prosperity Began

Immediately I wrote for the Profit Guide Book which, the advertisement said, would tell me all about it, how it was done—and everything. And such a revelation! I never dreamed that there could be any home occupation so pleasant and so profitable. They said the work was easy and that they would pay me generously for every pair of standard Allwear Hosiery I could send them. They offered me a three year contract and as I found them to be a very reliable, long-established company with bank references and hundreds of satisfied home workers, I didn't waste any time but sent right away for the Gearhart Standard Knitter, taking advantage of the splendid offer the Company made me. That was my start.

I Became Independent

If I was hopeful at first I was overjoyed when the Knitter arrived, for it was so easy to set up and operate that I was soon turning out several dozen pair of exquisite knitted socks each week. Then my husband and the children became interested and often helped me. That increased my earnings still more. And I shall never forget the liberality of the Gearhart people in paying me such excellent prices for my work. They furnished the yarn, too, so I did not have to put out any money at the start for material. If you were ever in the predicament I was in before I took up this work you can imagine what it meant to be able to rise above the never-ending scrimping and saving to make ends meet.

I am proud of what I have done with my Gearhart Knitter. I would not give it up for worlds. A little spare time each day—and **then a substantial check from the Gearhart Company** has enabled me to buy many things—clothing for myself and the children, and household things we needed so much.

WHY NOT YOU?

Yes, **you** can do it, too. You will find that knitting your share of the famous ALLWEAR knitted hosiery is no menial task. It is not impossible that, if your ambition lies in that direction, you could soon operate several machines with the aid of your family or even hired help.

Remember, **no experience** is needed to start. At once, in the comfort and privacy of your own home you can still be your own boss. No one need know until you shall have achieved the success awaiting you. You knit the socks, each pair in surprising quick time on the Gearhart Standard Knitter and the Gearhart Co. pays you liberally for all you can do. Sell to stores, friends and neighbors also, if you wish. Everybody wears and appreciates good hosiery.

Write today for the **Free PROFIT GUIDE BOOK**, samples of knitting and other particulars. It may be the turning point of your life, the means of reaching the goal of your fondest hopes. **Address GEARHART KNITTING MACHINE CO., Dept. PR 603, Clearfield, Pa.**

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The Conservative Neck-Line Continues to Predominate in Frocks for Any Time of Day

THE conservative tendency in neck-lines continues pronounced, and the Florentine line is certainly the favorite, the line line is certainly the favorite, the there are a good many shallow rounded, U-shaped, and V-shaped lines. Young girls continue to put the seal of approval on the Peter Pan collars, especially for the smart little Jersey dresses. Evening dresses show few low cut bodices, many of them being high in back, and some shallow both front and back. On afternoon dresses collars or applied yokes are featured more than in seasons just past. These are very plain and made of contrasting material, finished with cording or a narrow hem. Filet lace collars, and organdy edged with Irish are attractive.

FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

9817—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe Romain. Beaded with glass beads in design 12331.

8740—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch crêpe satin. Embroidered in design 12063 in colored silk French knots.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

9744—Ladies'Dress. 'Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2 yards 54-inch duvetyn—¾ yard 36-inch foulard. Embroidery, in design 12607, may be carried out in silk floss or wool.

9815—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 9789—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Costume in medium size requires 6¼ yards 36-inch silk foulard—⅛ yard 36-inch satin.

9889—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe. The beading may be carried out in steel, jet or colored glass beads in design 12574.

9836—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch Poiret twill—⅞ yard 36-inch lining. Beading in design 12598 may be carried out in bugles, steel, jet or colored glass beads.

9855—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch wool jersey—¼ yard 36-inch linen. Appliqué in design 12629 is couched down in blanket, outline or buttonhole stitches.

9819—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch satin—⅝ yard contrasting. Embroidery in design 12629 may be worked in running and flat satin stitches.

9825—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 9774—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. No. 8295—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Costume in medium size requires 4⅞ yards 36 inch dotted foulard—1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette—⅝ yards 36-inch satin for underskirt—⅞ yard 36-inch lining.

DESCRIPTIONS OF MODELS ON PAGE 79

9856—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette—3¼ yards 36-inch satin. Beaded in designs 12647 and 12648, in steel, crystal, opalescent, or colored glass beads.

9832—Ladies' Basque. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9853—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Costume in medium size requires 6¼ yards 36-inch taffeta.

9858—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9837—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Costume in medium size requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch dotted foulard—1⅜ yard 40-inch satin.

9839—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9795—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Costume in medium size requires 5 yards 36-inch taffeta. A deep border in design 12607, is worked in silk floss or metallic thread.

9863—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9774—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Costume in medium size requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch broade—⅜ yard 36-inch satin.

9851—Ladies' Basque. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9849—Ladies' Four-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 3 yards. The costume in medium size requires 5¾ yards 36-inch taffeta.

9840—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe. A border of beading in design 12574 may be worked in jet, iridescent or chalk beads.

DESCRIPTIONS OF MODELS ON PAGE 80

9892—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9679—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The suit in medium size requires 2¾ yards 44-inch checked flannel—2⅝ yards 44-inch plain—2⅝ yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket.

9884—Ladies' Wrap. Designed for 36, 38, and 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 54-inch homespun—¾ yard 36-inch satin for lining under back and belt.

9833—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires for dress at left 3¼ yards 54-inch duvetyn.

9888—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9888—Ladies' Knickerbockers. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. The suit in medium size requires 3¾ yards 54-inch tweed—2⅝ yards 36 inch satin for lining jacket.

9835—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires for dress at right 3¼ yards 54-inch tricotine.

9827 Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 3⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—⅞ yard 36-inch satin A border in design 12598 is worked in running or darning stitch.

9879—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch velours—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for lining. Solid embroidery in design 12591 may be worked in silk of matching color.

9890—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8760—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. The suit in medium size requires 4½ yards 54-inch twilkord—2⅞ yards 36-inch foulard to line jacket. Embroidery in design 12612 is carried out in contrasting silk floss in darning stitch.

9870—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch diagonal tweed—¼ yard 36-inch satin for collar—1¾ yard 36-inch satin for lining. Embroidery design 12560 in darning, running stitch, or couching would be effective.

9844—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch tricotine—⅞ yard 36-inch lining. The skirt is embroidered in design 12663. This border might be worked out in beads or in chain stitch embroidery.

9868—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 54-inch duvetyn. Beaded in design 12601. Bugle or large wooden beads are used.

DESCRIPTIONS OF MODELS ON PAGE 81

9806—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch satin—½ yard 40-inch Georgette for underslieeves.

9868—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 9873—Ladies' and Misses' Jupon Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in medium size requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch plain linen—2 yards 36-inch crossbar linen.

9820—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch plain silk—1⅛ yard 36-inch checked.

9879—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 9873—Ladies' and Misses' Jupon Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in medium size requires 2¾ yards 36-inch Canton crêpe for overblouse—1 yard 54-inch tricotine for skirt. Embroidered in design 12613. Silk floss is couched down with metal thread.

9835—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 9793—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—2¼ yards 36-inch contrasting—¾ yard 40-inch Georgette. Embroidered in design 12612. Matching silk floss worked in darning stitch is used.

9792—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 44-inch striped flannel—¾ yard 44-inch plain.

9715—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust and 16 to 20 years. No. 9769—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 2⅛ yards. The costume in medium size requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette for blouse—3⅝ yards 36-inch satin for skirt.

9775—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9767—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 1¾ yard 36-inch dotted China silk—2⅝ yards 54-inch trekine.

9829—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 32-inch plain gingham—2 yards 32-inch checked gingham

9250—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch figured crêpe de Chine—2¼ yards 36-inch plain.

9726—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No 9827—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch foulard—1⅜ yard 40-inch Georgette—3¼ yards 36-inch lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

9823—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 9509—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5¼ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2¾ yards 36-inch satin. The pointed panels are embroidered in design 12612. This design may be worked in silk floss in plain running stitch, or beaded.

9836—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch tricotine—3 yards 36-inch satin.

9889—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 6 yards 36-inch dotted foulard.

9847—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch crêpe satin for dress—2¾ yards 40-inch Georgette for blouse—1¾ yard lace.

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

9735—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch Canton crêpe—1⅝ yard contrasting Canton crêpe for yoke and outside section of sleeves. The line of joining is accentuated by beading in design 12320. Small glass beads would be effective.

9890—Ladies' Slip-on Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine.

9274—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch striped wash silk—⅜ yard plain.

9866—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe. For the beading design 12574 is used. The motifs may be carried out in fine seed, chalk, steel, or jet beads, or embroidered with wool or silk. No. 9579—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 26 requires 1½ yard 54-inch Poiret twill.

9818—Ladies' Gathered Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1 yard ribbon. The front of the blouse is braided with self-color soutache in design 12615.

9848—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe. The only note of trimming is the narrow border of braid in design 12319. This may be carried out in silver or self-color silk soutache. No. 9666—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 48-inch serge.

DESCRIPTIONS OF MODELS ON PAGE 84

9842—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch crêpe satin—3¼ yards 36-inch allover lace.

9838—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 5 yards 40-inch Georgette—¾ yard 36-inch lining.

9843—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch Canton crêpe—¾ yard 36-inch lining. A narrow border and a wide border trim the dress, following design 12596. It is worked out in contrasting shades of silk floss.

9826—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch satin—1¼ yard 40-inch chiffon for sleeve puffs and side panels—¾ yard 36-inch lining. Iridescent beads are used in design 12574 to work out a very attractive border.

9850—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 3 yards. Size 16 requires 5⅜ yards 36-inch taffeta—¾ yard 40-inch Georgette for collar, cuffs, and hem—¾ yard 36-inch lining.

9867—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch taffeta—3¼ yards narrow ribbon for sash—¼ yard lace—¾ yard 36-inch lining.

9871—Ladies' and Misses' Costume Blouse. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 46 bust. No. 9873—Ladies' and Misses' Jupon Skirt. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch Canton crêpe—1¾ yard ribbon for sash—1 yard 36-inch lining. Beads follow design 12574. Small wooden beads or china beads may be used.

9840—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch foulard—¼ yard 40-inch Georgette.

9791—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—¼ yard 36-inch linen.

9856—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch satin for underdress and sash—3⅜ yards 40-inch chiffon for overdress. Effective motifs in design 12467 trim the dress. They are worked out in opalescent beads in pastel shades.

9869—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch taffeta—¾ yard lace for collar. Very simple but very smart is the border in design 12468 around the bottom of the skirt. Steel beads are particularly effective in working out this design.

9845—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch satin—⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette for waist

DESCRIPTIONS OF MODELS ON PAGE 85

9880—Misses' Coat. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch duvetyn—⅝ yard 36-inch printed silk for lining underback. The collar and deep cuffs are embroidered in design 12608, and may be worked in silk floss or wool.

9862—Ladies' and Misses' Cape Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch serge. The waist is embroidered in an allover design, 12612. It may be carried out in wool, silk floss, or metallic thread.

9894—Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Designed for 16 years, 36 and 42 bust. No. 9738—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 54-inch tricotine—¼ yard 36-inch satin for upstanding collar—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody of dress. Embroidery, in design 12510, trims the inserted pockets, and may be worked in either silk floss or wool.

9559—Misses' Overblouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅜ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for collar and cuffs. No. 9882—Misses' Knickerbockers. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1½ yard 54-inch tricotine.

9895—Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Designed for 16 years, 36 and 42 bust. No. 9577—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in size 16 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch tricotine—1⅝ yard 36-inch satin. Running stitch trims the lower edge of the short cape in design 12624, worked in silk floss or wool.

9893—Misses' Single-breasted Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 8977—Misses' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The suit in size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch moussyne—2⅜ yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket.

9717—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Size 16 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch tricotine—1½ yard 36-inch dotted foulard.

9747—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch Poiret twill—1⅛ yard 36-inch dotted foulard for sleeves and revers—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery, in design 12598, is worked in running stitch in silk floss or wool.

9887—Misses' Single-breasted Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 9768—Misses' Two-piece Jumper Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The suit in size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch twillcord—2½ yards 36-inch silk foulard for lining jacket.

9891—Misses' Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 8977—Misses' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The suit in size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch tricotine—2⅝ yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket. The collar and sleeves are embroidered in design 12624. This design may be worked in silk floss.

9878—Misses' Coat. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5½ yards 36-inch satin—⅞ yard 36-inch silk foulard for lining under front and back. Embroidery in design 12558 is carried out in silk floss or metallic thread in running or outline stitches.

9887—Misses' Single-breasted Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 9882—Misses' Knickerbockers. Designed for 14 to 20 years. The suit in size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch tweed—2½ yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket.

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8108—Child's Nightdrawers. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch flannelet.

8985—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Combination. Designed for 8 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch batiste—4½ yards lace insertion. The scallop in design 11659 is worked in buttonhole stitch.

7329—Girls' and Juniors' Petticoat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch nainsook—1⅞ yard insertion. The neck, armholes, and frill are finished with scallops in design 11661. These scallops are worked in buttonhole stitch with white floss, and before buttonholing them the scallops should be well padded with chain or long and short stitch.

8395—Child's Bath-robe. Designed for ½ to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch figured blanket cloth. 2⅛ yards satin ribbon for binding collar, cuffs, and pockets.

6829—Misses' Bath-robe. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 14 requires 4½ yards 36-inch corduroy or one robe blanket 70 by 80 inches.

8572—Girls' and Juniors' Combination. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch longcloth.

9223—Girls' and Juniors' Kimono. Designed for 8 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 3¾ yards 27-inch figured cotton crêpe—1½ yard plain crêpe for trimming-bands.

9018—Boys' Two-piece Pajamas. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards 36-inch striped percale.

9728—Boys' Bath-robe. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yards 44-inch blanket cloth.

8338—Juniors' Pajamas. Designed for 13 to 17 years. Size 13 requires 4 yards 36-inch batiste—2 yards ribbon.

9456—Girls' One-piece Pajamas. Designed for 4 to 12 years. Size 12 requires 2⅞ yards 32-inch Japanese crêpe—2 yards insertion

6941—Child's Combination. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch longcloth. This combination consists of a back-closing underwaist and side-closing drawers.

9007—Boys' One-piece Pajamas. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 36-inch percale.

7555—Misses' Pajamas. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch batiste.

9727—Misses' Bath-robe. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch corduroy—⅜ yard 44-inch cloth for collar and trimming.

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

9820—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 32-inch plain gingham—1¾ yard 32-inch check.

9682—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch printed voile—⅝ yard plain voile.

9832—Child's Kimono Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch plaid voile—⅝ yard 40-inch plain voile for collar, cuffs, and trimming-band. The collar, cuffs and band are finished with scallops in design 11695. The scallops may be bound with contrasting color material or they may be worked in buttonhole stitch.

9877—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch velvetine—2¼ yards satin ribbon for girdle—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for body lining. For the stitching and arrowhead on the front of the coat design 12624 is used. To get the best effect, coarse silk in simple running stitch should be used for this.

9875—Girls' and Juniors' Slip-on Jumper Dress. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch linen for dress—1⅛ yard 36-inch voile for blouse. Motifs of contrasting color chambray in design 12629 are appliqued to the pockets of the dress with black embroidery wool.

9780—Girls' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2⅞ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—⅞ yard 36-inch white linen for collar and cuffs—2½ yards ribbon for girdle.

9741—Girls' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch linen—⅜ yard 36-inch white linen for collar, cuffs, and trimming on pockets—1 yard ribbon.

9861—Juniors' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 13 to 17 years. Size 13 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch taffeta—1¼ yard lace for frill—2½ yards ribbon.

9886—Girls' and Juniors' Plaited Dress. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 10 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch serge—1½ yard 44-inch white flannel for collar and shield—4¾ yards braid.

9916—Girls' Dress. Designed for 8 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 3¾ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—¾ yard 40-inch organdy for collar, cuffs, sash, and trimming-pieces on pockets—2½ yards organdy frilling.

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9819—Girls' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yard 54-inch serge. A smart touch is given by the embroidery in design 12556 which forms diamonds to be worked in outline stitch with rope silk.

9830—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch satin—2¼ yards 36 inch silk for lining.

9610—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch linen—1½ yard velvet ribbon for sash. The bottom of the dress, the turn-back cuffs, and the square neck are finished with dotted scallops in design 11747 and these may be worked in buttonhole stitch with cotton floss in a contrasting color. Boil-proof floss should be selected so the color will not fade.

9886—Girls and Juniors' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 10 requires 3¾ yards 32-inch galatea.

9773—Girls' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch check worsted—¼ yard 36-inch white crêpe de Chine for collar and cuffs—2½ yards velvet ribbon.

9855—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch wool jersey for blouse—1¾ yard 54-inch contrasting Jersey for plaited skirt, collar, cuffs and belt—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underwear.

9801—Girls' Cape Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch krêpe-knit—½ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for trimming

9803—Girls' Cape Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—¼ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs. Just the thing for Spring wear are these dresses with matching capes.

9681—Girls' and Juniors' Plaited Dress. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch white linen—½ yard 36-inch blue linen for collar and trimming.

FAIR PLAY FOR THE TRAINED NURSE

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quire a high-school education or its equivalent as a preliminary of education in nursing. The law of Dr. Mayo's home State, Minnesota, does not. Another law, that of the State of Missouri, provides that within seven years' time—a sufficiently remote period—this requirement shall be in force. In actual fact in forty-two of these States the existing laws require but one single year of high school or even less. For instance, fifteen of these States made no statutory educational requirement at all, while nine others call for nothing beyond grammar-school. As to the full three years of training less than half the State laws now require this length of time. The remainder grant certificates at the end of two or two and a half years of training.

The major Schools of Nursing throughout the country are in advance of the requirements of State law. They maintain a three-year course of instruction because they deem a shorter period of education for the nurse inadequate. The type of education they give justifies the length of the course. Of certain hospital schools it may be said, with a frankness embarrassed by shame, that the sort of training offered in the period of three years is less educational for the nurse than it is profitable to the hospital. On that point, as applied to certain institutions, Dr. Mayo is eminently correct.

Should the nursing authorities of the country, instructed by the surveys in present progress, propose a modification of the three-year requirement, the major schools, and particularly the university schools, will be found ready to co-operate with them, not in diminishing the quality of nursing education, but in intensifying the methods of teaching. The precise time period of education is not so vital as is the content of teaching.

As a matter of easily ascertained fact, it may be proved that the length of the course has nothing whatever to do with the present shortage of nurses. To-day the superior schools, with a three-year curriculum, have the largest registration. The famine of pupil nurses is most acute in the two-year schools.

The Remedy for the Shortage of Nurses

WE HAVE an admitted fact, the shortage of nurses—a needed adjustment. But what of the remedy Dr. Mayo proposes? PICTORIAL REVIEW epitomizes it: "*Wanted: 100,000 Girls for Sub-Nurses.*"

One hundred thousand girls for sub-nurses, with lesser preliminary education, trained rather than educated for one and a half or two years, to work for a lesser wage. "Country girls, with a fine desire for service, who can not for economic reasons finish high school, who are contented with a fair wage and fair living conditions, who have been used to working and are not possessed with the unrest which beets more complicated centers of population."

There seems to be something wofully wrong with Dr. Mayo's social diagnosis. Does the so-called country girl of to-day fit the description? Is she any less ambitious, any more ignorant than her city sister? Does she demand a feebler education? Is she apt to be economically debarred from getting a good one? Does she not know or will she not learn of these better living conditions than her own home has supplied? Is she not looking for them? Will she long remain content with a lesser sphere and a lesser wage?

Does the history of the non-partisan movement and other radical departures indicate that unrest is confined to the great cities and does not extend to the country districts? What is the matter with the youth—boys or girls—of our farms, our villages, and our "Main Street" towns? Merely and rightly—nay, righteously—and witnessing to their desire for betterment—it is the "Spirit of Unrest."

MOST of our applicants for registration in the School of Nursing are these same country girls. They are the best of good material, but they want the best there is.

It might be as well, for a good beginning, to produce, say, a thousand of these would-be "sub-nurses." Dr Mayo may be too visionary of the host of them waiting to be enrolled. But, if the 100,000 country girls who are to make these sub-nurses can be produced, for how long after they have been semi-educated, after they have been turned out, half baked, into the community—how long will they remain sub-nurses? They will not be so unknowing as Dr. Mayo fondly believes. Given a trifle of experience, given a little contact with their calling, they will soon rank themselves on a level with fully trained nurses—alas, they will soon charge the same fee as their more competent sisters; and presently they will have been absorbed into what Dr. Mayo's somewhat lurid imagination terms "the closed shop."

There will be nothing by which the ordinary home can discriminate between the one and the other type of nurse unless the law sets its label upon each and limits the fee of both.

It is to be feared that Dr. Mayo's view of the psychology of the whole nursing situation is at fault. In the first instance, he loses sight of the fact that this problem of the shortage of nurses must be solved in the end by the nurses themselves. He seeks to solve it for them. The hospitals have been trying to settle the question for many years and have failed because they have left the nurses themselves out of the account.

You can not make nurses, with or without a high-school diploma, in a two- or a three-year course, registered or unregistered, graduates or "subs," by any act of legislature. It all depends upon whether the girls want to enter this particular vocation or not.

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FAIR PLAY FOR THE TRAINED NURSE

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To prescribe an education, long or short, for these 100,000 anticipated sub-nurses before you get them is to attempt the feat of salting the bird's tail before you catch him. There is positively nothing to show for it that any girl—not to mention 100,000 of her—*wants* to be a "sub." And if she does, she is probably, by so much, a minus quantity.

As a matter of fact, with which the educationist of to-day is becoming more and more familiar, the girl who is seeking a vocation wants the best, and not the easiest preparation for it she can get. If it be the profession of nursing she proposes to enter, she knows beforehand, even tho she comes from the country districts, that its gates of opportunity do not open only upon the restricted field of private practise, however lucrative it may be. Far beyond that field, she sees the broadening avenues of institutional work, of public-health nursing, of infant and child welfare, of public-school hygiene, of visiting and community nursing, of industrial or occupational service, and she knows that these will demand the best that she can give and the best that she can get. Her eyes are turning to the university Schools of Nursing, multiplied already and continuing to multiply, because she knows that they will put into her hands the keys to these avenues of achievement in the near future.

GRADUATE nurses are few because these newer, broader paths of usefulness have opened up before them in these later years and have invited them in. Private nursing is bereft of them, because public nursing has taken them over. The evolution of higher opportunity has been rapid and has made serious inroads upon the nursing supply.

Student nurses, applicants for training in the schools, are too few, but it is not because requirements for entrance or graduation are too great. They are few because women who want to be nurses are no longer willing to be exploited by hospital schools which offer them the stones of technical training for the living bread of a nursing education. Dr. Mayo is right in saying that three years is too long a period of a girl's life to be spent in serving a hospital in exchange for the most meager fitting for a contracted career. Not three years, nor five, does she account too long to make her fit for the fulfilment of her ambition and her hope. The five-year combined courses in arts and nursing, earning the joint degree of bachelor of science and graduate in nursing, but recently offered in the universities, are finding a number of ready takers. Again, it is the better schools that show the fullest registration, it is the inferior training places that are hungering for applicants. It is the hospital that sees economic disaster staring it in the face that is most agitated over the shortage of nurses.

BUT the psychology of the nursing situation goes yet further. The nursing output is regulated, like everything else in human society, by the law of demand and supply. What is the logic of meeting a shortage of supply by a depreciated output? The same shortage is felt in some quarters in the medical profession. Would Dr. Mayo advocate the education of sub-doctors? Who is it that wants the "sub-nurse"?

Surely not the wealthy sick, who are able and willing to pay for and often selfishly absorb more than their share of the nursing service they can get.

Surely not the indigent or the economically disabled, who go out to our free and per diem hospital wards and get gratis as good nursing service as the well-to-do. Very questionably, it is the great group of the moderately circumstanced whom sickness financially as well as physically exhausts, and who find it hard to pay the prevailing rates for nursing service. To these alone may the "sub-nurse" be offered with any chance of acceptance; and it will be acceptance under the hard grip of necessity, and with protest against the injustice which proffers them the alternative of an inferior helper or none. They are conscious of their right to as good service in sickness as any one else can get. They are unwilling to subject wife or child to the care of a "sub." They will strain their slender economic resources to the breaking-point to get a nurse who is second to none. They will pay her if and what they can; even tho they have to postpone the day of her payment. They usually get her, and God bless her, usually at her share, at least, of the cost. The essential point is that they do not want and they should not be compelled to take the "sub-nurse."

The Possibilities of Remedy

IT IS fair to ask, as the interviewer asked of Dr. Mayo, "What is the adjustment?" Well, we are feeling after it and we are finding it in other ways, perhaps, than by the impairment of the quality of the nurse.

The people are being taught the economic use and the health value of the hospital in the city or large town, and of the community house, with its hospital adjunct, in the village, as the home of the sick. There, more successfully, in shorter time, and at lesser cost than at home, the sick may be medically cared for and fitly nursed back to health and economic efficiency. By the hospital, far better than by the individual nurse, the period of payment for good service may be adjusted and the burden of delay borne.

All social groups, of whatever financial capacity, should be taught to limit nursing service, during the present shortage of nurses, to their actual needs. They should not selfishly monopolize the time of nurses merely because they can pay for it. A single highly trained nurse, in the majority of cases of illness, may efficiently care for two or more patients in a single day, on a part-time basis and at partial cost. This practise has been initiated already in certain hospitals. It may well extend into private practise. Nurses may be furnished even on an hourly basis, and the fees that are saved by this economic arrangement of first-rate nursing may be adequate to meet the need of concentrated service on rare or desperate occasions.

AT CERTAIN points nursing bureaus have been established for the better supply and distribution of nurses for all-time or part-time service. These ventures may well become co-operative, and on a basis of co-operation nurses organized, as doctors are beginning to organize, in group clinics, may graduate their fees, on an upward and downward scale, to the ability of the patient to meet the cost. It is by such mechanisms as these, imitating the graded cost of hospital accommodations, which should always remain equally efficient in essential service to the patient, that those who are wealthy may help to bear the burdens of the less fortunate, as the strong should always bear the burdens of the weak. Why should the already burden-bearing nurse be taxed with an undue share of this social load?

Admitted the fact of a shortage of nurses, tho steadily growing less acute; admitted the social inequalities of the present situation; admitted the obligation of adjustment; the burden of the adjustment rests not alone upon the profession of nursing but upon society at large.

The remedy does not lie in a depreciation of the quality of the educated nurse. It does not lie in a discriminating offer of an inferior type of nursing to those who will not pauperize themselves to get a better, and who can not pay for the superior type to which they are entitled. It does not lie in the production of "sub-nurses," who will sooner or later resent the fact that they are "subs," and will be held in disesteem by those whom they attempt to serve. The present is not the period in social history for the evolution of "subs" of any sort. Efficiency plus is the key-note of modern life.

REMEMBER THE FAMINE-STRICKEN IN RUSSIA

AMERICANS who have friends or relatives in Russia, as well as those who have merely wanted to help the starving people of that country, have been afforded a splendid outlet for their charity through the Food Remittance operation of the American Relief Administration. There are in the famine area, however, still millions of families who must have help if they are to survive until the next harvest.

Food Remittances may be purchased at the headquarters of the American Relief Administration, 42 Broadway, New York, in units of $10 up to a maximum of $50 for delivery to any specified individual in European Russia and up to $500 for delivery to recognized institutions and groups. The food consists of flour, beans, rice, sugar, cooking-fats, canned milk, and tea or cocoa. A generous quantity of soap is also provided.

THE Food Remittance operation is entirely distinct from the free mass feeding of more than 1,000,000 Russian children, altho both are conducted by the Hoover organization. The American Relief Administration is supported by private contributions and the child-feeding was all that its resources permitted it to undertake in the way of charity. Conditions in the famine districts are so terrible, however, that some way had to be found to alleviate the distress of adults and whole families.

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In the strenuous round of Winter's social activities, it is your complexion that is liable to suffer most. It needs constant care to protect it from the relentless tax of many dances, suppers and parties. The woman with the clear, girlish skin will ever be admired, for her face is young. D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream will keep your skin youthful, clear and without sign of fatigue. Before retiring, apply it freely and rub in well. You will find your skin will soon begin to take on that healthy glow which so greatly enhances feminine charm.

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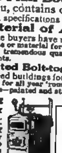

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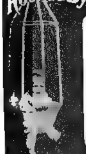

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THE BARBAROUS AGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

a roguish young siren, in fact, a belle in the bud, precocious, high-spirited, tantalizing. The other girls in that group of eleven- and twelve-year-olds were merely children, but Carrie was the definite promise of a woman destined to walk on hearts. Miss Templeton disapproved of her for far more subtle reasons than because she never knew her lessons.

To Cecil she was a visual ecstasy—the glory of her, curiously enough, extended even to her legs, which had unexpected fascinations. Through Carrie he became aware of the feminine leg as a thing of interest in itself, without reference to the function of locomotion. This was not early depravity in Cecil, for Carrie was the leggy type of girl, proud of them and dressed to show them. Moreover, she alone among her classmates wore the enhancement of silk stockings, and thus her natural gifts had a certain artificial splendor which Cecil could not analyze, but which enthralled him. His pleasure, however, was Miss Templeton's annoyance, for those stockings of Carrie's, always as sleek as a dancing girl's, with never a sign of a run or a darn, were in neither the public-school nor the Victorian style. They were both extravagant and shameless. The teacher's glance toward their gay young wearer, therefore, was always frosty.

Cecil envied and hated the boys who sat near Carrie. They could whisper with her, or pull her curls when Miss Templeton wasn't looking, just as if she were an ordinary girl instead of a bewildering loveliness, while he, separated from her by a wilderness of desks, could only stare, and then blush and hide his face in a book when she happened to glance in his direction. He did not even have a speaking acquaintance with her, and how could he, a horror in spectacles, ever hope to gain that high honor? So he sat and looked at Carrie and yearned, and a new kind of ache came into his heart as he thought abjectly of his utter hideousness. Such beauty could never turn the light of her countenance upon him. The thought hurt and his bitterness deepened.

He covered sheets of paper and the margin of his text-books with scrawlings of her adored name. He found a deep symbolism in the fact that both Carrie and Cecil began with a C. He consulted an oracle by writing his full name above hers and scratching out all letters that were duplicated. The mystic formula that he applied to the remaining letters gave a perplexing answer: for his it was Marriage, and for hers it was Hate. This blend of good and bad omens baffled him completely.

The phenomenon of Carrie, a bright spirit from a happier world than his, sustained him through that painful Fall and Winter. He suppressed sporadic revivals of the Four Eyes heresy with ruthless severity, and was inspired in battle by the hope that victory might lead toward his lady's shrine. For a Christmas gift, he besought from his father, instead of the customary books that had once been enough to renew his faith in Santa Claus, a punching-bag, with which, in a basement room, he earnestly trained himself for future encounters. As he smote the bag resoundingly he dreamed that his blows were rescuing Carrie from burglars and dragons. When the snow left the ground he bicycled vast distances alone, in moody pursuit of adventure and athletic perfection, and the spirit of Carrie rode with him to comfort his loneliness.

All this time, however, other boys were brightly skipping by Carrie's side to and from school, the porters of her books, the sharers of her laughter, the happy captives of her lustrous eyes. This was maddening to Cecil, who watched Carrie and her courtiers like a damned soul outside the walls of Paradise gazing upon the congregations of the blessed. But how could he enter into that state of bliss? The mere thought of speaking to Carrie and of offering himself as the object of her ridicule filled him with the exquisite spiritual agony that only a child can know. She would laugh at him, of course, and then—his imagination faltered at the consequence. It would certainly be something terrible, however—probably suicide.

SO FAR as Cecil knew, Carrie was serenely unconscious of his identity except, perhaps, as an odd-looking boy in the other corner of the schoolroom whom she had once pinched and called "teacher's pet." He was content that she should never know him, and his only hope was that he might be permitted to go on seeing her five days a week, through the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades and into high school, which was as far as his sense of the future could travel.

But Cecil was mistaken. Carrie was keenly conscious of his existence. Her precocious feminine instinct told her that the yearning gaze which often came to her across the room meant the existence of another admirer. True, he was a funny-looking boy, but all admirers were interesting to Carrie, no matter what their faults might be. In spite of her silk stockings, she had too much life in her, too much of nature preparing for the miracle of abundant womanhood, to be a snob. She was impressed with Cecil's occasional demonstrations of a vast erudition, which she attributed to the uncanny power of his spectacles. She had heard of his prowess in combat, and the stories of his ferocity, exaggerated in the gossip of the girls' playground, invested him with a glamour of romance. His contempt for fair play meant nothing to her; he conquered, therefore he was to be respected. She too was in the barbarous age, and she felt deliciously weak at the thought of a masterful suitor.

One day in early Spring, as Cecil followed his favorite hunting-trail along a boulevard—a true boulevard with a parkway between its drives—he came to a place where a landscape-gardener had been practising his art, and stood at gaze in sheer delight of seeing. It was a circle of peony plants that had just been set out, and they were in full bloom. Great clusters of petals, vermilion and carmine and rose-tinted, raised their heads toward the sun of April and sang a hymn of glorious color. Cecil had never seen such flowers before; their magnificence intoxicated him. They reminded him of Carrie; like her, they were richly red and triumphantly beautiful. Their flamboyance and hers seemed to be manifestations of the same spirit. He gloated over them like a lover. When he had seen his fill of this new delight, he studied the place from a strategic point of view, noting its location with reference to lines of quick retreat, and then he passed on toward the distant park and wooded areas which had been the objective of his expedition.

He returned to the peonies at twilight on his way home. After a careful survey of the terrane, he sprang among the plants, pocket-knife in hand, swiftly reaped a harvest, and then darted away, off the boulevard, across vacant lots and up alleys, until he was certain that there was no pursuit. Six of the largest peonies blushed against his chest, buttoned up inside his coat.

He took his loot to his private shanty, fearing parental wrath if he betrayed the fact that he had been stealing park flowers—an offense punishable by police stations, judges, and fines—and then went home to commandeer from the kitchen an old pitcher, filled with water. He returned to his shanty thus equipped, created a shrine of peonies, and sat there, worshiping them and Carrie by the light of a candle-end, until supper-time.

THE next morning, in the pride and bravado of his heart, he went to school with the biggest and reddest peony of his collection pinned to his coat-lapel. It was the most ostentatious act of his career, as boy or as man, but a kind of madness was in his blood—a gay madness, which was a new mood for him. He was, no doubt, drunk on peonies.

He did not slink, as usual, into the classroom. He swaggered. He wore the red badge of theft and of Carrie with a flaunting air. And he created something like a sensation. The class rose to him as an audience does to a famous actor upon his entrance. The girls gasped and cooed in admiration. The boys, true to their nature, expressed their feelings in a low, half-human jeer.

Miss Templeton smiled at the amazing apparition of the once shrinking Cecil adorned with a blazing boutonnière almost as big as his head. She had a sense of humor. Her professional instinct for discipline arose, however, and crowded the gentler feeling down. Cecil and his peony were, from that point of view, a menace. She hesitated and considered; she couldn't take the flower away from the boy without seeming too harsh, so she chose the method of diplomacy.

"Cecil," she said pleasantly, "didn't you bring that beautiful flower for me? It will look lovely in this vase on my desk, and then every one in the room can enjoy it."

This polite but obvious hint was something that Cecil had not counted on. He liked Miss Templeton, but not well enough to surrender to her the sacred symbol of Carrie. He flushed and did not answer. Then he looked toward Carrie, and a sweet amazement fell upon him.

The girl's eager face was turned toward him in a blaze of witchery. Her eyes seemed to speak tenderly to him; her lips certainly framed appealing messages for him; and her hands made dainty and eloquent pantomime. With all her vitality, and in every possible manner except by shouting aloud, Carrie was calling to him across the room,

"Give it to me, oh, wonderful Frog!"

Cecil arose, fumbling at his lapel, and marched forward. Miss Templeton said,

"That's a nice boy, Cecil."

The murmur of the room was hushed as Cecil advanced to offer up his sacrifice to Authority. But he did not pause at Miss Templeton's desk. He passed by it, deliberately, serenely, impertinently, and walked straight to that front-row seat where Carrie was enthroned. Into her outstretched hands he thrust the incarnadined trophy, without a word, and the light of a great joy was upon his countenance as he returned majestically to his place.

Miss Templeton bit her lip and restrained a sarcasm. She attributed her emotions to the boy's insolence; but perhaps it is not impossible for a plain schoolmistress, aged thirty, to feel, as she beholds the victory of a fair Jezebel, aged twelve, a hint of the sting of jealousy.

There was no discipline in the room that morning. Among other signs of broken morale, there seemed to be evidence of an elaborate secret correspondence between Carrie and Cecil.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

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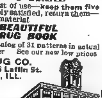

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THE BARBAROUS AGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

When the files of marching children broke up outside the school-door at noontime, and the shrieks of freedom greeted the luncheon-hour, Cecil walked shyly up to Carrie, who was a brilliant study in scarlet perfected by a peony, and went through the awkward ceremonial known in his language as tipping his cap.

"Kin I walk home with you?" he asked.

She nodded coyly, and with a smile brushed her cheek against the flower pinned to her jacket—an action which Cecil felt in his inmost being, as if it were a caress meant for him.

CARRIE'S staple cavaliers began to crowd around, to claim their usual privilege as escorts. Cecil swept them with his fighting look.

"Carrie's goin' with me," he announced.

They fell back in dismay.

"Come on, let's hurry and get rid of them," she murmured. Then she took his hand (oh, the miraculousness of it!) and they darted away together in bonny companionship.

When they came to what was, in Cecil's opinion, an impressive mansion, she politely invited him to stay to lunch. But he became stricken with bashfulness and declined, alleging domestic duties of an important nature.

"See you this afternoon then," she said, with her most brilliant smile.

On the way back to his home, walking on air, he encountered one of Carrie's discarded train, who ignored his cheery salutation with a venomous eye. When this victim of woman's fickleness and susceptibility to peonies thought that he was at a safe distance, he hurled the classic taunt at Cecil.

"Four Eyes! Oh, you Four Eyes!"

Then he fled precipitately.

This called for immediate retribution. Cecil turned fiercely to start the pursuit—and suddenly stopped to laugh.

"Aw, go chase yourself around the block!" he shouted. "Sticks and stones may break my bones, but names can never hurt me!"

And happily, but without an appetite, he continued his way home to lunch.

Love had come to him at last. Cecil was no longer an outlaw.

MAKING OVER MOTHERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

Children fail somehow to grasp the vital fact that, having accomplished woman's primal job—that of rearing a family—the modern mother may still find much of an active enjoyment in life. If she openly refuses, once the job of successfully raising her family is off her hands, to fold those same hands and wait for a definite old age, she is often tactfully managed.

"We are so anxious for mother to come and live with us," explained a married daughter who was a bit scandalized by the fact that her mother had been elected a delegate to a political convention in her State and who felt that a more personal supervision on the part of the family might be wise. "She wouldn't have a thing to do but sit in a rocking-chair and read—and we would feel so much safer to go out in the evening, knowing she was there with the children."

Sitting in a rocking-chair and reading is about the last thing an energetic woman wants to do. And having raised one family, it is hardly just to expect her to devote herself to the raising of a second generation. So she often finds herself on the defensive against her children as regards her personal rights and responsibilities. This defensive attitude has been developed even earlier, for after years of patiently correcting errors of speech or conduct in our children, it is bewildering to have the tables suddenly turned and to be put on the defensive as regards our grammar and our manners and our political opinions—if we have any—questioned. Mothers constantly find themselves on the defensive against the corrections of their children. Small lapses in language never before noticed now seem almost to assume the proportions of a criminal offense. Our taste in clothes—our choice of friends, religions, amusements—even books; none of these escape the universal corrective process.

The worst of it is that we capitulate to this youthful demand and guiltily catch ourselves in secret. But we wait patiently enough, enduring much because we know that they will come safely through it, just as they came through the measles and the whooping-cough.

It is hard for them to realize that there has been so much of life for us in which they have not counted at all. Perhaps it is these reserves of ours that give us such anxieties for our children when they must first face life and its problems for themselves. Our first—and always mistaken impulse is to protect them, for we know the spiritual air-pockets they must encounter and we know that they must learn at first-hand of the raw edges of life and its experi-

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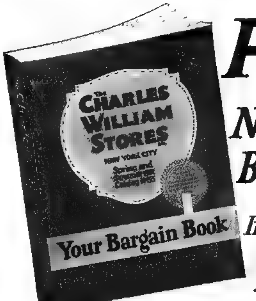

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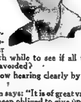

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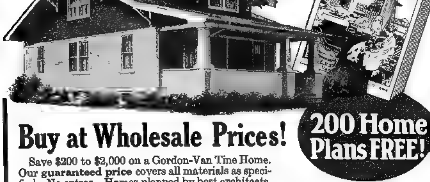

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MAKING OVER MOTHERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

ences, the lessons that they refuse to learn of us.

It is true that as parents we are often secretly disappointed in our children and thus find their criticism so much the harder to endure. We conceal this disappointment—it is no fault of the children, after all; but comes from the building of our own prideful hopes too high and too far beyond them, and its saving grace is the parental pride we always take in them and in their achievements. But often we wish that when they have reached the realization of their disappointment in us that they might conceal it as well.

Perhaps they do, more often than we give them credit for doing. Perhaps we would be greatly surprized if we knew what our children really think of us, once they have attained their permanent power of opinion. We take it so for granted that they must respect us because we are their parents, just as they take it for granted that looking out for their comfort is all the recreation that any well-brought-up mother is entitled to.

For once we get far enough away from the personal—and sometimes wounded—point of view, we realize that much of it is merely the readjustment of a personal opinion. It may be that it is as much of a shock to our children when their awakened perception and sense of comparison indicate to them that parents are not, after all, a superpeople, but very human persons whose power of decision has expired as far as their children are concerned.

THE main thing, of course, is that our children are groping for a standard. They are coming so rapidly out of their childish values that they do not as yet understand the adult ones. They will naturally accept the values of their college standards more quickly than they will those of the home circle; and perhaps a portion of the blame for this tendency to "make over mother" may lie at the door of our educational institutions.

Our schools and colleges appear to teach them so much that isn't so—that is to be inevitably and painfully unlearned in after-years. We seem to observe—we mothers who sometimes humorously compare notes on the attitude of our children—that the tendency toward such criticism and the desire for parental remodeling comes about the time when our children are taking up the higher education.

We expect vagaries from the adolescence of youth; but what we do not expect is that element of outright radical tendencies that they manifest. It is evident that this can be neither a result of home training nor its lack. Even our young girls coming home from their first school vacations are permeated with an absurd species of abortive radicalism and a fierce criticism of the home management. It may have—and doubtless has—its origin in affection and a desire to see that their home circle may not take second place in the estimate of their circle outside.

This period of adolescence, which, after all, is but a wise method of nature to teach them to prepare to slough away from the parent stem, is intensified by the trend of the teaching they seem to absorb at college. It is essentially a critical teaching, and since they are taught to dissect and to analyze their green, young emotions as a medical student is taught to dissect the nervous system, it makes life a bit more complex for the helpless parent. We realize, as they do not, that their immature young minds can not always distinguish emotions from mental growing-pains.

Thus they are apt to regard themselves as discoverers of vital facts with which their parents are totally unaware. And they have a scornful, if indulgent, pity for any parent who can be so completely absorbed in such minor things as the general welfare of homes and civic committees, when the youngsters are turning their young minds inside out and reveling in the odds and ends they find there.

The unconscious cruelty of youth asserts itself in this period of adjustment—a period which is often as hard on the child as on the parent. The situation is only saved by the comforting thought that they will come safely through it and that they in turn will pass on to their children something of the anxious protection and the submissive capitulation that we have given to them. It is only nature's fashion of linking together the two generations and their varying viewpoints.

We, too, live through this phase, and find in it later a topic of pleasant amusement for our hours at tea, when we compare our family notes and boast of our respective children. Such comparisons show us that the tendency to making over mothers is not a matter of sex—our boys are, if anything, a bit more critical and a shade more intent on bringing us up properly. Only neither our boys nor our girls can be persuaded to regard us as just persons with a separate identity of our own, apart from that of being parents—they persist in their endeavor to shape us over into mothers of a different mold.

They work hard at it, poor dears, and consistently and faithfully. And we give in to the pressure they exert for the sake of family peace, when all the time the majority of us are pathetically yearning to be women as well as mothers.

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QUESTIONS ON DIVORCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

Answer—It does not. The records of the divorce courts of California, Nevada, New Jersey, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and North Dakota are crowded with suits brought by plaintiffs whose permanent residence is New York.

Question—Is the domestic happiness of the poor in New York of a better consistency than that of the poor in other States?

Answer—No. The Domestic Relations Court of New York City furnishes ample testimony to this. Here a steady stream of miserable wives and derelict husbands ebb and flow in an effort to have their differences adjusted. Time and time again the same women and men appear, the women reappearing in a few months with another half-nurtured, half-developed, subnormal child at their breasts. Many of these men and women are mental defectives, and yet, because the law is what it is, they must continue in squalor and misery, enemies one day, friends the next, the fruit of their illmating carrying on its curse to succeeding and endless generations.

Question—What other States restrict divorce?

Answer—South Carolina and North Carolina.

Question—What are these restrictions?

Answer—In South Carolina there is no divorce. Legal separation is granted for various causes, including abandonment, cruelty, and adultery, but the marriage tie is not dissolved and the parties to the action can not marry again. In North Carolina divorce is granted on the grounds of adultery and ten years' abandonment.

Question—Does this imply that these States have higher standards of morals than States where the divorce laws are more liberal?

Answer—The standards of living are higher in California, Nevada, and Illinois than in North and South Carolina. For proofs compare school and welfare laws and literacy percentages.

Question—To what two nations of the Old World do the States of New York and South Carolina correspond in their attitude toward divorce?

Answer—To England and Italy. England allows divorce only on the ground of adultery, when the man is plaintiff, and on the ground of adultery, accompanied by physical cruelty, when the woman brings action. Italy abides by the old canon law which recognizes no divorce.

Question—What peculiar situation has arisen in England since the War?

Answer—An untoward increase in the divorce rate. In 1914 divorces in England and Wales together totaled 1,722. In 1919 the figures were 3,308.

Question—What was the cause of this?

Answer—The institution during the War of a bureau where the British soldiers could obtain their divorces without charge. Ordinarily a divorce costs forty pounds, a fee prohibitive to the poor.

Question—Have the similarity of the divorce laws in New York and England made a model State and nation of them?

Answer—No. In England the daily papers are filled with the most startling and disgusting details of infidelity. Men and women, determined to be free, will go to degrading ends to get the required testimony. In New York there are lawyers who know just where to go to find humans flotsam who for a price will lend themselves to such occasions.

Question—Is the national morality of Italy higher than that of the United States?

Answer—Italy's crime record is one of the highest of the larger nations.

Question—When were marriage and divorce placed in the category of a religious ceremony?

Answer—At the Council of Trent in 1563, when the canon law, declaring marriage an indissoluble tie, was adopted by the Latin nations.

Question—How long did this maintain?

Answer—It has never been put aside in Italy. In France it was removed during the reign of Napoleon. In England it was ignored until 1857, when that part of it which granted divorce on the ground of adultery was adopted. However, it was modified, as the innocent party in such a divorce is permitted to remarry, and in many instances both parties. This resp with the presiding judge. Canonically, however, the Church of England does not permit the remarriage of the guilty party in divorce.

Question—Does this achieve a better morality?

Answer—It may contribute to indirect polygamy. A man or woman who has indicated incontinence by acts of infidelity is not apt to reform under a forced celibacy, whereas in many cases men and women improperly mated in a first marriage have been and may be ideally mated in a second union.

Question—Is there any way to divorce and second marriage in the Roman Catholic Church?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

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QUESTIONS ON DIVORCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99

Answer—Yes. An annulment of marriage may be secured where a Catholic married to a non-Catholic subsequently discovers that the latter has not been baptized according to the accepted rites of the church.

Question—How does this react on the children of such issue?
Answer—Canonically, it illegitimatizes them.

Question—Is there an example of this?
Answer—Yes. A year prior to America's entrance into the War, a woman communicant of the Catholic Church married a titled German. Subsequently, in an American city, he was indicted and convicted of a breach of neutrality and was sentenced to an indeterminate term in a Federal prison. During the first two years of his imprisonment she visited him frequently, bearing him two children. When the allies were victorious she brought suit for divorce, and it was granted automatically according to the laws of the State which provide for a divorce if either party to a marriage is convicted of a crime against the Government. Later she wished to marry again. Her divorce was an obstacle to her religious peace. So she proved that her first husband, being a Lutheran, had not been properly baptized, and her marriage was annulled ecclesiastically, her children taking their mother's maiden name. Then the second marriage was performed with all the rites of the church. While the children's status was not affected legally, their legitimacy was placed in a peculiar light from a religious point of view.

Question—Does divorce necessarily decrease the number of families in places where it is numerous?
Answer—No. In California one of the parties in every 3.7 marriages has been married before. Statistics of 1916 maintain that 52 per cent. of those who are divorced are childless, that 80 per cent. of these marry again, and that 50 per cent. of these bear children, and that 90 per cent. of second marriages are permanent. In England and Wales in 1919 out of 3,308 divorces 1352 of the parties made second marriages.

Question—Since it has been shown that divorce is not an indication of lax morality, to what is the unwarranted increase of divorce in this country attributed?
Answer—To the lack of adequate marriage laws.

Question—Do not our State laws provide amply against mismating?
Answer—A few States make a feeble attempt to regulate marriage, but many of them make no effort at all.

Question—What are some of the State laws?
Answer—In Kentucky, Louisiana, and Colorado a girl of 12 and a boy of 14 may marry with the consent of the parents or guardian. In these States a marriage license must be secured, but it does not have to be published. In South Carolina the ages are 14 and 18, and may be performed without religious or judicial ceremony in the presence of a certain number of witnesses, as common law marriages are recognized. In California a white person may not marry an Oriental or a negro. A night's journey to the State of Washington and the marriage of the white and yellow races is legal. The only restrictions put upon marriage in any State are mental defection, marriage between sisters and brothers, uncles and nieces, and between the white and yellow or black races. Delaware alone forbids the marriage of paupers. Not one State has an adequate law for preventing the marriage of the fundamentally unfit.

Question—What is meant by the fundamentally unfit?
Answer—Those who, without any knowledge of each other and without realization of the responsibilities of marriage, rush into this most important of human relationships without preparation or fitness.

Question—What provision could prevent such marriages?
Answer—The issuance of a license a certain period in advance of the marriage, or the publication of banns for at least two months before the marriage is to take place. Also no young man or woman should be permitted to marry without sufficient proof that they fully understand the responsibilities of marriage. The low divorce rate in the European countries where the laws are liberal is due to the proper training of girls in the home to the duties involved in marriage, and the inbred sense of responsibility in the boys toward their future as husbands and fathers.

Question—Is there danger in too liberal a divorce law?
Answer—There is. Couples may rush as impulsively into divorce as they do into marriage. This can be guarded against by properly framed laws.

Question—Would not a national marriage and divorce law interfere with State rights?
Answer—State rights should not be allowed to interfere with the proper adjustment of a national problem. The property rights, the custody of the children, and the grounds for divorce should be taken care of by a national law, for there should be no conflict on these important phases. State regulation might be permitted to prevent too elastic an interpretation of the national provisions.

Question—What should these grounds be in order to admit of justice and efficiency in the family?
Answer—Physical and mental cruelty, incompatibility so marked that the two can not fulfil the intentions of marriage, insanity, failure to provide, abandonment, and infidelity.

Question—What then is the remedy for the divorce menace?
Answer—A national marriage and divorce law raising marriage to its proper standard and dissolving it where the facts of the case indicate that a man and woman can not live together and raise their family in harmony and toward a high standard of health and spiritual well-being.

All statistics and laws of foreign countries cited in this article are taken from authoritative sources. Those from France are from the Statistique Annuaire of 1920, issued by the Minister of Labor and Social Welfare of the French Republic. Those from England are taken from the Eighty-second Annual Report of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages, 1920; those from Belgium and Germany from The Statesman's Year Book of 1920. These are the latest authorities, as no new survey has been made since the year immediately following the War.

All figures and laws of our various States are taken from the statutes of the various States, the latest Government census on divorce and marriage in 1916, and the latest authoritative reports of the various States.

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EATING TO STAY SLENDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

DINNER
Clear Soup
Roast Beef—Lean; Medium Serving
Potato—Medium
Lettuce Salad—Large Serving, with French Dressing
Bread—1 Slice Butter—½ Tablespoonful
Fruit Jelly—½ Cupful
Black Coffee

BREAKFAST
Orange—½
Ready-to-eat Cereal—¾ Cupful
Milk—½ Cupful
Dry Toast—1 Slice
Coffee Sugar—2 Teaspoonfuls

LUNCHEON
Clear Tomato Soup—½ Cupful
Cheese Omelet—Small Serving
Asparagus Tips on Toast—
1 Slice Toast, 5 Asparagus Tips

AFTERNOON TEA
Tea with Lemon—No Suga
Wafer—1

DINNER
Broiled Cod—Medium Serving
Mashed Potato—½ Cupful
String-beans—1 Cupful
Fruit Salad—Lettuce, ½ Cupful Orange and Pineapple Mixed
1 Tablespoonful French Dressing
Black Coffee

FURNISHING about 1,500 calories, and planned for a sedentary man who normally requires 2,500 calories.

BREAKFAST
Orange—1 Large
Wheat Cereal—½ Cupful Cooked
Milk—½ Cupful
Coffee Egg—1 Bread—1 Slice
Sugar—2 Teaspoonfuls

LUNCHEON
Corn Chowder—1 Cupful
Roll—1 Butter—1 Teaspoonful
Heart of Lettuce—Large Serving, with 2 Tablespoonfuls French Dressing

DINNER
Raw Clams—6
Lean Beefsteak—Large Serving
Baked Potato—Large String-beans—1 Cupful
Lemon Meringue Pie—Very Small Serving
Coffee

A PRINCESS IN EXILE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

The murder of Rasputin, which took place very shortly after the episode which I have just related, was but a natural consequence of the antagonism which the Emperor and his Consort had aroused against their persons, and in a certain sense it sounded the first warning of the Revolution which was to follow so quickly.

In the beginning of 1918, or rather toward the end of 1917, I left Moscow for Baku in the Caucasus to spend some time with a sister of mine who was living there. At first all went well, and there was quiet in the country until the Bolshevik trouble began.

To explain what follows I must here remark that tho the Caucasus had been for about seventy-five years under Russian rule, the country was far from subdued, and the various races which inhabited it had retained all their former warlike instincts and their race antagonisms between each other.

The Tatars hated the Grusians, the Armenians hated the Circassians, and so on among all the different tribes which composed the Caucasian population, who were, all of them, more or less, and rather more than less, savages and had only been kept under restraint by the strong army and police forces which the Czars maintained all over the region. And even during that time it occurred frequently that some mountain tribe would come down unexpectedly to the plains and raid the population.

As a strong feeling of vendetta exists among these people, they are always awaiting an opportunity to exercise it, and as soon as the news of the downfall of the Romanoffs reached them they hastened to make use of this occasion to pay off old scores in some cases and to plunder the former upper classes in others. Consequently a real reign of terror began all over the Caucasus and Transcaucasus, a reign of terror with which the Bolsheviks had nothing to do, tho people abroad held them responsible for it, but for which the native population was entirely accountable. So at last the unfortunate Russians, who became the first victims of it, began to wish for the arrival of these same Bolsheviks, who after all did not, at least at that time, commit the atrocities of the aborigines, who vied with each other in cruelty and in lust for plunder.

AT FIRST we heard nothing about what was going on, but soon the news of the descent from the mountains into the plains of the wild Caucasian tribes, still feared by everybody, reached us. People tried to flee from Baku, but this proved impossible for most of them, and at last one morning the news reached us that a whole band of wild mountaineers was on its way to the city, news which was the signal for the local native population to rise in its turn. The Tatars started plundering and killing the Armenians, the latter began burning the houses of the Jews and murdering their inhabitants, and the Tchechenes, a local tribe, plundered and slew everybody they could lay their hands upon. Of course the well-to-do inhabitants of the town were the first victims, and the Russians were all doomed to extermination.

Out of my own family alone sixty-five persons perished under the knives and rifles of the insurgents, and that I myself was saved was nothing short of a miracle. I had an old governess who had been living with us for more than twenty years. She was a Frenchwoman, and among her friends she had the only French hair-dresser in Baku, a man called Pierre. She went to him, and after many entreaties she prevailed upon him to allow us to hide in his house, which was not molested by the marauders owing to the fact that it was the property of a foreigner. Even in the orgy of murder in which these savages indulged they knew that such property must not be molested or dire consequences would follow. It was therefore in the house of this hair-dresser that, together with my governess, we spent three days in hiding with scarcely any clothes and without any of the necessaries of life and in constant dread of being murdered.

THESE were days of horror, indeed, because Baku became the scene of such a wholesale slaughter that I shudder at the mere recalling of it. The very walls of the unfortunate city were dripping with blood, and when we tried through the shutters to glance outdoors we saw nothing but the corpses of the victims of the massacre lying all over the street, just as they had been killed, and bearing the signs of the tortures to which they had been subjected. Pregnant women were disemboweled; the hands and feet of children were cut off before the children themselves were murdered; dead bodies of horses were mingled with human ones, and from time to time out of these mountains of corpses a groan escaped, showing that some one was still living. It was truly an appalling sight which can never be forgotten.

And all through these days of anguish and terror, the hair-dresser, who so unwillingly had received us in his house, was thinking how he could get us out of it. At last, after three long weeks, the moment arrived when it appeared safe for us to leave Baku. We disguised ourselves in peasants' clothes, and our host lent us money for the journey, which was the first one undertaken by me under such horrible circumstances, but which alas was, as things turned out, neither the most dangerous nor the most difficult one of those I was to undertake before I found myself at last in a place of safety.

It took us five weeks to reach Moscow. The railroad system was already entirely disorganized, and we had to proceed almost at a snail's pace, our train remaining sometimes for days at some country station. At last the golden spires and towers of the various Moscow churches loomed against the horizon, and to our weary eyes it seemed as if we were about to enter heaven when we first perceived them. But my poor governess had been so terribly distressed by the terror of those weeks of agony which we had undergone that she could not survive it, and three days after we had reached Moscow she died suddenly, her heart not being strong enough to stand the strain.

At first I believed that my troubles were at last at an end. My father and mother were in the Crimea and quite safe, and my sister also had managed to make her escape from Baku before the army of the native invaders who fell upon the city had reached it. I hoped that I could breathe freely again. Alas, alas! how little I knew what awaited me in the future!

Moscow was then expecting the appearance of the Bolshevik armies, and the population of the old city, at least its troublesome elements, decided to celebrate this

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

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A PRINCESS IN EXILE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

arrival with a general plunder of the houses and properties of those hated upper classes, or *bourju*, as they called them, who held sway over them for such a long time. As there were no troops to repress the mob, and as all the police had been either killed or else had gone over to the insurgents, the latter had an easy time of it, and so another regular massacre began, just as awful and cruel, tho conducted with more quiet determination than that at Baku. Once more I was in peril of my life.

At this juncture a rich Moscow merchant who knew all my people came to my rescue and to that of other persons, in all 520 people, and offered us a refuge in his house, or rather in the big vaults underneath it. This house was one of Moscow's landmarks, and had in times gone by belonged to Maliuta Skuratoff, the favorite and principal henchman of Ivan the Terrible, and it had secret passages which communicated directly with the Kremlin.

It was in those vaults that we had to hide for six long weeks, during which we remained in the dark, and lived upon cucumbers, cabbage, dried mushrooms and fruits. Whenever we tried to look out of our prison we experienced the same sight that I had already witnessed at Baku, wounded men and women vainly crying out for help, amid the dead bodies scattered all over the street.

At last after six weary weeks it was thought possible to leave Moscow. Together with others, I decided to go to Omsk, where we were told that a regular government had been established under Admiral Kolschak and which seemed to be a safer place to flee to than the south of Russia, considering the fact that the Bolsheviks had closed the northern frontier to Sweden. We therefore undertook with one of my brothers, who had joined me in the subterranean passage where I had spent so many weary weeks, to get passports allowing us to travel. He obtained one belonging to the janitor of our house, while I got mine from one of my maids. I dressed in peasants' clothes, and the little luggage which we had I carried in a bundle over my shoulders. There were many of us who started together and who left Moscow by different ways. We had supplied ourselves with abundant provisions so as to be able to exist on the way, and the men had taken as many bottles of strong brandy as they could carry. This proved a wise precaution, because whenever a Bolshevik threatened us—and this happened frequently, as we practically crossed all that part of the country which was in their hands before we reached Omsk—we offered him a glass of that brandy, after which we were not molested.

One of the reasons which had impelled me to fly from Moscow, no matter how, was the decree ordering the nationalization of women, which had been promulgated almost simultaneously with the occupation of the ancient city by the Bolshevik hordes, and we had a back taste of it all through our journey. My brother was supposed, of course, to be a Bolshevik himself, and he was repeatedly urged by his *Towarische* to allow me to be amiable to the latter. Things at last got to such a pass that he told me the best thing for him to do was to say that I was his wife, because the fact of being his sister would not avail me to escape outrages on the part of some enterprising Bolshevik, of whom there were too many in the train in which we journeyed.

THIS journey was another horror, tho different from the previous ones. We did not travel in anything that bore a likeness to a passenger railroad carriage, but in trucks or wagons which had carried convicts or soldiers for years, before and during the War. There we were huddled together, several hundred people, men and women and children, on the floor in the most disgusting promiscuity, without even the possibility of obtaining a glass of cold water at times. As for sanitary arrangements, of course there were none.

Very often streams of dirt were running all over the floor, on which we had to sleep on sheepskins. The place swarmed with vermin, and all the women had to cut off their hair so as to avoid being too greatly infested by these pests; but, do what we liked, we could not escape being covered with insects of the worst kinds, the presence of which constituted one of our greatest torments.

What provisions we had in the way of food we had to share with our companions, and those who belonged to the Bolsheviks took the best and largest portion of it without our being able to prevent them from doing so.

At last after a journey which had lasted five weeks we reached Omsk, where we hoped we would be in safety, and which at that time was in possession of Admiral Kolschak and the latter's government. There we thought ourselves in heaven after the horrors which we had just undergone; but it must not be supposed that this heaven corresponded in the least to our preconceived ideas of paradise. Omsk, which in normal times was a town of about 150,000 inhabitants, was filled to overflowing with about 1,500,000 refugees from all parts of Russia; consequently the accommodations which could be found were anything but comfortable.

For my part I considered myself lucky to be quartered in a small wooden hut of two rooms, one of which was occupied by six or seven people, while the other, in which I was put, harbored only one lady, Madame Krachewska, the wife or widow of a general, with her little boy, who was suffering from a violent form of whooping-cough, a circumstance which probably accounted for the fact that the room had no other inmates. There I spent long months during which I had to display considerable ingenuity to make our home, such as it was, possible to inhabit. The floor, which consisted of earth beaten into a solid mass, was full of holes infested with enormous rats that boldly claimed a share of our frugal meals. My first care was to stop all those holes as well as I could with straw mixed with earth, which I trampled together with my feet so as to make a solid kind of paste. Then I requested an officer whom I knew to divert the chimney of the oil-stove (which heated our room) to the roof, through a hole he made in it, instead of having it go through the window, an arrangement which prevented us from shutting the latter, and which caused the room to become full of smoke. I also got some officers to bring us water for our daily needs, as it was too far for us to fetch it ourselves. I made for myself a pillow with one of the three shirts which I still possessed, and which I stuffed with rags, and slept of course without any sheets and on the floor under some sheepskins.

OUR food was coarse but sufficient, as Kolschak was distributing relief to the many refugees who had fled to seek his protection, according to the amount of the fortune which they had possessed in days gone by, and we used, from time to time, to give dinner-parties at which the guests ate cabbage soup and black bread, but which were as merry as any of those we had attended under better circumstances in other places.

As I have already said, we considered our life in Omsk in the light of a blessing after all the dangers we had gone through before we reached this haven of rest. We never suspected that new perils were threatening us, and were actually upon us, because Admiral Kolschak concealed all the bad news, and did not allow the numerous refugees who filled the town to know anything about the advancing Bolshevik armies which were about to encircle the city. Suddenly one morning we received orders to evacuate Omsk, and this within twenty-four hours.

IT IS impossible to describe the panic which followed. There we were, a population of over 200,000 people, obliged to fly for our lives; but where and how could we do it? The disorganized condition of the Siberian railway, which even during its most prosperous days could never have handled the transportation of such a multitude of people, made trying to go by rail out of the question. We therefore started as well as we could, most of us walking, disguised in the dress of peasants or beggars. It was Winter, and Winter in Siberia; but obey orders we must. For my part I bought the clothes of a boy which were made out of dogskin, which is considered the warmest material one can wear in Siberia, and thus attired, with a few necessary things slung on my back and a stick in my hand, I began a dreary journey which stretched over 3,000 miles, and the horrors of which can be judged when I say that out of the 200,000 people who left Omsk, only 10,000 reached Irkutsk. The rest, including the old people and all the children, perished on the road, and did not even get Christian burial, so that their bones are to this day strewn on this dreary road to that Calvary which, without hope and with despair in our hearts and souls, we began to climb.

No one can imagine what it was to wade knee-deep in this white desert, where snow and sky are the only things one sees. Hardly a human habitation can be found in those dreadful solitudes. During the night, or when one of the blinding snowstorms for which this region is famous prevented us from moving, we built little snow huts like those of the Eskimos, under which we huddled together, as many as could crawl under them, and often, when morning came, some of those who had lain down under the white blanket provided by nature had gone to sleep forever. Often we were followed by wild beasts, bears and wolves, and one night I particularly remember when a whole pack of the latter literally besieged our camp, howling dismally the entire night, when I became alarmed that they would finally attack us, but my companions reassured me, saying that they would never cross the barrier of the fires which we had lit to protect us against their incursions.

But during those awful nights, made so horrible by the roar of the winds and the howls of the wolves, how often did my thoughts return to other nights and other times when I had been the honored guest at some great entertainment in Moscow, Petrograd, or Paris! I seemed to see it all again—the brilliantly lighted rooms, the fair women covered with diamonds and pearls in their gorgeous dresses, the flowers, the music, and all this atmosphere of luxury and of beauty in which my early years had been spent. What a contrast now, and who could have thought that this crowd of ragged people trudging on a road, which for many was to be the road to death, had once composed the most brilliant aristocracy in Europe; that these disheveled creatures were Countesses, Princesses, women of the blood royal, around whom the homages of the world had centered, whose very presence in a house had conferred distinction on those who owned it? Indeed times were changed, and the disaster had been complete, so that not one single sail remained on the vast ocean of human hopes over which we had traveled with such joy and such unconcern in days gone by. Sometimes I wished the earth would open and swallow me together with my companions in misery or one of the wild beasts which always followed our caravan would attack and devour me.

This awful march through the Siberian plains lasted five months, when at last the golden domes of Irkutsk Cathedral glistened in the sun and appeared to our weary eyes, almost blind from the snow and cold. I had fared better than most of my companions, because from time to time during our march I had found a kind peasant who eased my distress or had induced one of the guards of the few, very few trains which sometimes plied between Tomsk and Irkutsk to allow me to remain on a truck for a few hours and thus rest my weary feet. But when I reached Irkutsk I was more dead than alive, completely exhausted by the hardships of this march through the Siberian desert. Both my feet and my fingers had been frozen, and caused me much pain and discomfort later on. But I did not seem to mind it during the few days which followed the one on which I found myself at last in Irkutsk.

I obtained refuge in the house of a rich Siberian merchant called Bogolepoff, who showed me much kindness. It was from him that I heard for the first time of the total collapse of the so-called Government of Omsk and of the execution of Admiral Kolschak.

After this I had but one thought, and this was to leave the awful country where I had suffered and endured so much. I wanted to go to America, to the land of freedom, where I hoped I would be able to earn a better living than in Europe. Two roads were open to me, either that of Kharbin, where General Horwath commanded, who, being a friend of my family, would have given me a warm welcome, or that of Vladivostok, whence there were regular communications with Japan. I made up my mind to take the latter route, and having—thanks to the kindness of that same Bogolepoff who had opened to me his hospitable house, and who lent me money for my journey—contrived to reach Vladivostok, I embarked there on the first steamer leaving for Japan, a horrible, dirty, little boat, which, however, brought me safely to my destination. But at Tokyo I broke down entirely and had to be taken to the English military hospital, where I received the best of care and where I had to remain for three months.

AS SOON as I could stand I embarked for San Francisco on board a Japanese steamer, and after a good passage arrived in the City of the Golden Gate. There I was received with great kindness by different societies that had heard my dreadful story and that entertained me with great cordiality. Among them was a Roman Catholic organization which showed me most genial hospitality, a circumstance that rather astonished me in view of the fact that I did not belong to that communion, but was a member of the Greek Orthodox Church. It was also at San Francisco that a relative of mine, Baron von Roop, came to take me to his wife at Los Angeles.

I remained there three months, and then came to New York. It is here I mean to begin life over again, and to earn a place in the esteem of that wonderful American people among whom I have found another home where I hope to live quieter and happier than in the country where I had known such joys, and which I had to abandon amid so much suffering, and where I have lost family, friends, and fortune; a country which I still hope will one day arise out of its ashes and once again become great and prosperous.

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